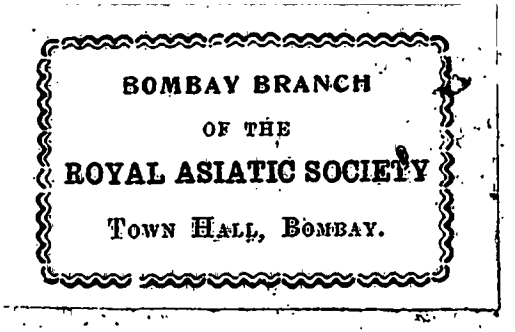

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SPAIN, AS IT IS.

BY

G. A. H KINS, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

"TRAVELS IN ETHIOPIA, AND VISIT TO THE GREAT OASIS,"

ETC. ETC.

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GUADIX.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
COLBURN AND CO., PUBLISHERS,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1851.

914.6
Hos/spa
38130

LONDON:
Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.



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SPAIN
AS IT IS.

CHAPTER I.

ROUTE TO SPAIN—PARIS—LYONS—AVIGNON—MONTPELLIER—PERPIGNAN—PASSPORTS—GERONA—CATHEDRAL—INDUSTRY OF THE CATALONIANS.

A JOURNEY to Madrid and through Andalusia, is now frequently taken by Englishmen; but Spain is little visited by English ladies and families, notwithstanding the acknowledged attractions of the tour, beautiful scenery, interesting works of art, and historical associations. It is difficult to reach the Peninsula, for no one who has ever experienced the storms of the Bay of Biscay wishes to encounter them again. The dangers are not so great as in the time of the Armada, but still a voyage to Cadiz, or even to Vigo, if not in these days a perilous undertaking, is, to those who are bad sailors, certainly a disagreeable one. The Bay of Biscay is magnificent in a

storm. I shall never forget what a splendid sight it was after a violent tempest, to see the waves dashing over the rocks of the French coast; but few are sufficiently well to enjoy such views, or anything else, at sea.

To cross France, is always considered a fatigue, mental and physical, so little to see, so much to endure; but now, thanks to steam, the journey is shorter and infinitely less fatiguing. In one day we can go from Calais or Boulogne to Paris, in another day Lyons is reached, taking the railway to Châlons and the steam-boat on the Seine from there to Lyons. On the third day, starting at five, the traveller may go by diligence or the Rhone, to Avignon and Montpellier. The eleven o'clock steam-boat divides the journey, and in the winter, when the mornings are misty, it is a more prudent plan, as in endeavouring to go through in one day, they often fail, and are obliged to anchor in the river, or at some village where there is no inn. We had a short day's sail to Valence, and the next day arrived in time to see Avignon, and proceed by railway to Nismes, and examine the antiquities there. Travelling by the diligence a night and a day from Nismes to Perpignan, the journey across France may be finished on the fourth or fifth day.

To save fatigue and travelling by night, which is desirable when with ladies, even at the loss of a day, the railway may be taken from Montpellier to

Cette, from which place a steam-boat sails every morning at half-past seven across the lake of Thaw to the great Canal du Midi where you join the packet-boat, which arrives at Beziers at one, and an indifferent diligence starting from there at two, is three hours in going to Narbonne. The diligence to Perpignan passes Narbonne at half-past eight in the morning, and arrives at Perpignan at four in the afternoon. The journey across France may thus be made comfortably in less than a week, and except from Beziers to Perpignan, the whole journey is accomplished by railway and steam-boat, and therefore without fatigue, even to the most delicate.

Those who have only time for a short tour in Spain, may arrive in three or four days at Marseilles, and there (if there is no quarantine) take the steamers which coast along the shores of the Mediterranean, and visit the principal towns. Delightful glimpses may thus be enjoyed of that interesting country, and certainly great fatigue and inconveniences avoided. Those, however, who have time and strength, should go by land, as little is to be seen of the agricultural districts sailing along the coast, and still less of the country peasants, the most interesting class of Spaniards.

The facilities for crossing this part of France are certainly very great, but the French regulations are bad. There is still the same difficulty about the passport at Calais; besides paying five shillings for

one at Dover, they insist on your having a passport *provisoire* at Calais, which is given to you with your own, and can be of no earthly use except to the Jack-in-office, who requires, in no civil terms, a fee of two francs for granting it, and, what is worse, your attendance at the Hôtel-de-Ville in Calais, at the risk of being too late for the train. The system of arranging all the luggage at the railway stations, before they deliver it, may be safer, but any one would prefer the risk we run in England, rather than wait an hour at the end of a long journey as we did at Paris amongst a crowd of all kinds of people, and not a seat to sit down upon.

The railway being now open from Paris to Châlons, will save much fatigue. We had to take places in a diligence to Lyons, and so we drove first from the Hôtel Meurice to the Messageries Royales, and there we lost a great deal of time packing the luggage on the diligence; then after a considerable delay, we had to drive to the railway station, and there encountered other delays; so that from the time we left the hotel, more than two hours were consumed before the immense diligence, weighing ten thousand pounds, was hoisted off its wheels upon a truck, on the railway carriage, and we started upon our journey. We were obliged to remain twenty-four hours cramped up in a very small *coupé*, when it would have been quite as easy to have provided carriages as well as wheels from

Tonnerre to Dijon. The French are full of theoretical notions of liberty, but custom-house nuisances still exist. Our boxes were examined at Calais, again at Paris, at least one was opened for form's sake, and at Lyons they were carried to a custom-house, and would have been examined again if I had not told them we were going on to Avignon, and they had not been convinced we were foreigners. When we entered the towns, we were always asked if we had anything *à déclarer*. The system of octroi duties on articles entering from the country into the towns seems to exist in all its glory.

There is, however, much to interest the traveller on this route through France, and many temptations to linger. Few would pass through Paris without staying a day or two to revisit the Louvre, boulevards and promenades; and after so many revolutions it was gratifying to see the metropolis so gay, and to judge from the shop-windows, richer than ever. Never have I seen the shops there more brilliant, or the streets more crowded. The Faubourg St. Germain, which was but lately a desert, has been this winter more brilliant than ever; commerce has revived, but alas! no one has any confidence in the future!

The banks of the Saone are pleasant and sometimes pretty. Dijon, with its Gothic churches, fine museum, containing some good paintings and most interesting tombs, and a beautiful promenade,

is worth the delay of an hour or two. Lyons also is a handsome town, and the views from the Terrace de Fourvières are very fine. The Rhone is a noble, and in many parts a beautiful river; the castles and towns, and vine-clad hills, almost as picturesque as the Rhine. Avignon is an interesting place, the palace and the beautiful crucifixion at the Hôpital des Fous should be visited, and the panoramic view from the promenade is magnificent. Most persons would like to linger there, some to visit Marseilles, one of the finest towns in France; others to make a pilgrimage to Vaucluse, and with Petrarch in their hands, ramble along the wild river, and the still wilder rocks, immortalized in the verses of the most elegant of the Italian poets.

The splendid amphitheatre and the beautiful Maison Quarrée at Nismes are soon seen, but the antiquarian would wish to see them again and again. Montpellier is also a pleasant place, and the promenade delightful.

Perpignan was a Spanish town until the treaty of the Pyrenees united it with France in 1695; the public buildings, arcades, and streets, are anything but French, and the people are evidently of Spanish origin. At Perpignan we had our passport signed for Barcelona by the Spanish Consul, which was done for five francs, and without any delay. Travellers should always endeavour to get their passports signed for as distant a place as

they can. There is little trouble given to Englishmen in Spain, but travellers may create a great deal for themselves if they do not give their passports to the valets at the inns to get signed for them whenever requisite. It is best to consider passports as a tax on the pocket and not on the time, and take no trouble about them, which can be avoided by paying the persons whose particular duty it is to get them arranged.

On the 4th of March, we left Perpignan at three in the morning, in a very decent diligence. The fares are moderate, but they charge high for luggage, thirty pounds only being allowed to each person. We arrived at Baulon, a wretched village, at half-past five, and soon after crossed the Col de Pertus. The road winds up rocky valleys full of strips of verdure and magnificent cork-trees. The fortress of Bellegarde is picturesquely situated on one of the hills, but the great feature of this pass is the magnificent mountain of Carigon, which soars like Mont Blanc above the other mountains that are near it, and is not unlike the giant of the Alps in form, and in its eternal covering of snow. We passed several masses of rubble walls, remains of very ancient forts, and after driving through the poor village of Pertus, descended into Spain, when the views became less interesting. In a quarter of an hour we arrived at the Spanish barrier, where our luggage was examined, a delay of an hour

bribes even could not protect us from. We foraged for breakfast, and after many inquiries, succeeded in procuring a cup of chocolate and some excellent bread.

We left the frontier at nine, and at one arrived at Figueras, a clean-looking, straggling town, celebrated for its fortress of San Fernando, which we had not time to visit, being obliged to superintend a second, but less rigid, examination of our luggage. We had then our first specimen of a Spanish dinner.—The soup was truly execrable, and Messieurs B. and L., two French gentlemen, leaving France for the first time, were greatly horrified, and seemed to regret not a little the flesh-pots of Toulouse. We had, however, an abundance of dishes, and though garlic, strong oil, and saffron made many unpalatable, there was boiled beef and boiled fowls, and roasted fowls to please the fastidious, and we all made tolerable dinners. We started again at half-past one, and arrived at Gerona at five; the country woody, and covered with cork-trees and olives.

All the fields are carefully cultivated, and a great deal is done by spade labour. The activity and industry of the Catalonians is very striking, even to the traveller leaving France. Everybody seemed to be busy in the little villages we passed; even the women were all engaged in some useful employment — knitting and sewing, but chiefly

making lace. The climate is fine, and the soil, often rich, is everywhere made the most of; and wages are high—1*s.* 3*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* a-day; though provisions are cheap—meat only 3*d.* a-pound.

Gerona is celebrated for its gallant, but unfortunate defences attempted against overwhelming forces. Charlemagne took it first in 785, and the Moors sacked it in 795. In the War of the Succession, with a garrison of only two thousand, they attempted to resist nineteen thousand men, under Philip V.

In 1809, Gerona was besieged by a French force of thirty-five thousand men; and such was the gallant resistance of the Catalonians, women even assisting, that fifteen thousand Frenchmen are said to have perished before famine compelled the brave commander, Alvarez, to surrender.

Gerona is also celebrated for the heroic defence of the tower of the Cathedral, by Doña Juana Henriquez, the Queen of Juan II., a woman justly celebrated for her extraordinary talent and courage, and her ambition and affection for her own son, Ferdinand, which are supposed to have induced her to cause poison to be administered to her step-son, Charles, the idol of the Catalonians. At her instigation, he was thrown into prison; and when the entire nation rose in arms, and his father was compelled to restore him to liberty, he carried with him from the dungeons of Morella the

germs of a disease, for which no antidote could be found.

The verdict of a whole nation pronounced Juana a murderess; and if a body of six thousand French had not come here to her assistance, the enraged Catalonians would have revenged on the Royal Lioness, as she was called, and her son, who was with her, her step-son's undoubted wrongs, and his supposed murder.*

Gerona is a well-built town, most of the houses appearing to be of stone; the streets are narrow, almost as much so as in Oriental towns. The cathedral is on a hill, and at a distance is very conspicuous. A handsome flight of eighty-six steps leads to the front, which is unfinished, except a portion of it, which is in the Italian style, with the addition of a wheel window. It has the appearance of being a pretty *façade* of a small church tacked on to an unfinished larger church, with which, however, it does not harmonize in the least.

What is really worth observing in this cathedral is the interior, which consists of a single nave, with a semi-circular absis. We saw it too late in the day to judge of the detail, but the evening gloom enhanced the fine effect of the broad single nave, the fine arches, and the rich stained glass of the windows. There are some terra-cotta figures

* Calcott's Spain.

of the Apostles at a side door, but they were scarce worth noticing.

The tower of the collegiate of San Feliu looks picturesque from the front of the cathedral.

We had a scramble for chambers at the inn, so many diligences having arrived; but a trifling bribe obtained us a good room, and our beds and supper were better than I have met with in many Italian inns. The supply of water is miserably small in Spanish bed-rooms, but more can always be procured.

We left Gerona at seven o'clock, and soon afterwards entered a forest of pines and fine cork-trees, which are stripped of their bark every four or five years; every tree of any growth showing traces of having been repeatedly peeled, but each time to a less height than the season before, so that the number of crops which have been taken from them may be counted. The form of the tree is frequently picturesque, but in this forest they are not so fine as in the mountains of the Pyrenees. The pines are rounder at the top, and less picturesque than the pines in Italy, but still they are very beautiful; and with a background of hills, the views were often wild and interesting.

We breakfasted at Kenale, at one o'clock; and soon after leaving there, we arrived at St. Pol, a village on the coast, which we followed to Mataro. Some of the views were very picturesque; rocks as splendid as on the Riviera, on the road to Genoa;

while in the plains we had thriving villages, gardens of orange-trees laden with their golden fruit, olive-trees, and every field cultivated with the spade, as much as the nature of the soil, often too sandy, would admit.

Nothing can exceed the industry of the Catalonians. Every patch of land, good or bad, is made the most of, and guarded often with its picturesque hedge of aloes, and sometimes the prickly pears. The background to these views consists of a line of hills, studded with villages, picturesque churches, little chapels, telegraphs, and other buildings.

The villages and little towns we passed through seemed well built; the windows of some of the houses were adorned with architectural ornaments, which were curious and often elegant; and the fronts of the houses were frequently decorated with frescoes, in a pleasing and tasteful manner. Some of the houses seemed very good, and all appeared clean and comfortable. The people were well dressed; not a beggar to be seen. The wheat is generally sown in clusters, allowing a space between each of about six or eight inches, to afford greater facility for weeding.

I observed a solitary palm-tree, but scarcely one-third of the height of my Egyptian friends; still it looked pretty, waving with the breeze, and a young plant rising at its foot.

At Mataro, which is a large and well-built town,

containing many excellent houses, we took the railway to Barcelona; passing a crowded, busy, populous district; observing, as we whirled along, several vessels building, and all the indications of wealth and prosperity; and at five o'clock arrived at Barcelona.

There is only one great drawback to this route —the road is execrable. Passing through the villages and towns (where indeed the other streets appeared to be much better), the great thoroughfares we drove through were so full of holes and ruts, and such a depth of mud even in this dry weather, that I frequently thought the diligence would have been upset. I had mounted on the top, into the *banquette*, in order to see the country better; but the diligence rolled so fearfully, I had sometimes great difficulty in keeping my seat.

The roads in the country are rarely good, frequently as bad as in the towns, and often, near the coast, indifferently guarded from the precipices. They are, however, perfectly safe from brigands, though we heard rumours at Perpignan, and saw three robbers in the custody of some soldiers. The road is regularly patrolled. Every quarter, or at most half an hour, we met with two of the *guardia civile*, who are as fine a body of men, and as well equipped, as can be seen in any country.

CHAPTER II.

BARCELONA—REVOLUTIONARY INCLINATIONS—THE RAMBLA—STREETS—ANCIENT HOUSES—CATHEDRAL—SANTA MARIA DEL MAR AND OTHER CHURCHES—EXCURSION TO MONSERRAT—PRIVATE GALLERIES—SACRED DRAMAS—SPANISH MONEY.

COMMERCE is generally the source of order as well as of wealth. Men of any property are unwilling to risk their hard-earned gains by revolutions, which may procure them trifling advantages; but which, if unsuccessful, must diminish their trade, and may end in their ruin. Barcelona, however, seems to care more for liberty than wealth. Prosperity seems only to raise the proud, independent spirit of the citizens; and perhaps there is not a commercial city in the world which has experienced more changes, sustained more sieges, and so frequently raised the standard of revolt. Romans, Goths, Moors, and French have in their turns been possessed of this originally Punic city, until they had princes of their own, from the ninth to the

twelfth century, when the twelfth Count of Barcelona ascended the throne of Arragon, having married Patronilla, the heiress of that kingdom. After this marriage they still retained their own assembly of nobles, clergy, and commons, where they originated laws, or sanctioned or refused such as the King of Arragon proposed.

This was the glorious period of the wealth and power of Barcelona. The trade to the Indies enriched her citizens, and for several centuries Barcelona was undoubtedly one of the wealthiest and most flourishing commercial ports of the Mediterranean. The municipal privileges were very extraordinary, and are a curious instance of the liberties then enjoyed by cities whose merchants were truly princes. Her municipal government consisted of a council of a hundred, selected from the merchants, tradesmen, and mechanics of the city, and a body of six councillors; the former entrusted with the legislative, the latter with the executive functions of government. They made treaties with foreign powers, superintended the defence of the city in time of war, granted letters of reprisal, raised funds for the construction of useful works and for commercial speculations too hazardous for private enterprise; in fact, their power was more that of sovereigns than that of a municipal body.*

* See Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. i, p. 82.

They have left many substantial monuments of their wisdom.

In 1401, the first bank of exchange in Europe was established in Barcelona, and their commercial code El Consulado del mar de Barcelona not only became the law of Europe at that period, but is quoted now in our best treatises,* and frequently in our courts. The first few chapters are obsolete, but the rest of the book contains a great deal that is curious, and often useful to commercial lawyers. In 1239, they refused to follow their King, James the Conqueror, in his expedition against Valencia. In 1277 and again in 1283, they revolted against Pedro III. In the fifteenth century, the city was twice besieged by Juan II., King of Arragon, against whom they had rebelled, but were at last subdued.

Annexed to Castile, when Ferdinand married Isabella, the Castilian prejudices crippled the energies of Barcelona, and wars and sieges completed their ruin.

In 1640, they threw off the yoke of Philip IV., but in 1652, after fourteen months' siege, they were compelled to surrender. In 1689, they resisted unsuccessfully Charles II.; and nine years afterwards they were obliged to surrender to a French army, under the Duc de Vendôme. They sided with Austria in the War of Succession; and in 1705, Lord Peterborough surprised the celebrated citadel of Monjuich, one of the most extraordinary feats of that war.

* Abbot on Shipping.

In May, 1714, Philip V. bombarded the city, and laid one-third of it in ruins; and in September following, whilst the English fleet blockaded the fort, Berwick, with forty thousand French, stormed the city, and though a white flag was hoisted, entered and set fire to the place and slaughtered a great number of the inhabitants.

Louis XIV., the real Sovereign of Spain, was the last to tolerate independent Princes for subjects. The municipal privileges of Barcelona were abolished, and have never been restored. The population was at this period miserably reduced, but revived rapidly, when peace allowed commerce and industry to prosper.

The Barcelonese have not, however, lost their taste for wars and revolutions. Whenever there is any *pronunciamento* in Spain, it is always Barcelona which sets the example. There have been several during the present reign of seventeen years. In 1834, General Lauder opposed Christina. In 1840, Barcelona pronounced for Espartero, who, in his turn, in 1842, was compelled to bombard the city before another revolution was subdued. In 1843, they raised the standard of revolt against Espartero; and again the same year, and also in 1846, against Narvaez. Now they grumble at the taxes: one merchant complained bitterly that his friend at Marseilles only paid half what he did. They grumble also at the despotism of the Government; but the

great grievance is the new tarif, showing a disposition (for it does little more) to throw down protection, and adopt the English principles of free trade.

A city so admirably situated for commerce, where everything is cheap, where the climate is propitious, and where the taxes are not very oppressive, in a province which seems to comprise within its limits all the industry and activity of the Spanish people, need not fear competition with any country. A more liberal tarif might destroy the immense smuggling carried on with France, and it is doubtless the interest of the men engaged in that lucrative traffic to fill the papers with articles against all changes.

Great as certainly is the discontent created by these imaginary grievances, and the influence of the priests, almost all Carlists, there seems to be a general impression that the time is not very propitious for another revolution. The country is full of well-paid soldiers. Narvaez is a harder bit in their mouths than they have ever experienced before. Espartero did not treat them gently, and they cannot expect better treatment from such a determined man as the present Premier. Yet such is the rebellious, ungovernable disposition of the mass of the people, it is not improbable that their grumbling may end in another revolution, though trade is flourishing—everybody is employed, and Barcelona has seldom enjoyed greater prosperity.

The entrance into Barcelona is very striking: a gateway, with a horse-shoe arch, leads to the Plaza del Re, which is ornamented on one side by the royal palace, a salmon-coloured stone building, which, with its balcony and painted cornice, has a very good effect, and in its general appearance reminded me some little of the Doge's Palace at Venice.

Opposite to it is the custom-house, a large building, with frightful windows. The Lonja, on the other side of the Plaza, is a noble edifice; and the street is fine leading from the Plaza to the Muralla del Mar, which commands a fine view of the sea. This promenade is fashionable in warm weather, and charming at all times.

The place of greatest resort is, however, the Rambla, a noble and very wide street, nearly one thousand yards long, with a broad promenade in the centre, planted with fine trees.

The Rambla is everything at Barcelona. In the Rambla are the best hotels—the Orient and the Quatre-Nations, both excellent; and it is better to write for rooms in one of them, to avoid driving about the town, as we did, for an hour, though we were glad at last to put up with a poor room in the Quatre-Nations, which we despised at first.

In the Rambla are the best theatres, open day and night! to gratify the tastes of a pleasure-loving people. In the Rambla are the diligence offices,

where there is generally a scramble for places, which had better be secured for departure as soon as possible. In the Rambla is the post-office, where all the names are exposed alphabetically, according to the dates of the arrival of the letters; but it is just as well to look through all one's names, Christian as well as surnames, and also through the list of Spaniards as well as strangers. An hour's amusement of this kind must be expected by those who are really anxious to find their letters. In the Rambla, also, is the English Consul's, who was very civil, and lent me a good Spanish guide of Barcelona.

On each side of the Rambla are shops, but by no means the best in Barcelona. In the calle of San Fernando, and in the Plateria, where are curious ornaments, of an antique form, and jewellery and silver articles, chiefly from Paris, the shops are much better, and infinitely more attractive.

The first day of our arrival at Barcelona, the Rambla was very gay. Cordova had just arrived from Naples, and six thousand men were drawn up on the promenade and on the Muralla del Mar, and fine military-looking men they seemed, though they did not march with great precision. Their officers were generally good-looking, and many of them tall; their accoutrements excellent, and their bands not bad, but too noisy. Cordova himself is a fat, though at the same time an energetic-looking man,

with fine expressive eyes; but he seemed more taken up with acknowledging the homage he received from the admiring crowd than reviewing the troops.

He was accompanied by the Capitan-General of the province and a brilliant staff, and rode a splendid horse at such a rate through the ranks, that in a quarter of an hour the review was finished. The soldiers who had served in the Italian campaign had brown copper-coloured medals (baiocchj, the smallest coin in the Roman States, the Barcelonese called them satirically), but why they received any decoration for their services in Italy it is difficult to imagine, though most persons must regret that they were not more actively employed, instead of the French. The Papal Government restored and sustained by Spaniards would not have been surprising.

A grand entertainment was given at the Orient Hotel to the General; the court was decorated with arms, and the staircase with choice shrubs; and perhaps the Great Captain himself, when he returned from his splendid Italian campaign, was not more sumptuously feasted, and did not create a greater sensation. The Plaza della Ciudad is small, as are all the plazas in Barcelona; it contains two handsome buildings, the town-hall and the Casa del Audiencia. The streets are generally very narrow and twist in every direction, particularly in the old town, where it is difficult for a stranger to find his way without

a guide. The fronts of some of the houses are decorated with fresco paintings, which have a pretty effect, and the entrances, courts, and staircases are often very handsome. Some of the old houses are worth visiting, and give a good idea of the taste and opulence which Barcelona enjoyed centuries ago. In the Casa Douar, there are three beautiful circular arches of the court of the ancient palace remaining, sustained by columns with Ionic capitals, and above these, forming the loggia on the first floor, are ten slight fluted columns with Corinthian capitals, extremely elegant in their forms and proportions. These columns rise from pedestals on which arms and trophies are admirably sculptured, the subject of each pedestal different from the others. This court is now turned into a dyer's yard, and one of the most interesting pieces of architecture in Barcelona is certainly rendered unpleasant to visit.

La Casa Cardonas is also worth visiting; three elegant pointed arches remain of the loggia, supported by very slight and graceful columns. The roof of the loggia is admirably carved; ascending the stairs there is a small door beautifully sculptured, and above it are the arms, I presume, of the family; the supporters on each side are very well executed. The Casa de Medonia Celi is also worthy of a visit. The entrance is richly sculptured, and the windows elaborately ornamented, but in the style called in Spain, plateresque, which I cannot

say I admire. In the court are pointed arches, supported by elegant fluted columns with composite capitals.

A drive round the churches of Barcelona is interesting, though they contain no works of art, or at all events, their almost universal darkness did not permit me to distinguish any pictures of high merit. The first in rank and in attraction, is the cathedral, which is in an unfinished state. The *façade* is painted, and a fine pointed arch is certainly well executed; but for such an edifice, painting is paltry, and it is disgraceful to the rich city of Barcelona, that their cathedral should remain in such an unfinished state. The two towers are completed and have a good effect, ornamented with balconies on the top, supported by lancet arches. The entrance under one of the great towers is finished in the pointed style, and is very handsome. The interior is splendid, with its noble pointed arches, supported by lofty buttresses formed of clusters of columns and its semicircular absis ornamented with charming painted glass windows, spreading a rich and solemn gloom, which enhances wonderfully the fine effect of this really noble interior. I saw no works of art worthy of so fine a cathedral; the few silver reliques now remaining were locked up, and I could not see them. The cloisters are exquisitely beautiful, the pointed arches very noble, yet light and elegant in the extreme. In the centre of the

court there are two fountains and orange-trees laden with fruit; and as the sun was shining gloriously we felt almost reluctant to leave this delicious retreat.

The church of Santa Maria del Mar ranks next in importance. The principal entrance is in a fine pointed style, and the interior is very imposing, consisting of a fine broad nave with lofty pointed arches, supported by plain but light and elegant pentagonal columns; and the windows of the aisles of the cathedral are rich as usual with splendid stained glass. There is a tolerable picture behind the high altar by Antonio Viladomat, the only good artist Barcelona has ever produced. He was born in 1678, and his pictures appear to possess simplicity and beauty in their composition, and great richness of colouring; but it is only at Barcelona that they are to be seen, and but few there. The convents which contained scores of paintings by this master, are now destroyed, and the pictures have taken wings and flown nobody could tell me where, or I should have been glad to have purchased one.

The old church of San Miguel contains a curious mosaic pavement, representing dolphins and tritons, and supposed by some to be Grecian of the thirteenth century, but I conceive it may be Roman. The colours are blue and white, and the pieces of mosaic about an inch square. It is very much injured, a few precious fragments only remaining. The archi-

tecture of the principal entrance is very well worth observing, especially for the plateresque ornaments of the square pilasters on each side of the door, which are quite Raphaelesque.

The church of San Just y Pastor is not worth visiting, and the same may be said of San Jaime. Santa Maria del Pi, which, like the last two churches, has only a single nave, is worth seeing. The *façade* is adorned with a handsome entrance and circular window, and the interior is very fine, with its noble nave and semicircular absis, as usual richly decorated with stained glass. It was full of soldiers and their band was playing remarkably well. The effect of a military mass is always grand, the kneeling and rising in a body, the grounding arms on the stone floor, have an imposing effect. Santa Anna, which they say is interesting for its architecture, was closed.

We visited these churches on a Sunday, and were surprised to find them all crowded to excess. The incomes of the clergy are greatly reduced, but their fortunes are gradually reviving. The interiors of the churches are well kept, and the dresses and services of the altar do not exhibit any lack of means.

The museum contains some antiquities, several inscriptions, and some heads of Roman Emperors, one of Domitian, which is very fine. There are also many sarcophagi. One I admired particularly,

ornamented with chariots and horses, trampling down women and children, with baskets of flowers. The court of the museum is painted and filled with orange-trees, and has a very pleasing effect. This was the only portion of the museum I could get into, but I was told there were some few paintings, though none by good artists. We then visited a little garden behind the palace of the King, adorned with statues of little merit and plants now in full flower, which we enjoy in May or June; auriculas, hyacinths, and roses in full bearing. The beautiful box borders and aviaries of this little garden were really pretty, and there were rare plants in white vases, which would have looked very well had the vases been of better form.

We then drove to the Muralla del Mar, where there were crowds of the Barcelonese enjoying the view of the sea and their vessels; and afterwards to the Rambla, which on festas is always full. The men, who were far more numerous than the other sex, were not good-looking, nor can I say more of the women. About one-third of the fair sex had bonnets, the others wore the becoming lace mantilla, the only production of Catalonia deserving of admiration.

None should visit Barcelona without making an excursion to Monserrat. We started at six o'clock in the morning, and immediately on leaving the city we had a picturesque scene, which lasted

for several miles; crowds of carts of all sizes, large, heavy waggons laden with merchandise, small rude carts loaded with vegetables, tartanas full of peasants and farmers and their wives and daughters, and such a jingling of bells and screaming of drivers as never was heard, except perhaps at Naples. Then there were diligences starting to various places, and peasants on foot, bringing in poultry, vegetables, eggs, &c. to market, the women's heads and shoulders covered with white shawls, as large blankets, and all the men were enveloped in as much larger, red-striped blankets, with gay tassels. It was a characteristic Catalonian scene, on a dusty road, with hedges of aloes on each side. On our left was the fine fortress of Monjuish, the pride of Barcelona; and afterwards, a rich plain, extending to the deep blue Mediterranean, and studded with farms and country boxes, the delight of her citizens; and on our right was a range of picturesque hills and numerous country-seats of the wealthier classes.

We passed the river Llobregat over a handsome bridge, and soon after arrived at Martorel, and there saw another bridge, which may be Moorish, but apparently not more ancient. The pointed centre arch, the span of which Mr. Ford says is one hundred and thirty-three feet wide, is very fine. Adjoining it are the remains of a triumphal arch, undoubtedly Roman. We had an agreeable

drive to Colbato, where we arrived at half-past twelve; pleasing views of picturesque hills studded with villages and houses, and for a long time before our arrival, Monserrat was almost continually in sight. The form is fine at a distance, and yet we had misgivings that it could not repay a sacrifice of two days and the discomforts of the journey. We passed several small villages, where we observed the women working different patterns of lace, and everybody engaged in some industrious pursuit. Whenever we met with a beggar, it was almost always a poor creature with some misfortune, which prevented his working.

We ought to have hired a private carriage from Barcelona to Colbato; for though we started tolerably comfortable in a *coupé* to ourselves, our wretched diligence was soon changed for a worse without a *coupé;* and though the groups which crowded our omnibus were picturesque, the odour of garlic was very offensive. From Esparraguera we went to Colbato in nothing better than a small open cart, a caratella with a rope bottom, covered with matting. We gave a doctor a ride in our machine, as the day was hot and he was going to walk to the convent of Monserrat, to visit a monk who was dying; and in return, when we arrived at the inn, he offered me some of his soup, which he took great pains in concocting himself. As several eggs were floating at the top, and it did not

look bad, I ventured to taste it, but sincerely hope the poor monk will not have to swallow doses of physic half so nauseous. The doctor said he was going to the convent "to bleed the monk," having wisely come to that resolution before he had seen his patient. I fear, from all accounts, Dr. Sangrados still exist in Spain, and I made a little resolution never to call in a Spanish doctor, however ill I might be.

At Colbato we obtained excellent mules, and began the ascent of the mountain. The first part of the road is through olive-groves and passes the village church, which, with its almost Italian campanile is pretty. The ascent soon begins to be rough and difficult, but not dangerous, for there are few loose stones, and when the mule has a firm footing, especially if it is not a slippery one, there is little to apprehend. The views gradually improve, splendid masses of pudding-stone, of most picturesque forms, and all the crevices and lines of the rocks are filled with box-trees and other more rare odoriferous shrubs, which seem to spring out of the bare rocks, and require neither earth nor water for their support.

There was a charming view when we came in sight of the village of Colbato, of the magnificent plain which surrounds it, and in the distance a fine range of hills. Some of the gorges or glens of the mountain are very striking, and there is, indeed,

a continual succession of these fine views, which astonished me, as from what I saw of the mountain at a distance, I did not expect such scenery. We passed the remains of an ancient fountain, a great desideratum, no doubt, in the palmy days of the pilgrimages to the Virgin.

Before arriving at the convent, the views become rather less interesting; but when a point is turned, and the convent bursts upon you, it is very fine. The cluster of buildings is picturesque, some of them eight stories high; their situation is magnificent, the rocks, fine conical masses, rising precipitately behind, towering three thousand three hundred feet above the plain, and their beautiful grey colour contrasting vividly with the green shrubs which fill every crevice and line of their surface. Beneath the convent is a splendid gorge, with rocks almost bolder and more picturesque than above, reaching to a plain, not remarkable for its verdure or richness, but infinitely more striking from its singular formation, frequently appearing like the waves of an agitated sea. Under a Catalonian mid-day sun, the colouring of the plain was of a greyish-yellow; the morning tint was a more picturesque red, and here and there were several dark forests and shadows formed by slight hills, producing splendid effects.

The Llobregat winds beautifully through this plain, and from every point adds greatly to the

scene. It is, however, the peculiar formation of the surface of this immense plain which is so striking. One would almost imagine it to have been a vast mass of liquid lava, which had rolled down from the mighty Pyrenees, and covering the verdure of the plain, had assumed the tints I have described. And what a background to this splendid view—the magnificent mountains of the Pyrenees, strikingly picturesque in form, and hiding their snow-clad summits in the clouds.

The convent of Monserrat once contained one hundred and twenty monks, with servants, about two hundred and fifty persons; but war, horrid war, reached even this peaceful abode. Circular and pointed arches still existing of excellent masonry and elegant in their design, attest the splendour of the edifice the French destroyed; and they say it was rich in pictures and other works of art. Now, there are only ten monks and three servants residing in the monastery. The church is large, and consists of one fine nave, and the sides are ornamented with circular arches. I observed a good painting of a Holy Family and St. Ann, altar size, which appeared to me a Viladomat. It is the gift of a Capitan-General, and the monks value it highly. There is here also, a miraculous image of the Virgin, and wonderful stories are told of her efficacy: of how a holy man almost a century old, fell a victim to a sudden temptation, and violated and murdered

a noble maiden; how he wandered for years as a beast of the field; and how the lady recovered her life and her virginity, and became the first Abbess of the convent.

Mr. Ford, whose book is full of quaint lore, says, "The image is believed to have been made by St. Luke, and brought to Barcelona in the year 50 by St. Peter. In 717, the Goths hid it away from the invading Moors in a hill, where it remained until 880, when some shepherds were attracted to the spot by heavenly lights and singing angels; thereupon, the Bishop of Vique came in person, and being guided by a sweet smell, found the image in a cave, but it refused to be moved; whereupon a small chapel was built on the spot, in which it remained one hundred and sixty years. A nunnery was then founded, which in 976 was converted into a Benedictine convent. It rested on the primitive altar 700 years, until a new chapel was built in 1592, to which it was removed by Philip II. in person."

I was surprised to see that the Virgin is black in the face, which certainly has the effect of making her more conspicuous at her present elevation, and contrasts well with her rich habiliments of purple and gold, but the colour does not say much for their geographical knowledge. Different nations generally represent Satan of a different colour to themselves. "God preserve me from the devil!" said the Don-

golah girl, when she saw Burkhardt's white head; but it is a strange thing for a European Catholic people to represent the chief object of their worship of the same complexion as they paint his Satanic Majesty.

There are still many pilgrims to this celebrated shrine, and in September, there is a great *fête*, when the mountain is covered with thousands winding their way up this steep ascent; and assuredly great is their merit, if they have no taste for the beauties of nature. A pilgrim was there to-day with a picturesque broad-brimmed hat, strangely decorated with shells, and the rest of his dress a russet brown. He had a staff in his hand, and a wildness in his demeanour, reminding me of the santons I have seen in the East. I saw him entering a second time with his hands full of wild flowers, as if he thought it better to make such an offering, rather than appear empty-handed before the shrine of the Virgin. In the evening we went into the church to hear the monks sing the vespers. Their organ was not good, but many of their voices were fine; and whether it was the darkness of the large church, a dozen small candles barely lighting the altar, and making only the darkness visible; or the solitude of the place, no one being present but the poor pilgrim; or whether one of their brethren being on a bed of sickness, which must in a day or two end fatally, gave an unusual fervour and earnestness to their chants, certain it is, their singing was very impressive, and I listened to

it with great delight, with feelings of awe and reverence; I forgot I was of a different creed, and assuredly I shall leave the mountain with respect for the men who are not rolling here in Benedictine idleness and luxury, their pay for the masses they recite being barely an existence; but living away from the pleasures, though not I fear from the cares of life, and serving God in the way they have been taught to consider most acceptable, praising Him morning, noon, and night.

There is a posada near the convent, and as we had nearly consumed a chicken we had brought from Barcelona, we were not well pleased to find on our arrival that the landlord had nothing but eggs and potatoes, and were agreeably surprised to see served up for dinner some excellent pork and a partridge. There was a servant of the convent present when we arrived, and being Friday, the landlord dare not say he would let us have meat and game. The chambers in the posada looking wretched, we asked if they had no better, and they took us to an excellent room adjoining the chapel; and as it appeared quite clean and had good beds, we rejoiced in our good-fortune; but the floor was literally swarming with fleas.

In the wildest parts of the mountain are several hermitages, but, as they are not tenanted now, we regretted less not having time to visit them, especially as the ascent is difficult for ladies; a few winter storms having probably destroyed

the paths the hermits formerly kept in some order. Many of these recluses were of good family, and even of rank. They lived on bread, fruit, and water; and each hermitage was provided with a bell, in case of sickness, otherwise they seldom visited the convent, and did not associate with each other, though, according to Sir John Car's account (who surprised a pretty girl alone with one of them), they were not very strict.

We were two hours and a half descending to Colbato, about the same time we took to ascend the mountain, making no use of the mules we had ordered. We there found a tartana waiting to take us to Esparraguera. This conveyance had a rope-bottom, covered with mats, like the caratella we rode in yesterday, but is much more showy in appearance, having a gaily-painted roof, in form exactly like the cabin of a gondola, and inside the vehicle is a seat covered with cloth; neither conveyance was on springs, and therefore their motion may be imagined on bad Spanish roads, especially when the driver goes at a gallop, which he sometimes does if allowed.

Having arrived at Esparraguera too soon for the diligence to Barcelona, we rambled through the parish church, which is a very respectable one for so small a town; and afterwards, a shower of rain coming on, we took refuge in the porch of a priest's house. He came to the door, and insisted

on our entering his clean little habitation; and producing a bottle, would have me take a glass. As I saw it would vex him if I declined, I consented, expecting such a jolly-looking priest would have some of the fine old wine of the country, but it proved to be a vile spirit, stronger than Greek arracke, with a detestable flavour of anisced.

There are few paintings at Barcelona, and apparently no taste for them. It was only after repeated inquiries and several fruitless journeys, that I accidentally heard of two galleries. One is in the house of D. Tose Carreras en la Rambla de S. Tose en casa de la Verreyna. Unfortunately the owner was out, and there was no catalogue; but amongst many indifferent paintings there were several good ones; a Holy Family of Viladomat, of considerable merit; a Christ bearing His Cross, I think by Luis de Morales, who was born at Badajoz in 1509, and died in 1596, or about the beginning of the sixteenth century, according to Bermudez, and is the only artist of great merit Estremadura has produced. His pictures are always on panel, covered with a composition of plaster. His drawing is often hard and deficient in boldness, and sometimes incorrect; but his colouring is generally rich and harmonious, though often too brown and hard, apparently of the fifteenth, not the sixteenth century. Some of his heads remind one of Leonardo da Vinci. The accessories of his paintings, such as crosses

and ropes, are sometimes so elaborately and truthfully painted, that anything more real cannot be conceived. Bermudez mentions with great truth his laborious manner of painting the hair and beards. His great merit, which gains him to this day the name of "El Divino"—the divine Morales—is the noble expression and deep feeling exhibited in his countenances. He always painted sacred subjects, which was doubtless the reason at first of his being called "El Divino." He was poor all his life, though well deserving the patronage Philip II. showered on far inferior artists. The King, passing Badajoz, on his return from Portugal, and seeing him so poor, said: "Morales, you are very old." "Yes, Sire, and very poor," said the artist. The King ordered him a pension of three hundred ducats, says Bermudez, or, as others say, of two hundred ducats for his dinner. "And for supper, Sire?" said the artist. Philip relished the joke, and ordered him another hundred.

There were also some paintings by Orrente, the Spanish Bassano, and an exquisite painting, a Magdalen, by Alonso Cano. In one of the rooms there is a beautiful group of three figures in coloured carved wood, representing St. James destroying the Moors. The name of Alonso Cano is written underneath, and though the colouring has been restored, and not with the brushes and taste of

Alonso, it is an exquisite group: the figure of the prostrate Moor is admirable.

This distinguished artist was born in Granada, according to Bermudez, in 1601, and after studying sculpture under Montanes, and painting under Pacheco and Castello, he settled at Granada as a carver of altar-pieces, called in Spain retablos. He is supposed by some to have murdered his wife, who was found pierced with fifteen wounds; but as her jewels and Italian servant were missing, poor Alonso was probably put to the torture without any cause. He was on bad terms with his wife, and unfaithful to her, and foolishly fled to Valencia; which was quite sufficient to make him suspected. Bermudez disbelieves the tale, as he could find no record of the prosecution.

He was a man of wild and uncontrollable passions, but at times gentle and melancholy; and to these moments of deep feeling we are probably indebted for the softness and exquisite beauty which distinguish his best works, and especially for his little coloured statues of Saints and our Saviour, which surpass his paintings, and are truly exquisite.

His drawing and compositions are always admirable. His colouring varies, sometimes resembling Guido, but with more red tints and less blue; often it is wild and sombre, and frequently

his little St. Johns and the Lamb are almost difficult to distinguish from one of the styles of Murillo.

This gallery is on the first floor of a handsome palace, beautifully furnished with expensive furniture, marbles and prints, as well as pictures. The lady of the house was at the door when we entered, and with great politeness accompanied us through the gallery, and invited us to come again when her husband was at home. She spoke no other language but Spanish, and I have not been long enough in Spain to sustain without difficulty a conversation in that language; yet nothing could exceed her good-humour and politeness. The other gallery is that of D. Antonio Sebastian Pasqual en la Calle del Chuela à las Cipaldas del Colegio del Obispo Senario; but I did not succeed in seeing it.

We went one evening to the great theatre of the Liceo, to see a representation of the passion of our Saviour, a subject which makes one's blood almost run cold to think that it should be made a spectacle of in a theatre; though, perhaps, to many of the spectators such a representation may be more improving than what they see and hear in their churches. The best scene was the entering of our Saviour on an ass into Jerusalem; the crowds with palm-trees and olive-branches, strewing their garments in the way were picturesque, though the dresses were not good, nor the scenery first-rate. The

grief of the Virgin at parting with her son, and our Saviour taking leave of his disciples, were well acted. I must confess there was a certain degree of decorum, and not a laugh during the representation, except one, caused by an expression of the avaricious Judas, and again at his refusing one of the thirty pieces because it was not good. Judas indeed, in voice and manner, seemed the buffoon of the representation. At the Last Supper, the disciples advanced two and two and bowed to each other, as is the custom with the cardinals and priests at high mass, and perhaps this custom is introduced to impress upon the people, that such was the ceremony amongst the simple followers of our Lord. I saw half the representation, to have an idea of the sacred dramas which have always been so popular in Spain, but had no wish to see the remainder. The theatre is particularly handsome, the balcon has a pretty effect. The pit and boxes were crowded to excess, and also the galleries with a very noisy and unruly mob.

My last visit at Barcelona was to my banker. On entering a new country, it is always a trouble to learn the money; but the coinage in Spain is so magnificent and so simple, the trouble is a pleasure. The onza, worth £3 7*s.*, or sixteen duros (dollars), is the finest coin in Europe, but inconvenient to change in the small villages; the media onza is better, but the smaller gold coins, the doubloon, worth four dollars, and the pieces of two and one duro are very

pretty and most convenient. The old Spanish dollar, worth twenty reals, is almost superseded by the French five-franc piece, which is worth only nineteen reals. The bankers generally give about ninety-five reals for the pound sterling. The other silver coins are the real, the piece of two reals, the half-duro, and the peseta, the fifth of a duro. It is best to travel both with Herries' notes, and a letter of credit from Barings on merchants in the principal towns; but I could not procure from them or their agents here a credit on a banker at Granada or Murcia, so little communication exists between the capitals or principal towns of extensive districts.

CHAPTER III.

TARRAGONA—ROMAN WALLS AND AQUEDUCT—THE CATHEDRAL—BEAUTIFUL CLOISTERS—SAN PABLO—CHARACTER OF THE CATALONIANS—KINGDOM OF VALENCIA—ANCIENT TOWERS—SEGUNTUM.

We left Barcelona at ten o'clock, in the Courier, for Tarragona. The first part of the road, as far as Molins del Rey, was the same we passed on our way to Monserrat. Crossing the Llobregat again, over the fine stone bridge, we had a pleasant drive until one o'clock, through hills covered with pines and other trees, but sometimes barren and rocky. All the little valleys and strips of tolerable land are carefully cultivated by the industrious Catalonians. On leaving this hilly district, we descended into a richer country, where the views were more extensive. At half-past two we dined at Villafranca, on certainly the worst dinner I have yet seen in Spain; but a leg of lamb for the last dish was good, and each person had

a glass of rancio wine, so rich and strong, though rather sweet, that a glass did not satisfy me.

The Spanish posadas we have yet met with are certainly better than the worst class of Italian inns; the floors look clean, and altogether there is more cleanliness and comfort about them. The ride from Villafranca is through a rich and well-cultivated country, and the views very extensive, over plains bounded by ranges of hills. We passed through the industrious little town of Arbos, situated on an eminence, in a large plain, bounded by hills, and soon after reached the blue Mediterranean and a still richer plain, covered with a few olives and a great many fine carobs. The leaf of this tree is darker but not unlike the olive; and the trunks being very picturesque and of considerable growth, they formed a beautiful foreground and a charming contrast of colour to the deep blue sea and the lapis-lazuli sky above.

We passed through several little villages and towns, but did not think it worth while to record their names, as they all presented the same active, comfortable appearance; women working lace at their doors, gaining their one or two shillings a-day, shops in abundance, and well supplied with the necessaries and many of the comforts of life. One of the towns, Vandrell, we passed after Arbos, is more considerable than the others, and has a church with a good tower, which looks well at a distance.

About three hours and a half before arriving at Tarragona, we drove under a Roman arch, ornamented with pilasters of the Corinthian order. It looked well in the rich plain, with a background of fine carobs and the sea in the distance.

Tarragona, originally a Phœnician city, the splendid capital of the Romans, and celebrated as the abode of Augustus, the Scipios, and Adrian, is finely situated on a rock nearly eight hundred feet high, sloping to the sea. The imperial capital is now sadly changed. Goths under Euric, Moors under Taric, and French under Suchet, seem to have rivalled each other in the horrors they committed in storming this unfortunate city. Its population, which exceeded a million in the time of the Romans, is diminished to eleven thousand, and commerce has fled to other places. It is difficult to believe, that a capital, which might be compared to Paris or London, existed here, but monumental evidence still remains of its former magnificence. The walls are splendid, and are all Roman, and not Ciclopian, as they have been described. The stones are sometimes very large, but are all hewn regularly, not having at all the character of Ciclopian walls.

Outside the gate of the Rambla, and also within it, are remains of ancient Roman forts, which give a good idea of their fortifications. The form of the amphitheatre, elegant as usual, may still be

clearly traced, though there is little remaining, war, and especially modern war, having destroyed these interesting monuments of the mighty people who conquered Spain, and by their conquest made the country more flourishing than it has ever been before or since, except perhaps under the Umeyyah dynasty. A few of the steps of the amphitheatre still exist, and a portion of one solitary arch of the exterior walls. It is situated close to the sea, and the enjoyment of the breezes, a great luxury in this hot climate, would be added to the excitement of the games.

Under a broiling sun, though only the 11th of March, we toiled up an old Roman road to the modern city. Several inscriptions and fragments of sculpture and Roman stones may be traced and seen in various parts of Tarragona. It is surprising so little remains; but antiquities in every country have ever been considered as a mine of hewn stone, ready for every necessity, and made use of as such, except where appreciated as works of art.

We hired a tartana, the best vehicle Tarragona possesses, and went to the Roman aqueduct, called, Il perle del diavolo. The situation of this ruin is wild and desolate, surrounded by bleak rocky hills, uncultivated, and without a tree to relieve their barrenness. Between the hills, is a narrow strip of land, which the ever industrious Catalans have cultivated and planted with vines. This aqueduct

was constructed to lead the water across this narrow valley, and is a proud memorial of the useful and splendid works Rome erected in her colonies. Mr. Ford says, the length of the aqueduct is seven hundred feet, and the loftiest arches rise ninety-six feet high. There are two ranges of arches; the lower range consists of eleven arches, the receding hills on each side reaching now almost the summit of the side arch. Besides the eleven arches above these, there are four more on one side and ten on the left, making twenty-five on the upper tier. The buttresses between the arches of the lower tier increase in width towards their base, and one course of stones projecting beyond the others, gives the appearance of capitals. The masonry is admirable, but the stones are not so large as those of the walls of the ancient city.

The cathedral of Tarragona is very interesting. An inclined approach leads up from out of the market-place to the principal entrance, which is very fine, consisting of a noble pointed arched doorway, ornamented on each side with colossal statues of the apostles under canopies, and beneath the apostles, small lancet arches. Between two small doorways, comprised within the arch, is an image of the Virgin, standing on an animal quite Lombardesque. Above this noble arch is a remarkably fine rose window, but the *façade* and towers are unfinished. Besides the principal doorway there are two smaller entrances

with circular arches. The effect of the interior is fine, though certainly of a heavy style, but the solidity of the Norman buttresses sustaining the pointed arches is very striking. The capitals of the columns of the buttresses consist of beautiful fret-work.

The chapel of Santa Tecla is modern, but worth observing for the rich marbles of which it is entirely constructed, except some carved altar-pieces in stone representing the history of the Saint. Adjoining this chapel, I think the next to it, are two very large pictures, one representing the Massacre of the Innocents, the other, the Adoration of the Magi. They have their faults, especially in the drawing, but are not badly painted. The baptismal font is a Roman bath, of one plain piece of grey marble. The stained glass of the windows in the transept is extremely rich, and the retablo of the grand altar is also very imposing at a distance, the pinnacles being very elegant; but the elaborate sculpture representing the life and miracles of Santa Tecla, is indifferently executed.

Santa Tecla is the tutelar of Tarragona, and her festival, on the 23rd of September, is a gay affair. Mr. Ford says she is reckoned the first of female martyrs, and was converted by St. Paul, to whom she consecrated her virginity: thereupon Thamiro, to whom she was to have been married, brought an action for the breach of promise, and the judges

ordered her to be burnt alive. She came unburnt from the furnace, and was then exposed to lions, who only licked her feet; and next to the rage of bulls; and, lastly, to the lust of soldiers, who resisted a temptation difficult to their habits.

The entrance into the Capilla del Sacramento is Corinthian, and very good; but there is little to remark inside but the tomb of Archbishop Augustin, and some paintings in the retablo, by Isaac Hermes, of very little merit. Nothing can be more striking, more magical I may say, than passing from this gloomy and massive interior to the light, elegant, and exquisitely beautiful cloisters. They are constructed of pointed arches, supported by clusters of columns, the capitals of which are all different; some are quite plain, others of the lotus form, and many are decorated with rudely executed figures, representing the life of Adam and other biblical histories.

Beneath each of the large pointed arches there are three circular Norman arches, richly ornamented with the zig-zag ornament, and supported by two light elegant columns. Above the small arches, and still within the large pointed arches, are two circular windows, ornamented with zig-zag lines, and some with stars. Notwithstanding this rich architectural detail, the interior of the court is only veiled, and the views through the arches exhibit cypresses cut into quaint forms, with a fountain

in the centre of the court, and still more beautiful trees, untouched by the deforming shears, in full blossom, and orange and lemon trees laden with flowers and golden fruit.

I lingered there two hours with my pencil, less for the sake of carrying away some memorial of its architecture than to enjoy the enchantment of the scene, and the cool and quiet of this retired spot, where nothing disturbed the silence that reigned but occasionally some delicious chanting from an adjoining chapel.

The little church of San Pablo is of very great antiquity. The *façade* is plain, with a lofty column at each angle; and the small chapel of San Miguel is similar in style and antiquity, and more curious than the other.

Tarragona has its Rambla and pretty little garden, near which is a lofty carved stone cross of a single piece, and worth observing. The port is but indifferent, and it does not now contain a dozen vessels, all of small size.

There is only one public conveyance from Barcelona to Valencia, and as it passes through Tarragona at nine o'clock in the evening, we were obliged to start at that inconvenient hour, or ride, as there is no posting in Spain. At daylight we were in view of the sea, with a foreground of fine carob-trees; and at eight o'clock arrived at the muddy Ebro, which has very much the appearance of the Tiber.

Amposta, on the Valencia side, is a poor-looking place; but the range of mountains which is behind the town, and forms the background to the picture from the Catalonian side, is picturesque. There we breakfasted, and then went through the same kind of scenery, which would certainly be wearisome, if it were not for the carob-trees, which give the plains a very park-like appearance.

Soon after leaving Amposta, we passed two stone crosses, with inscriptions on them. "In Oct. 30, 1826, the mayoral and zagal of the diligence were barbarously murdered by three footpads, not regular banditti." All who have read "Spain," by an American, who was in the diligence, will recollect the story of poor Pepé, and the distress of his mother.

Soon after, we crossed a good bridge, which spans the deep, rocky bed of the Cenia, and entered the kingdom of Valencia.

The Catalonians are generally described as a rude, barbarous people, coarse and even brutal in their manners, and violent in their passions; but if it were not presumption for one who has been so short a time in the country, I should doubt if they really deserve so much abuse as has been poured upon them. The lower orders have certainly not much of the *suaviter in modo*, and their Limousin dialect grates harshly on the ear; but they seem always inclined to do civil things, and are good-hearted and honest.

In travelling through the country, I have been amongst all classes, and invariably found them anxious to oblige; and although they quarrel with every Government that is set over them, they do not appear to deserve the character of being quarrelsome among themselves. Every traveller admits their unwearied industry. Never have I seen a people apparently more deserving of the prosperity they enjoy; but the Catalonians are never content with any Government, be it weak or strong. As leaders of every revolution, they have indeed been a thorn in Isabella's throne; and now they are discontented, and ready to raise the standard of revolt whenever there is a chance of success. They complain bitterly in the country, as well as in the capital, that the taxes are unequal and heavy, land paying about 13 per cent.; but, with all this grumbling and hostility to their rulers, there is a sincerity, patriotism and honesty about them, which, combined with their enterprise and activity, command respect, and promise advancement and increased prosperity.

On crossing the Cenia, we immediately perceived the difference of dress and feature. The red or brown long cap is changed for the gay handkerchief, tied like a turban round the head. Instead of the dark trowsers of the Catalonians, the Valencians have a kind of wide, loose drawers, which reach to about the knee, exactly similar to what many of the Arab

tribes wear. A portion of a stocking fits tights on the leg from the knee to the ankle, and a picturesque sandal, with its cord, is the only shoe used by the Valencian peasant. When their gay, picturesque blanket of many colours is gracefully thrown around their shoulders, a more Oriental dress, to set off their light figures and Moorish features, cannot well be conceived. On both sides of the Ebro we observed towers, formerly used as defences, they say, against corsairs. Probably these are some of the fortifications which were erected when the kingdom of Valencia was in great alarm at a meditated invasion of the Turks, under the redoubtable Barbarossa. Fears were entertained also of a rising of the Morisco population; and amidst the general panic, one man alone was calm and self-possessed—the priest Gasca, the good Bishop of Palencia, who happened to be there, and advised them to erect these fortifications, which baffled the efforts of Barbarossa.*

We passed through the little towns of Villaray, Morella, Benicarle, and other smaller villages, all prosperous-looking places; the scenery of the same character, extensive plains, generally cultivated and invariably covered with the beautiful carob-trees with their old trunks, often extremely picturesque. The towns and villages which we passed, and others we saw in the distance, with the lofty towers of

* See Prescott's Peru, vol. II, p. 201.

the churches, and the white tint of the houses, had a very pleasing effect. The large plains were generally bounded on our right by a high range of hills, rocky and wild, and often picturesque in their form, and on our left by the Mediterranean.

At eight we arrived at Castellon de la Plana, the birthplace of Ribalta, where we left the Valencian courier, not liking to encounter two nights on the road when it could be avoided, especially as we heard that the Posada del Leon was a good inn, which it turned out to be.

We left Castellon at six, in the *coupé* of a diligence which runs from there to Valencia. Near the village of Almenara, we had a delightful view of the sea, the magnificent outlines of the hills, and the rich plain covered with carob-trees, aloes, prickly pears, and a few palm-trees, and several villages with towers rather similar to the Italian campaniles, and not less picturesque. In three hours we came to Murviedro, a name derived from Muros viejos (ancient walls), being in truth built from the ruins of Saguntum, celebrated for its siege and capture by Hannibal. According to Mariana, this city was founded two hundred years before the Trojan War, by a colony from Zacynthus (Zante), hence the name in time became Saguntum; and the castle there is said to have been built to contain the treasures of gold and silver obtained from the simple Spaniards, who knew not the value of those precious metals.

The situation of that once famous city on a large, steep, and rocky hill, commanding extensive views over the plain, the mountains and the sea, is remarkably fine, and admirably calculated for defence. A line of fortifications, consisting of walls and towers, rises up picturesquely from the modern town to the citadel on the hill under which the rambling modern town is built. I had an admirable view of the site from outside the diligence, and did my best to bribe the mayoral to wait half an hour whilst I visited the scanty remains of the theatre; but, as it appears from the handbook, little is now remaining of the ancient grandeur of the Romans, and the posada is bad, and our anxiety to get to Valencia was very great, we were satisfied with seeing the site of this interesting city.

In three hours we arrived at Valencia, passing through rich plains well cultivated, but here, I observe, they use the plough and not the spade, as in Catalonia. The aloes, prickly pears, palm-trees, and roads covered with dust as in summer, and a glowing sun above, make one almost doubt whether it is possible that it can now be only the middle of March.

CHAPTER IV.

VALENCIA—VIEW FROM THE TOWER—DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS —THE CATHEDRAL—NUESTRA SEÑORA DE LOS DESEMPARADOS —CHURCH OF SAN ANDRÉS—THE ACADEMIA—THE VIRGIN DEL MILAGRO.

VALENCIA has experienced the fate of her neighbours; Romans, Goths, Moors and Spaniards, have in succession possessed this beautiful city. Though founded by the Romans, it is not probable she derived much benefit from their dominion, the neighbouring city of Saguntum being their favourite residence. No Roman monuments are now existing. To the Moors she owes her useful aqueducts, portions of the walls and towers, and the Oriental customs which still prevail. Abdu-l-Aziz, the son of Musa, conquered Valencia from the Goths in 712, and the reigns of the Abdu-r-rahmans and the Alhakems, the wise kings of Cordova, probably developed here, as in other places, the great resources of this rich kingdom. When divisions

arose amongst the Moors, Valencia had often her own kings, until the Cid, Ruy Diaz de Vibar, conquered the city in 1094, after a siege of twenty months, nominally for the King of Castile, but he reigned there despotically until his death in 1099, when the renowned Ximena, his widow, following the last advice of her husband, abandoned the place to the Almoravides, under the King of Cordova. In 1144, the Moors of Valencia availed themselves of the divisions in Andalusia, and again formed a separate kingdom, until subdued by Don Jaime the Conqueror, King of Arragon.

Don Jaime was trained to arms when quite an infant in the camp of Simon de Montfort, the leader of the crusade against the Albigenses, and his life was spent in a series of battles against his turbulent nobles, who refused to be governed by a child, and in continual crusades against the Moors, which gained him the title of "The Conqueror." French and even English joined his standard. In 1236, the kingdom of Valencia, the strong capital, and its delicious Huerta, the paradise of the Moors, were conquered by the invincible Don Jaime, and as Condé says, "The Moslems left that beautiful city in five days, and passed the Xucar, not considering themselves safe among the Christians; and thus ended the empire of the Moors in Valencia."*

* Condé, vol. iv, p. 23.

After gaining thirty victories over the Moors, the Conqueror died at the age of seventy-four, beloved and respected by his subjects, as a just and merciful, as well as valiant prince, and liberal promoter of science and learning.

When Ferdinand married Isabella, Valencia became a portion of the Spanish kingdom, and must have declined greatly when the Moors were driven from the kingdom. Having acknowledged Philip V., and subsequently rebelling against him, they were obliged after the battle of Almanza, to throw themselves on his mercy, and all their privileges were abolished, the states suppressed, and the laws and customs of Castile substituted for their own. The inhabitants are said to have wept, but

"Mas eran lacrymas de rabia que de dolor."

In 1808, the Valencians massacred the French residents, and Suchet revenged their deaths.

Valencia was called by the Arabs Medinatu-t-tarab, the city of mirth; and one of its Arab kings said of it, "I may compare Valencia to a beautiful maiden, dressed in a green robe of delicate texture. If I approach her she conceals under her green garments, her white and transparent bosom."*

The Tower del Miguelete should be ascended to

* Gayangos' Mohammedan Dynasties, vol. i, p. 64.

acquire a general knowledge of the localities; and it is only there that the City of the Cid can be duly appreciated. There are two hundred and eight steps to the summit, the height being one hundred and sixty-two feet; and richly will the traveller be compensated for the fatigue of the ascent, which is not great, as the staircase is good, and generally well lighted. It was truly a splendid view. The blue Mediterranean, bounded by the horizon, was sprinkled with vessels ploughing their way to distant lands, and the large Lake of Albúfera stretches in the distance along the coast apparently placid and without a ripple on its waters, her angry mood having calmed down more rapidly than her neighbour, the still ruffled sea.

The magnificent Huerta, which surrounds the city, is bounded almost on all sides, except towards the sea, by picturesque ranges of mountains, and studded with villages with their churches and towers; such a number of farms and thatched cottages, white and glittering in the sun, that the whole plain seems one vast village planted with carob-trees, poplars, mulberries, prickly pears, olives, and some few palm-trees. Sometimes more imposing edifices are distinguishable, such as Il Convento de los Reyes; but generally the buildings are cottages, myriads of little white specks in a field of verdure, as countless in number as the stars which in these cloudless skies are visible at night.

The foreground to this splendid view is the City of the Cid, glittering with its numerous towers, as picturesque as the Italian campaniles, domes of various coloured tiles, and the magnificent Moorish looking gates, the splendid building now the tobacco manufactory, the immense faubourgs of the city, and houses, which from the extreme narrowness of the streets, seem to be one mighty conglomerated mass of habitations. The towers appear to be generally of the same style of architecture, square or octagonal, with flat balconies on the summits surrounded by balustrades; beneath the latter are arched windows, lighting the chambers where the bells are suspended, and on the flat balconies there are generally lanterns.

The domes of the Escuela Pia, and of the Governor's house, formerly a convent, with its gay roof, are very conspicuous. The two splendid lofty towers, Puerta de Cuale, and the Puerta de Serrano, with their battlements, appear to be Moorish.

The lantern of the tower of the church of San Nicolas rests on arches erected on the balcony, and is very elegant, and the tower of St. Louis is also good. The unfinished centre tower of the cathedral is best seen from here. The whole of the exterior is decorated with pointed arches, filled with tracery. The houses with their flat roofs, the Flora and the agriculture, and still more the swarthy

peasants of Valencia, with their Oriental costumes, reminded us continually of the dominion of the Moors, the most fascinating period of Spanish history.

The scene before us was one immense hive of industry; the roads and fields were crowded with labourers, carts and oxen. The hydraulic art of the East is the useful legacy which the Moors left to the Valencians, and this mighty plain is covered with a net-work of canals and aqueducts. The Arab shadoof is there; and my old friends, the Egyptian sakeeas, creak on the plain as the oxen drag round the stiff wheels which raise the strings of water-jars from the wells. It is unfortunate that the peasants do not rely on their own resources, sink wells and erect more of these wheels, rather than depend on their nets of conduits when there is no fish to catch. The Guadalaviar, spanned with noble bridges, which may be presumed to be no longer and stronger than at times may be required, now scarcely contains sufficient water to supply the washerwomen busy at their work.

It is bold to attempt to draw the outline of this beautiful and interesting view, but impossible to colour such a picture, and do justice to the splendid gleams of light on the surface of the sea and on the distant hills, the gorgeous tints of the immense plains, exhibiting all the hues of the richest carpet,

and then, such a lapis-lazuli heaven above, as in Italy or in Eastern lands could alone be equalled.

Valencia is as interesting to the mere utilitarian as Barcelona, for this city has also her manufactures, her agriculture, and an industry scarcely inferior; but Valencia had also her literary and scientific men, a noble school of painters, and no wonder they were splendid colourists. Mr. Sterling and Sir Francis Head have published admirable works on the Spanish artists, and these pages will often exhibit the use I made of their volumes. I formed, indeed, a little dictionary, more convenient for the pocket than that of Bermudez, which is not to be bought in London.

As even the names of Spanish painters are little known in England, a short notice of the principal Valencian artists is requisite before commencing the tour of the cathedral, churches, museums and private galleries, where I shall briefly notice their principal works, as no catalogues exist, and since Mr. Ford's visit many changes have been made.

The first great painter Valencia produced, was Vicente Joanes, who was born at Fuente de la Higuera, in 1523, and died in 1579, and was justly called the Spanish Raphael. Bermudez says there is no doubt that he studied in Italy, and it is not surprising that the magnificent works of Raphael should have induced him to select that great painter

for his model. Joanes's earliest paintings are often extremely Raphaelesque; rich and warm in colouring, and graceful in their composition; but less elaborately finished than his later productions, in which he seems to imitate the minuteness of Leonardo da Vinci, without combining that great master's exquisite softness. In many of his works, distinguished for richness of colouring and deep feeling, excellent drawing and fine composition, there is a hardness resembling Bellini's, and an elaborate finishing rivalling Denners. Bermudez says truly, that he was distinguished "for the delicacy of the hair and beard of his figures, and the sweet expression of his Christs." Like Fra Angelico, he never undertook any sacred subject without confessing and praying for assistance; and certainly his paintings of our Saviour seem almost the results of inspiration—more divine representations of love and holiness, and at the same time dignity, cannot be conceived.

Fra Nicholas Borras, the son of a tailor, was born at Cocentayna, in this kingdom, in the year 1530. He became a monk, and though not much younger than Joanes, was supposed to have been his pupil. His paintings are often distinguished for their fine expression, and are well drawn and elaborately finished, though sometimes hard, and generally very inferior to his master's.

Francisco de Ribalta, one of the finest painters of the Valencian school, was born at Castellon de la Plana, in 1551. Love aided his natural genius, and supplied a stimulus, which, in this warm climate, must often be requisite to strive against idleness. Enamoured of his master's daughter, and refused as unworthy of her, he induced her to engage herself to him for three or four years, while he visited Italy and studied the best painters, "especially," says Bermudez, "Raphael, the Caraccis, and Sebastiano del Piombo." On his return, he entered his master's study, and finding a painting on an easel, finished it so admirably, that his master, delighted with the performance, said to his daughter, "This is the man I would marry you to, and not to that bungler, Ribalta." This artist seems to have gained perfection by being an elaborate copier of those great Italian masters. Sebastiano del Piombo seems, however, to have been his favourite. Ribalta's colouring, though dark, is very fine, and his drawing is generally correct and full of dignity. His paintings are almost always distinguished by a grand expression, and often, indeed, the deepest feeling.

Juan de Ribalta, his son, was born in 1597, and died in 1628. The work he accomplished at the early age of eighteen is quite extraordinary, and will be noticed in the account of the museum. Two of the

best judges of paintings at Valencia, who were with me in the Carmen, could not agree as to whether some paintings were by the father or the son, so similar are their styles, and, according to Bermudez, the professors in his day were equally puzzled. The son's paintings appeared to me more vividly coloured than his father's, and more poetical in their composition, which is not surprising, as Bermudez says he was a poet.

Josef de Ribera, called Spagnoletto, was born at Xativa, in 1558, and died at Naples, in 1656. He went to Rome at an early age, and there, oppressed with poverty, availed himself of the liberality of a cardinal, and lived in his house. Finding that his genius required the spur of necessity, he left his patron, and soon earned fame and wealth. At Naples, basking in the sunshine of Court favour, he gave way to a mean and brutal jealousy of Italian artists, among others, Guido and Domenichino, causing the death of the latter, which has left a deep stain on his memory. His own death is supposed to have been caused by his distress at the seduction of his daughter by Don Juan of Austria. Ribera is better known in England than any other Spanish painter, except perhaps Murillo. Having lived so long in Italy, many of his paintings have found their way to England, and in Italy they are still numerous. All admire his admirable effects

of light and shadow, and his splendid colouring, though too dark; but few like his style. The subjects of his paintings are seldom pleasing, and often painful in the extreme. I have seen, however, some of his works which are really charming, without losing that grandeur for which they are generally distinguished.

Esteban March was born in Valencia at the end of the 16th century, and died there in 1660. He was a pupil of Orrente, the Spanish Bassano, and is famous for his battle-scenes, which always exhibit great spirit, though they are occasionally incorrect in drawing. It is said he used to excite his imagination to the proper pitch by beating a drum or blowing a trumpet, and then, like Don Quixote, fighting the walls with his sword. Some of his domestic subjects are very beautiful, and sometimes he painted very noble works, resembling the best style of Ribera.

Jacinto Geronimo de Espinosa was born in Valencia, in 1600, and died there in 1680, and has left an immense number of works. He is called the Spanish Michael Angelo, and his drawing is bold and powerful, much more so than Ribalta's. His colouring, though good, is not equal to that artist's, and his paintings appeared to me sometimes deficient in feeling, though Bermudez praises the graceful expression and attitudes of his figures. Their

correct drawing and noble composition certainly entitle him to a high rank amongst the Valencian painters.

There are other artists of considerable merit belonging to this school, but these are the principal masters whose works are now to be seen in Valencia. It will be sufficient to notice the others when their names occur.

The cathedral is said to stand on the site of a Roman temple. It has twice been converted into a mosque by the conquering Moors, and twice changed into a Christian temple, and in every important part (except the interior of the tower) is of the Italian style of architecture, all the arches circular, and the columns Corinthian. The *façade* is in the extraordinary form of a receding semicircle, frightful to look at, and decorated without the least taste. Though externally there is little to admire in this cathedral, with its concave *façade,* and (except, perhaps, the tower) the exterior is altogether unworthy of Valencia; one of the entrances, with its circular arch, is handsome, and the interior is rather fine. About a century ago, considerable repairs being requisite, the style of the architecture was changed, having previously been Gothic, and not the best. The interior is divided into three aisles, and except for the incongruity of the centre tower being richly ornamented in the Gothic style, which, however, is

not seen until beneath it, the effect is imposing. The choir is decorated, with beautiful carving of walnut-tree consisting of figures and decorations; and two fine organs, opposite to each other. The elaborate alabaster west end of the choir, with the indifferent sculpture and twisted marble columns, with white Corinthian capitals, is less deserving attention than the beautiful paintings which adorn the lofty door panels behind the grand altar. There are six on each side, in three rows of two each, and when the door is opened, fresher and more beautiful paintings are seen. The Presentation at the Temple is admirable—the boys in the foreground charmingly painted—the large figure is good, and the composition, and the colouring excellent. The painting above this is very fine, representing four women sitting round a brazier of fire, such as is now used in Spain. One of them, the Madonna with her Child; in the background, St. Ann reclining on a couch. The painting above is the meeting of St. Elizabeth. On the opposite side is the Flight into Egypt. The Madonna is a little in Luini's style, but these paintings are not by Leonardo da Vinci, probably by his pupils, Pablo de Aregio and Francisco Neapoli, but as they are so little in the style of Leonardo, Villanueva may be right in attributing them to Felipe Paolo of St. Leucadia, a Burgundian artist. A great painter the artist

certainly was who did them, whoever he may have been.

The painting above the Flight into Egypt, represents the Presentation of our Saviour to St. Simeon: the female figure with a basket on her head is very graceful. Of the six on the other side, the Nativity, and the Death of the Virgin, are the most beautiful, especially the latter, which exhibits wonderful strength of colouring. The drawing and composition of all these paintings are admirable, and Philip II. might well say, that if the altar was of silver, they were of gold.

On a gay shield close adjoining, are exhibited the spurs and boots of St. Jaime the Conqueror. The ceiling is richly and heavily gilt, but altogether the effect is imposing. In the first room of the sacristy, is a good painting of Christ bearing the Cross, copied by Ribalta, from a painting now in the Madrid Gallery, by Sebastiano del Piombo. A large painting, a Deposition from the Cross, is called of the school of Murillo. The expression of the Virgin is fine, and Christ and the Angels well drawn. In the second room, an *Ecce Homo*, said to be by Joanes, rather stiff and hard, but the expression is fine, and the mantle well coloured. Our Saviour, with a Lamb behind his head, and its feet on each shoulder, by Joanes. The upper part of this little painting is full of expression, the head ini-

mitable in every respect; the lower part not equal, and not done by the same master, or probably injured by restoring. The large painting representing Abraham sacrificing Isaac, by Espinosa, might have been painted by Michael Angelo, the drawing is so bold and powerful. The expression of Isaac is all submission, but there is not that deep feeling in Abraham's face the subject requires, nor has the Angel arresting Abraham's hand aught of celestial beauty. There is a small crucifix of ivory in this room, which is fine, but it exhibits too great a knowledge of anatomy.

The third room contains a Holy Family, said to be by Joanes, but except the St. Ann, the other figures, though well drawn, are not pleasing, and anything but Raphaelesque, and I do not think it is painted by that master. There is also a Last Supper, by Joanes, exquisitely finished; but with a recollection of Leonardo's, there seems to be a want of dignity and grandeur in this painting, though undoubtedly great beauty in the expression of our Saviour, and the colouring is good. In the same room are two single figures by Joanes, and underneath the Last Supper, a Deposition from the Cross, very well painted in a stiff style, much resembling Bellini's. Opposite to these is a small painting, representing the Conversion of St. Paul, by Joanes, a great gem,

the colouring admirable; the horse beautifully drawn, and certainly the painting I coveted most in the cathedral. On each side of it are two fine portraits of St. Thomas de Villanueva, and il Beato Ribera, two noble specimens of the power of the great Valencian portrait painters; the former is by Joanes, the latter by Ribalta. St. John and the Lamb is a good painting, with a fine sky, by Antolinez, who was born at Seville in 1639; and near it is an excellent St. Francis, by the same master.

In the Relicario there is now little left; a tooth of San Cristobal, a hand of St. Luke, and one of the Innocents murdered by Herod, will perhaps be sufficient to satisfy the credulous. There is literally nothing remaining of the beautiful silver-work which formerly enriched this cathedral. There is however, a very rich pulpit-covering, and the three altar-coverings, purchased in London by two Valencian merchants at Henry VIII.'s sale of the Romish decorations of St. Paul's. They are exquisitely worked in gold and silver, representing various subjects of the life of Christ, especially the Crucifixion, which is the best. Among the subjects are turrets, which may easily be recognised as taken from the Tower of London.

There are also there three paintings, I think by

Pontons, but not well done. There are other interesting works of art in the cathedral. An angel defending St. Barbara from the devil, by Joanes; the St. Barbara well painted. An Adoration of the Magi, by Lopez, of considerable merit, though a copy of Meng's, for the fine effect of light and the beauty of the Virgin and Child. A Virgin and Child, by Ribera. In the old sacristy is a finely carved Crucifixion, by Alonso Cano, the expression of our Saviour admirable. It is larger than life, and the wood it is carved on is attached to a painting on panel, by Joanes, representing the Madonna and other figures gazing at our Saviour on the Cross. The drawing and colouring are very Raphaelesque, but there is no beauty in the expression of the figures.

In the chapel of San Miguel is a beautiful small head of the Madonna, by Sasso Ferrato, done in his soft style and usual attitude. In the chapel of San Pedro there is a fine head of our Saviour, by Joanes, in his best manner, quite Raphaelesque, and exquisitely finished. In the chapel of the Borgia family, distinguished for their crimes and power, there is a painting, which is considered one of the best of Francisco Goya, who was born in the kingdom of Arragon, in 1746, and died in 1828. This picture represents the departure of one of the Borgias, his taking leave of his relations, and

is very well painted; but though I admire this artist, who has a great reputation in Valencia, I think his style is very inferior to the old masters.

The tombs in the cathedral are some of them curious, and also the retablos; but I noticed no sculpture worthy of particular notice. The traveller must trust to his own knowledge for finding out the paintings. The person who shows them is about as ignorant as the *valets-de-place,* except that the latter do not pretend to know anything about them, and like the sacristan, call them all Joanes or Ribalta.

Nuestra Señora de los Desamparados is close adjoining the cathedral, and the interior, which is oval in form, is rather good. The roof is painted by Palomino, and looks very gay; but the figures, though somewhat graceful, are wanting in force. The yellow background has a light and pleasant effect. Don Antonio Palomino was born at Bujalance, in 1653, and was a pupil of Juan Valdés Leal, and died at Madrid in 1726. He has left many large works, but no great ones. Some of his smaller compositions are sometimes graceful, though Spanish art is more indebted to his prosy pen than to his weak pencil.

The church of San Andres consists of one nave, and is decorated with stucco ornaments and gilding,

but not in the best taste. In a chapel, to the left on entering, is a most charming painting, by Joanes, of the Madonna giving the breast to the Infant Jesus, with a Saint on each side. The St. John with the Lamb is a fine Raphaelesque figure, and the Madonna and the Child are beautifully drawn, the expression admirable; and certainly this is one of the most beautiful works of the great Valencian painter. On the opposite side is an *Ecce Homo*, by Vergara, which resembles and seems a copy of the *Ecce Homo* by Joanes, in the cathedral. In the next chapel to it is a Deposition from the Cross, by Joanes; the Saviour and the Angels supporting him well drawn, and the expression of the latter good.

Close to this church is the Academia, which was richly endowed by Charles III., and contains some good paintings. St. Teresa and the Doves, badly restored; but the head of the Saint is fine, and the hands are also well painted. A small copy of the Transfiguration, by Ribalta, is very good, though the colours are darker than the original. There is a magnificent Ribera, representing the drawing the arrows from St. Sebastian. I never saw a finer painting by this master. The light on the body of the Saint is truly admirable, but it is a pity that the other figures in the painting are not equally fine. There are three Espinosas together: that of Pedro Pasqual is the best. The figure of the boy

in this painting is beautifully painted. There are two Battles, by Esteban March; the heads of the horses are quite out of proportion to the rest of their bodies, but there is considerable spirit in the composition.

Nos. 73 and 74, by Padro Borras. The Death of St. Jerome is very fine. The monks weeping around the body, and the angels hovering above are extremely beautiful. The other painting represents two angels flogging the Saint, who looks up to a figure of our Saviour for divine support. 19 and 56. Two fine seated figures of St. Jerome and St. Paul in the desert by March, very much resembling Ribera in style. A fine painting representing the Sacrifice of Isaac, by Ribalta, but unfortunately much injured in the restoration. Christ as a boy sleeping on a cushion. Some of the heads are good, particularly the female to the left; but this, like most in this collection, is injured in restoring.

The room containing these pictures is nicely fitted up with chandeliers and arm-chairs for the members of the Academy, and at the end of it is a painting of the Queen, a copy of one by Lopez. In another room we saw nothing but paintings of flowers, all modern, except two by Espinosa, one a bunch of exquisite flowers in an elegant vase, very good. We afterwards went into a room where there were a great number of boys copying studies of different parts of the body. They say there are three hundred

pupils, who are allowed to study gratis, but they did not appear any of them to be copying from good subjects. We then went into a room where there were a quantity of busts and statues in plaster; casts from well-known antiques, but the collection did not appear to be very rich. There were a number of seats with candles to each, for the students who draw there regularly every day. There was another room, where I observed two good drawings by Mengs, and a student copying a copy of a head by the same painter, whose popularity, so great in the time of his royal patron, Charles III., seems to have survived to this day.

I entered into conversation with the artist, and could not help advising him to copy the great Valencian masters; but, admitting that they were great painters, he contended that their schools were bad, and that Mengs was one of the best of painters and perfection itself. He seemed astonished, and incredulous when I told him how little he was esteemed in every other country. There was another room for studying perspective, and there again I observed the subjects were very bad.

I could only glance into the large room appropriated to architecture, as the Professor was lecturing. It is very creditable to Valencia that there should be such a liberal and praiseworthy institution as this, but I fear little is to be expected from an academy where Mengs is made the tutelar

divinity, where the great Valencian masters are neglected, and the best students occupied in copying a poor copy of the work of such a painter as Mengs. The building is large and spacious, affording ample accommodation for paintings and students.

In the little Church of the Virgin del Milagro, the retablo of the grand altar is beautifully carved and richly gilt. There is a good painting of a Head of a Madonna, by Lopez, almost like Carlo Maratta in style and composition.

CHAPTER V.

MUSEUM—SAN MARTIN—SANTA CATALINA—SAN JUAN—SAN NICOLAS—COLEGIO DE CORPUS—FINE RIBALTAS—SAN SALVADOR—SAN THOMAS—THE CARMEN—PRIVATE GALLERIES.

THE Museum el Carmen, formerly a convent, is a large building with handsome courts, and contains spacious rooms filled with about eight hundred paintings, all of them of the Valencian school, and some really splendid; but by far the greatest proportion are bad copies and daubs. Not to weary the reader with an account of the paintings most deserving of notice in this gallery, I will describe them in Appendix A. As no catalogue exists, a short notice of them may, I trust, be of some use to future travellers. Those, indeed, who have already had enough of paintings, had better pass on to the next chapter.

In the Church of San Martin there is a fine Dead

Christ, by Ribalta; the figure of the weeping Mary exquisite, the drapery on her head very beautifully painted. Over the entrance of this church, is a bronze group of the Saint on horseback, giving his cloak to the beggar. The figures are better done than the horse, which is detestable.

In the Church of Santa Catalina is a painting of the Coronation of the Virgin by Ribalta; the faces are large, the effect grand of the *chiaro-scuro*, but no great beauty in the figures; the figure of St. Joseph in the corner is, however, good.

The Church of San Juan has a plateresque interior; but the effect is not bad of the old statues which adorn the centre aisle and the altar with its statues and rich gilding. The roof is painted by Palomino, and perhaps his best work, as it is certainly much superior to his fresco in the Chapel de la Virgen de los Desamparados. The light is very bad, but sufficient to distinguish several female heads, painted with considerable grace, though not with much force; the background of the fresco is a pale yellow, which throws a pleasing light on the different groups. In the chapel of the communion of this church, is the Purissima Concepcion, considered the most exquisite painting in Valencia, which Joanes produced after previously preparing himself by a course of religious exercises. The Virgin is colossal, in a white dress, with a blue cloak extending to her feet; her

hands are clasped in the attitude of praying; the Holy Spirit is descending upon her, and Christ and the Eternal rewarding her with a crown of glory. On each side of the Virgin are representations of palms, wells, a city, and other landscapes, allegorical of her manifold perfections; and in the service of the church there is a prayer for each of these representations. The ground is coloured a light yellow, and anything more beautiful than this painting cannot be imagined. The style is not so elevated as many of the paintings of Raphael and Correggio; it is natural, but nature so chastened, and so exalted, by apparently religious enthusiasm, that it is truly exquisite; such meekness and softness are worthy of the mother of Jesus. The two heads of our Saviour and the Creator are good, though not so fine as the Virgin's; but unfortunately the chapel containing the finest picture in Valencia, is so dark we could only see it by the light of candles.

The Church of San Nicolas is churrigueresque* in its ornaments. There are some small paintings by Joanes, representing the Flagellation of Christ; Christ bearing his Cross; Betrayal of Christ in the Garden, Peter in the foreground striking off the ear of the high priest's servant; and St. Michael destroying the Devil; but these are inferior to

* A term commonly used in Spain for all tasteless, rococo monstrosities, in compliment to a certain Josef Churriguera, who in the seventeenth century did his best to corrupt the national taste.

his best style. There is also a Holy Family, by Joanes; the St. Joseph good. The chief attraction of this church is, however, an exquisite small painting, by Joanes, of the Last Supper. Our Saviour and John leaning on his bosom and almost feminine in appearance, are extremely beautiful. Every head in this little painting, only about two to three feet broad, and less in height, is wonderfully executed; the very hairs in their beards and heads, are finished like a Denners, and all the figures are admirably coloured. The composition is in every respect excellent, better than any other painting I have seen by Joanes. The wine and cups on the table are well drawn, and also the white table-cloth, tied in a knot on one side, and the lights and shadows are very fine; altogether this is truly a charming picture, and, if inferior to the Conception in beauty, certainly excels that painting and every other in Valencia for composition. There are at this altar several other paintings by Joanes, which would be much admired lsewhere; but there the Last Supper rivets the attention. The paintings above seemed to be less interesting than several near the altar, representing the Eternal, and Adam and Eve; and Adam naming the Birds; and Adam naming the Animals—the latter the best. Behind the high altar is a splendid Head of Christ in the best style of Joanes.

The Church of the Colegio de Corpus, is a

gallery of Ribaltas. In the first chapel, to the left on entering, is an excellent painting by that master, representing our Saviour accompanied with Saints visiting San Vicente de Ferrer, in order to restore his health. The Saint is pale, rising from the bed of sickness, contrasting finely with the Messiah, well drawn and richly coloured; indeed, better coloured than any Ribalta I have seen in Valencia. The Last Supper in this church, by Ribalta, behind the high altar, is an extremely beautiful painting; the Christ very fine, and the second and third figures on his left, particularly the third Apostle with a white beard, are admirable. The Judas in the foreground is remarkably well drawn; but the colouring of the face dark and bad. The effect of light and shadow on the white table-cloth is wonderful. There is a Holy Family, by Ribalta, above this, but too high to distinguish more than the Child reposing on a white cloth. Some large frescoes cover the walls of this church, but they are much injured; and it is difficult to distinguish the subjects. One of them, the preaching of St. Vicente, seems to have been well drawn. In the sanctuary is a good painting representing the Martyrdom of St. Peter, by Espinosa.

Leaving the chapel, gentlemen, but not ladies, may enter the colegio. The court is very simple and handsome; the corridor round it is ornamented with Doric columns, and the loggie above with Ionic

columns, all of whitish marble. In the Rector's room is a fine half-figure of Christ, at the pillar, by Ribalta, but unlike his usual colouring, being much lighter, almost like the darker style of Guido; a red drapery hangs over the shoulders, and the expression of the painting is very fine. In the same room, is another good Ribalta, the subject similar; but this picture is full-length, and has no other drapery than a cloth around the waist. It is admirably drawn, and the expression full of feeling. In another room there is a fine portrait (by Juan Zarenena says the hand-book and Mr. Stirling; by Ribalta says the keeper of the convent) of the good Archbishop Ribera, who built this institution. Juan Zarenena was the son of a painter of the same name, who was a pupil of the elder Ribalta, and he and his brother Cristobal painted at Valencia in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The Rector, who now superintends the education of the youths in this college, has not, to judge from his countenance, a tenth part of the intelligence of the founder. The ceremony on a Friday in this church, will be described elsewhere. I went to the new church of San Salvador, but not succeeding in seeing the miraculous cross which found its way from Judea, without human assistance, and which is said to have worked so many conversions, I did not think it worth a second visit.

In the Church of San Thomas de la Congrega-

cion, as it is generally called, there is a beautiful Madonna and Child, said to be by Leonardo da Vinci, and Ponz they say describes it as such. If not a Leonardo, which I am inclined to think it is—though it is difficult to say, the light is so bad—there is no doubt of its being an excellent painting, and one of the best of Luini's. The Child is in rather an affected attitude, looking up to the Madonna, who is somewhat insipid, but the finishing and colouring of the painting are admirable.

I visited also the Church of the Carmen, where there is a beautiful Head of our Saviour. Those who are determined to see all the good pictures of this school, may, I am told, find many in the villages at some distance from here, where they are often to be purchased very cheap. I did not hear of them until my arrangements were all made for my departure.

The gallery of Signor La Quadra contains some good paintings, a St. Francis by Zurbaran very good. Christ with Mary at his feet, very like Murillo. Two small paintings by Joanes, of Saints with pretty blue landscapes behind, executed with his usual care. St. John and the Lamb, by Carreno, an extremely beautiful and graceful painting. Don Juan de Miranda Carreno, was born in the town of Avilès in the Asturias, in 1614, and died in 1685; an admirable portrait painter patronized by Velasquez.

The Death of St. Joseph, admirable for the Christ and the Angels, is by Francesco Herrera, the father, who was born at Seville in 1576, and has the merit of introducing the bold style adopted by Velasquez. His paintings often exhibit the roughness of his character, which was so brutal that his pupils would not stay with him. Charged with coining, he took refuge in a sanctuary, but Philip IV. granted him a pardon in admiration of his great talents. His son, a bad artist, corrupted by such an example, robbed his father, and fled to Rome; and his daughter became a nun.

A fine painting representing Gamblers, which the Signor called Italian, and it may be by Caravaggio, but it is not like his colouring; the old man to the right is admirable. A Priest well drawn, but not well coloured or pleasing, by Luis Tristan, who was born in 1586, near Toledo, and was a pupil of El Greco. A very good Christ, by Vincenzio Carducci, who was born at Florence 1585, and brought to Madrid by his brother Bartolomeo at an early age, and died there in 1658.

There is also a good painting of Coello, who was born at Valencia, and was the Velasquez of Philip II.; and a painting which I did not like, by El Mudo, whose real name was Juan Fernandez Navarrete. He was born at Legrono in 1526, studied in Italy, and became an admirable painter.

A nice painting of Christ, at the column, by

Alonso Cano; the figure kneeling before our Saviour very exquisite, and the composition of this little picture is very good. There are there two landscapes by Murillo, with flocks of sheep beautifully painted. The paintings bear the name of Murillo, otherwise I should have doubted whether they were the works of the great Sevilian painter, though they are much better executed than any paintings I have yet seen by the Spanish Bassanos, and the light was bad for seeing them.

The master of this collection appeared to take a great pleasure in showing his paintings, and, what is seldom the case in Spain, seemed to understand them. On returning from this gallery, we observed erected in several of the little squares and places, wooden pedestals six or twelve feet square, covered with linen or cloth, and on these pedestals groups of figures, sometimes whole families, only one instance of a single figure representing a countryman. There was no fun in the compositions except in one well-dressed group, representing a cavalier fanning a lady who was seated on a chair, and by some mechanism the fan was always at work. At the close of the day, a bonfire was made of each of these representations. They are the Valencian Falæ erected by the carpenters of Valencia in honour of their saint, St. Joseph, the husband of the Virgin.

At the Presidio, and in the private residence of

the Governor of the Presidio, are some good paintings. At his house there is a painting by Ribalta the younger, of St. Cristopher carrying our Saviour as a child across the river, which is very clever. A Crucifixion, by Espinosa; and a good Deposition, by Ribalta. There is also there an excellent March, the figures somewhat in the style of Jordaens. Four Saints, by Joanes, St. Jerome, Santa Armonica, St. Francis Assis, and Santa Clara; all small, and exquisitely finished. In the centre of the group, a Holy Family, very beautiful; the three children, St. John, our Saviour, and St. John the Baptist, admirably painted, and the head of the Eternal above the Holy Family, is very good. Perhaps the most interesting painting in this gallery is the Crucifixion, by Juan de Ribalta. It is a small study from the large painting in the museum, and is truly astonishing for any artist to have painted at the early age of eighteen. The drawing is admirable, and the soldiers and other figures well grouped.

There are some good paintings in the Presidio, several by Orrente; a Conception by Joanes, not good, if original; three ancient paintings very curious, and a great many copies. The Comandante will dispose of them if required.

In the palace of the Count de Villareal, is a beautiful Joanes, containing three subjects; a Madonna and Child, with St. John the Baptist and the Evan-

gelist and another child and goat, with St. Joseph and St. Catherine on one side, and on the other two saints. These figures are admirably painted, and also the landscape in the distance. The child is very beautiful, and also St. Joseph on the right of the Virgin. Certainly it is an excellent Joanes, and well worth visiting.

The palace of the Count de Parsent is an immense building, with little to admire externally. As the Count lives at Bordeaux, where he has large possessions, the interior is neglected. The suite of rooms is very fine, consisting of splendid saloons and ball-rooms, decorated simply, but now almost unfurnished. This palace contains few good paintings. A Deposition from the Cross, in the style of Alonso Cano, by Espinosa. Four interesting paintings, representing an arrival of troops, a battle and two sea-fights; Battles of the Moors and Christians, executed with considerable spirit, by Juan de Toledo. This painter was born at Lorca in 1611, entered the army, made several campaigns in Italy, and is famous for his battle-pieces.

There is also a Supper at Emmaus by Ribalta, the Christ well drawn, and the colouring good. All these palaces and most of the good houses in Valencia have, like this, little gardens fragrant with orange-trees. The palace of the Marquis de la Romana is in better taste, and contains six pretty paintings by Camaron, who was born in Segovia, 1730, and died here

in 1803. The colouring is pale, and some little in the Watteau style; the figures dancing the fandango are graceful. There are also in this collection, two Joanes, and some landscapes and figures by Goya, whose style is often sketchy, and reminded me rather of Taylor's water-colour drawings; but some of them are more carefully finished, and very clever. I cannot enumerate all the private houses I was taken to in search of paintings; in many of them I saw nothing, sometimes a doubtful Ribalta or Espinosa, several paintings by Orrente, but not in his best style. I saw some also by El Greco, in his bad, pale style: they seemed to be the efforts of his mad fits, as the subjects were generally disagreeable. This painter, whose real name was Dominico Theotocopuli, was born in 1558, and died in 1625. He was believed to be a pupil of Titian, and his best paintings are in his style, with paler colours; but sometimes his genius seems to have been quite perverted, and his productions are frightful.

The collection of Signor Campo contains, they say, some good paintings, but we could not see them as the house was in confusion.

CHAPTER VI.

PRIVATE HOUSES — EL PELUQUERO — BRIDGES — WALLS — THE ALAMEDA — STREETS — SHOPS — THE LONJA — LA SALA DE LA AUDIENCIA — THE LIMOUSIN DIALECT — CEREMONY AT THE PATRIARCA — CONFESSION — CRIMES OF THE VALENCIANS.

ALTHOUGH the private galleries are not very numerous and few paintings are on sale, I managed to make some cheap purchases. It is worth while making a search for paintings, if it is only for the sake of penetrating into the dwellings of the Valencians. It is impossible to judge of the domestic arrangements and habits of a people from the life at an inn, kept perhaps by a foreigner. Having visited with a Spaniard more than a score of houses of all ranks, most of them not in the habit of receiving strangers, but all civil and polite in the extreme, I have remarked invariably the greatest cleanliness and comfort, I might almost say Dutch cleanliness. The floors of the ante-rooms and halls often consisted of beautiful azulejos, and the saloons were generally

covered with mats, except in the best rooms of rich houses, where there was always a carpet, often skins of wild animals, tigers and panthers; and near a comfortable sofa there was always a circle of chairs for the evening tertullia: some of them were covered with damask, and others commoner than we would use in our kitchens. Alabaster clocks, cabinets and marbles, ornament the saloons of even the tradesmen, and often the walls of the rooms I saw were covered with paintings with great names, but not a tolerable one amongst them.

The house Del Peluquero, or barber, who is now dead and has left his pictures to a female servant, will be always visited, being almost the only gallery mentioned in the hand-book, now remaining open; but it contains a vast quantity of rubbish, and a very few good paintings, many called Murillos which Murillo never saw, and not the least resembling his style; some very inferior Joanes, one good Holy Family said to be by that master, but I do not think it is; and one or two good Ribaltas.

The Peluquero had some taste for art, and living at the time that the convents were breaking up, he had great opportunities of acquiring good paintings. When he got anything valuable it was a difficult matter, they say, to purchase from him at a reasonable price; and when he became attached to a painting, which was often the case, he would not sell at all.

He left also a large collection of coins, but the servant has all the suspicion of the Valencians; and the instant a visitor appears to admire a painting or coin, though wishing to sell, she asks ten times its value. The St. John and the Lamb by Ribalta was the only painting in her collection I coveted.

I visited her several times, but she always demanded four times more than I determined to give. At last I went with a Spanish gentleman, and I laid down the money on the table. She looked wistfully at the shining dollars and then at the picture, but she seemed suspicious that I had not offered as much as I would really give, and still refused to sell. It was amusing to see the struggle in her mind, and when I put the money into my pocket, she could not restrain a sigh. I left her, and my Spanish friend remained endeavouring to persuade her; and whether it was his eloquence, or hearing me go out of the court, I cannot say, but I was called back and got a painting which Baron Taylor could never induce El Peluquero to part with.

The gentleman who resides beneath her has some paintings, and an excellent Joanes of the Saviour.

Valencia is a charming place for ten days' residence, or even a winter. The approach to the city is fine from every side, over the stony bed of the Guadalaviar, which is now quite dry; the demand for irrigation in this parching climate scarce leaving water enough for the washerwomen. The bridges which

span the river are however very handsome, and so numerous and near together, that from many points three or four are seen. I found one to be two hundred paces long, and they seemed all to be of the same length. It was supported by ten elliptical arches, and there are recesses on the bridge, and seats, and two statues of Saints under canopies, which add to its architectural effect. These bridges lead to gates, three of which are extremely interesting for their high semicircular towers, with bold machicolated battlements, quite Moorish in their appearance. The walls of the city are of tapia-work, covered with cement, which in many places has fallen off, and discovers the masonry. I observed in many parts very large hewn stones, built in the walls, evidently taken from some Roman edifice. The walls have a battlement all round, and at distances towers of hewn stones. The effect of these fine gates and walls, the noble bridges, and domes of old convents which are now usefully occupied, is very picturesque. On one side of the river is the beautiful promenade of the Alameda, extending to the sea, planted with trees, and ornamented with gardens and country places of the Capitan-General and rich Signori.

On the other side of the river there is the small, but pretty Glorietta, with its orange-trees and flowers, and also other gardens. This fine approach leads but to miserable narrow streets; but, as in the East, broader would be intolerable in this hot cli-

mate, and their very narrowness increases their picturesque effect.

The city is a complete labyrinth, the streets twisting and turning in every direction, making it almost impossible for a stranger to find his way. There is only one piazza or square, deserving to be called such; that is the Piazza del Mercado, which is always an interesting scene. It is not the new Doric market-place which interests me, but the fine building of the Lonja, the picturesque Church of St. Jean opposite, the streets in the distance leading from it so narrow, that there scarcely appears an opening; and the thousands of charming peasants selling their heaps of golden oranges, and a variety of fruits and vegetables. Some of the more modern streets have paved footways on each side, but generally there is but one sandy way for tartanas (the covered cart almost the only carriage in Valencia) and the persons on foot; so that in wet weather the streets are almost impassable for mud and water. There are quarters or streets here for the different trades, as in the East; a street for the jewellers, and curious are the ornaments, especially the high silver-gilt combs and the heavy ear-rings, quite Oriental in their form and weight; a street for the linendrapers; a street for the blacksmiths, a street for the shoemakers, &c.; but perhaps the streets where the coarse linens and woollen cloaks and blankets are sold is the most like an Oriental bazaar,

and over each shop door is an oval shield, with the figure of some Saint, which indicates the house instead of a number. In the more modern streets are some fancy shops, which are well stocked, but few things are exhibited in the shop windows. The streets in the less fashionable part of the town are very miserable, except sometimes where the destruction of a convent and its gardens have afforded space, and new streets of good houses are springing up. An excellent residence may be got in Valencia for £30 to £40 a-year.

Some of the entrances into the palaces are handsome, but frequently churrigueresque; and I admire more those of the houses of less pretension, which are always very neat, and often handsome, with marble stairs, handsome balustrades, and courts ornamented with arched colonnades, frequently decorated with statues, and always scrupulously clean. The open arcades under the roofs are very Oriental, and extremely picturesque; charming bits of architecture are continually seen, which are sometimes Moorish and sometimes Gothic. The interior of the houses is frequently paved with the beautiful Valencian tiles, which are tastefully painted, and being glazed, are not injured by being washed, and always look clean and cool.

The Lonja, or Exchange, is a handsome Gothic building, built in the reign of Ferdinand the Catholic. In the interior is a lofty, noble hall, eighty

feet long by fifty feet broad, ornamented with very high, spiral, fluted columns, which have a very graceful appearance. The market for the silk is held here, and besides the benches covered with the golden produce, there were some picturesque groups of peasants, with their treasure upon their shoulders, waiting patiently for purchasers. Adjoining to this hall is the Chamber of Commerce, comfortably fitted up, and a spiral staircase leading to the summit, which, though but small and narrow, is very neatly constructed. There is also a pretty little garden, where the merchants can in a moment retire from the busy scene in the market, and under a canopy of orange-trees, screening them from the sun's rays, enjoy their cigars, with violets at their feet, and the pure elastic air perfumed with the odour of blossoms, fruits, and flowers.

Arragon did not rise to importance until five centuries after the Saracen conquest, most of which time was almost one continual struggle against the Infidels, when indeed the national character for obstinacy and perseverance was meritoriously displayed. Their jealousy of their liberties, and of the authority of their sovereigns, and the extraordinary powers of their officer, the Justicia, who had frequently more real influence than the sovereign, are curious.* Her union with Catalonia in the twelfth,

* See Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. 1, p. 52.

and the conquest of Valencia in the thirteenth century, affording her excellent ports, she soon became one of the principal maritime powers in the Mediterranean—Sicily, Sardinia, and Athens, being amongst her conquests.

La Salle de la Audiencia, where the ancient States of the kingdom were formerly held, is, historically and architecturally, the most interesting room in Valencia. It is very large and lofty, the wood roof is deeply and admirably sculptured, and beneath it is an open gallery, also exquisitely carved, and ornamented with elegant columns, and below the gallery are *bassi-relievi*. The walls are ornamented with paintings, by Cristobel Zaniñena, representing the ancient Cortes of Arragon. On one side are the military representatives, comprising the nobles and gentry, with their decorations; on the opposite, the representatives of the clergy, in their robes; then a group of the deputies of the city of Valencia, and several groups of the representatives of the different cities of the kingdom. In the Cortes, these four orders voted separately; but it was necessary that all should agree before a law was passed. Many of the portraits are excellent, and as works of art they are worthy of observation; but for the costumes, and as a memorial of the ancient liberties, privileges, and independence of Arragon, these paintings are

most valuable. Over the altar, at one end of the room, there are some tolerable paintings by the same artist.

In a small court adjoining I saw three judges sitting, whilst an advocate was reading a document. The public are admitted, but the judges and the barrister had the room to themselves. In the rooms where the records are kept, are some of the richest and deepest carved roofs I ever saw, gorgeous and as fresh as if done yesterday. Justice is not always administered here without the presence of the public. Once a week, all disputes concerning the division of the water are decided in the plaza of the cathedral, without advocates or pleadings, common sense and knowledge of the customs of the country being quite sufficient qualifications for the judge of such a court. There was no business the day I was there, for, in consequence of the extreme drought, there was no water to dispute about.

This caused me little regret, as the trials are in the Limousin dialect, the unintelligible *patois* of the country. During the first half of the fifteenth century, long after the genuine race of the troubadours had passed away, the Provençal or Limousin verse was carried to its highest excellence, by the poets of Valencia.* It resembles so much the *patois* now spoken near Toulouse, where Mon-

* Prescott's Ferd. and Isab. p. 89.

sieur L—— resides, that he had no difficulty in understanding the Catalonians and Valencians. This similarity is not surprising, as it was there, in 1323, great efforts were made to restore the Provençal language, and a guild formed for this purpose, called the very gay company of the seven troubadours of Toulouse, and a prize of a golden violet given to a Catalonian gentleman, for the best poem in that language. When Provence became a portion of the dominions of the Counts of Barcelona, and ultimately part of the realm of Arragon, the *gaya sciencia* was greatly cultivated, and kings and princes became poets and patrons of the art; and when Aix and Marseilles were disturbed by dissensions and troubles, especially by the civic persecution of the Albigenses, a safer asylum was afforded them at the Court of Arragon, where the stirring events of the Holy War against the Moors, and the conquests of Don Jaime, would furnish noble themes for the cultivators of the science. The Provençal language soon, however, had to contend with the sonorous and grand Castilian, full of vigour and strength, which chroniclers and even poets adopted. The Gay Saber might suit the sunny south, though as early as 1474, when a poetical contest was held at Valencia, four of the poems were in Castilian; but when Saragossa became the seat of government, and in 1474, when Arragon and Castile were united under Ferdinand and

Isabella, the Castilian prevailed, and, as Mr. Tickler* observes, what remained of the language that gave the first impulse to poetical feeling in modern times, sunk into a neglected dialect, and without having attained the refinement that would preserve its name and its glory to future times, became as much a dead language as the Greek or the Latin.

The Valencians have an extraordinary taste for processions and religious ceremonies, and as a people, they are certainly inclined to be very bigoted. They joined in the cry to destroy the convents, but very many, finding themselves now no better off, regret to see the noble edifices of the Church turned into residences of the Capitan-General, custom-houses, and even charitable institutions. It must indeed be difficult to be half a Roman Catholic. A sincere man must either be a slave to the mysteries and imposing ceremonies of that fascinating Creed, intoxicated with its incense, delightful music and gorgeous functions, or reject its ceremonies altogether. It is not therefore surprising to see the churches so well kept up, and on the *fête* days crowded. On every Friday there is an imposing ceremony in the Church of the Patriarca, or Colegio de Corpus, a church I have described as full of Ribaltas. The rules of this college are very strict. Ladies are only admitted to this ceremony

* History of Spanish Literature, vol. i, p. 314.

in mantillas, and never allowed to enter the college. Whilst I was admiring the Ribaltas there, we heard a terrific ringing of a bell, which startled my conductor, as if the building had been on fire. An English lady had followed her husband into the forbidden precincts of the college, and frightened at the solitariness of the large court, and not knowing what animal in the shape of a monk or a student might pounce upon her, or wearied with waiting, or envying her husband's prolonged enjoyment of the Ribaltas, she seized the rope, and gave it such a tug, that priests and scholars rushed out of their rooms to see what was the matter. At first they looked indignant at the intruder, but her triumphant smile, when she saw her husband, restored them to their good-humour, and they merely said Inglese (English), that word being an apology for anything.

High mass was performed with beautiful music, after which a curtain dropped before the altar. The chief priest, richly clad, walked in procession up the church, accompanied by about twelve or fourteen others, clothed in the usual purple dresses, with white spencers, and carrying two banners and wax lights. They went behind the curtain, and lighted them at the altar; but the doors being almost closed, the church, always so gloomy that I required candles to see the Ribaltas, was very dark. Then the Miserere commenced, the curtain was

drawn, and the grand altar was seen entirely surrounded by the priests in rows, on their knees. The effect was very picturesque, and greatly increased by the striking contrast of the brilliantly lighted altar, and the dark gloom in every other part of the church. In the foreground, a crowd of ladies, and women of all ranks, dressed in black, with their dark but graceful mantillas, apparently kneeling, but, in fact, reposing on their heels in a very Oriental fashion, added greatly to the pictorial effect. The spectacle itself was imposing, but it was increased tenfold by the exquisite Miserere they chanted. It was almost as plaintive, though not quite so well sung, as the Miserere in the Sistine Chapel; the lights, the gloom, the ascending incense increasing the thrilling effect of an admirable Italian composition. I could almost say with Tasso,

> "Pare d' umani sospiri e di singulti
> E un non so che confusa instilla al cuore,
> Di pietà, di spavento, e di dolore."

The priests, after the Miserere, made a procession to the different altars, chanting in a deep and solemn tone. Then they assembled again round the grand altar, and a crimson curtain above was drawn aside; within was seen a purple covering, which after some time was also drawn, and another curtain was visible; finally, the last veil was rent, and our Saviour exhibited on the Cross.

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Being lighted only by two candles, and the recess deep, it was impossible to see very distinctly what it was, and certainly not to appreciate the merit of the workmanship, which Mr. Ford says is first rate. When we visited this church, they would not let us see the relics, and told us they were exhibited on Fridays; but the functions on the Friday we were there were unusually long, being in Lent, and the relics were not shown.

Whilst the ceremony was going on, two priests were busy in confessional chairs, close to where we were. After listening to the oft-repeated tales, and apparently sifting the consciences of the beautiful devotees, the priests closed their hands and prayed before giving absolution. One man seemed to bow to the very ground, overwhelmed with the burden of his sins. Dark, indeed, and numerous are the offences in this city of Valencia.

The nobles are, many of them, rich, and though their hangers-on and their agents consume a great part of their incomes, yet as they live in no great style and keep little company, many have ample means for so cheap a place. Infidelity in married life is a common crime, and gambling is the vice of every rank, especially the lower classes. I visited one of the cock-pits in the suburbs, and was astonished at seeing peasants, meanly dressed, flinging down their dollars every battle; but the cabarets in the suburbs, where wine may be drunk free of duty, are the places where the greatest gambling takes

place, and where frequently broils arise, and the winner loses not only his gains, but his life also.

The people are not now allowed to carry the long Valencian knife, which used to be stuck into every girdle. A fine of three dollars is imposed for the first offence of carrying a knife above a certain size, and the same penalty and imprisonment for the second offence.

Seeing one morning a crowd near a door, I went up, and saw a corpse of a labouring man, partly in a coffin, but with his head exposed, for his friends to recognize him. He had been found dead outside the walls, with two deep gashes on his cheeks and two on his breast, evidently done with a knife; and I am told, scarcely a week passes without a similar murder being committed.

The Valencians seem nevertheless to be a civil, obliging people, and are worthy of respect for their industry, love of liberty, and the distinguished scientific and literary men, as well as artists, the country has produced; but undoubtedly they are suspicious, passionate and revengeful. Many of the streets are lighted with gas, but those which are not, certainly present facilities for deeds of violence, and I am told most people carry pistols at night for their protection. The stranger, however, has no occasion to fear if he will treat every one with civility.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PRESIDIO—CONVICTS — DIFFERENT TRADES — EXCELLENT REFORMATORY SYSTEM — GREAT SUCCESS — GALERA FOR FEMALE CONVICTS—HOSPITAL FOR ORPHANS—SAN VICENTE DE FERRER—BOTANICAL GARDEN—GATE OF THE CID—MANUFACTORIES—COMMERCE—HOTELS.

If the vices and passions of a Southern people prevail in a place where, until the last few years, a strong government has not been enjoyed, it is greatly to the credit of the city of Valencia that they can boast of one of the best conducted prisons in Europe. Being one of the great social questions of the day, I made particular inquiries about it. There are a thousand prisoners; and in the whole establishment I did not see above three or four guardians to keep them in order. They say there are only a dozen old soldiers, and not a bar or bolt that might not easily be broken—apparently not more fastenings than in any private house.

The Governor, a colonel in the army, has established military discipline, and the convicts are divided into companies; the officers stand as stiff, when you pass, as soldiers presenting arms. The sergeants and officers are all convicts, who, of course, are acquainted with the temper and disposition of the prisoners, and best able to manage them; and the prospect of advancement to higher grades is an inducement to all to behave well. When a convict enters, he is asked what trade or employment he will work at or learn; and above forty are open to him, so that he has the means of devoting his time to any he knows; or if ignorant of all, to one he feels an inclination for, or which he is aware will be useful to him when he is liberated. Many a man may wish to return to his native village with what he has earned here, and he of course knows best what trade or employment will there not only be of advantage, but even a fortune to him. If he declines to work at any, he is sent to the public works or employed in carrying wood; but these out-door convicts are by far the worst conducted in the establishment, and are therefore kept distinct from the others, who by their selecting a trade, have shown a disposition to be industrious and improve themselves.

When first the convict enters the establishment he wears chains, but on his application to the Commander, they are taken off, unless he has not con-

ducted himself well. Among some hundreds, I only saw three or four with irons on their legs. There seemed to be the most perfect discipline: they work in rows, rose in rank as we passed, and seemed obedient to a word. They are not allowed to talk to each other during their work, but this rule does not seem to be very strictly enforced, and they may speak to their master, who is often one of themselves, and they may ask each other for tools, or anything requisite for their work, and every night after prayers, they are allowed to converse with each other for an hour. There were weavers and spinners of every description, manufacturing all qualities, from the coarsest linen cloths, to the most beautiful damasks, rick silks, and velvets, one a crimson, apparently equal to the Utrecht velvet. There were blacksmiths, shoemakers, basketmakers, ropemakers, joiners, cabinet-makers making handsome mahogany drawers, and they had also a printing machine hard at work. Mrs. H—— having purchased a leather ball for her boy, they printed on it his name, and the Presidio de Valencia, in gilt letters.

The labour of every description for the repair, rebuilding and cleaning the establishment is supplied by the convicts. They were all most respectful in their demeanour, and certainly I never saw such a good-looking set of thieves, useful occupations having apparently improved their countenances, though there were a few among them

I would rather not meet amongst the wilds of Spain. The greatest cleanliness prevailed in every part of the establishment. The dormitories were well ventilated, the beds neatly packed up, and water, the great requisite in a sultry climate, within reach of all. On the walls in large letters, were inscriptions in rhyme, the best way of inculcating good maxims. There was a neat chapel for their devotions, and a garden for exercise, planted with oranges. There was also a poultry yard for their amusement, with pheasants, and various kinds of birds; washing houses, where they wash their clothes; and a shop, where they can purchase, if they wish, tobacco, and other little comforts, out of one-fourth of the profits of their labours, which is given to them; another fourth they are entitled to, when they leave the establishment. The other half of their gains goes to the establishment, and often this is sufficient for all the expenses, without any assistance from the Government.

The Governor found that it was impossible to induce the convicts to work heartily without giving them an interest in their gains; but when once he had by this encouragement established industrious habits, it was more easy to correct their principles. Honour amongst thieves is really found here; the convicts keeping the accounts and no attempt made to deceive. It is doubtless the same feeling of honour which prevents their rebelling

and leaving the asylum whenever they feel disposed. It is surprising that the establishment requires so little assistance from the Government, as the expense of the officers and instructors is very considerable, and the Governor has invariably made the teaching and moral improvement of the convicts his chief consideration, without any regard to the profits to be derived from them.

The convicts were all cleanly dressed in woollen clothes of the same colour, which is requisite, in case of any attempt to escape. In summer they have lighter clothes. Their food is excellent, and consists of large brown loaves, about the colour of our best London brown bread, but finer in quality, and quite as good; rations of olla, rice, potatoes, and meat on *fête* days, which in Spain are numerous. Instruction is open to all every day, in a large school, which all the boys under twenty are obliged to attend for one hour, and any prisoner above that age, who wishes, may join the classes. I saw numerous instances of excellent writing (in the Spanish style), by lads and adults, who could not write a line when they entered; and many have qualified themselves for clerk's places, which they have obtained on leaving the prison. There is a good hospital with a dispensary, all as clean and comfortable as could be desired; but the average number in the hospital never, they say, exceeds two for every hundred. This system may be thought too indulgent,

but what is the result? During the last three years not one prisoner has been returned to it, and in the ten previous years, the average was not more than one per cent., though before that period, the number of re-committals was thirty per cent.

From January 1837 to 1846, the first nine years of the establishment, when the shops were not all open, and the institution in many respects incomplete, 3127 convicts confined there were liberated, and of these 2355 had learnt some trade, or received instruction, so that only 792 were without instruction, from their age or indisposition to receive any.

It may be said that the stabbings which occur so often in Valencia, would not be so common if severer punishments were inflicted, but they say that the use of the knife was much more frequent before this Presidio was established. The great principle here is to afford an inducement to the criminals to work, to teach industrious habits, to inculcate honourable and virtuous principles, and to send them into the world better men, educated and able to work at some trade, and with money in their pockets to start with, and not be obliged to have recourse to their old habits for subsistence.

The want of funds has prevented this institution being more perfect than it would otherwise have been. The prisoners might be classified better, and those who have picked a pocket for the first time, or some other light offence, kept separate from the

more hardened criminals. The same work might be performed, though of course at a greater expense, on the separate system, which has been found to answer so well; the canteen is very questionable, and probably it would be more judicious to appropriate their earnings to transporting the prisoners and their families to any colony or distant place they might wish to go to, giving them only a few pounds to start with, and not a large sum, which might be used as a capital to enable them to commit other crimes. The success attending the reformation of the adults in this establishment is really a miracle, and England ought to make an attempt to do the same. No prisoner ought to be turned out of prison without a shilling in his pocket, and greater efforts ought to be made to give them industrious habits.

Great honour is due to the Commander, Colonel Don Manuel Montesinos, for what he has accomplished without any model to guide him, and being obliged almost to invent a system. The old Convent of St. Augustin, half ruined and entirely dismantled, even without doors and windows, was changed by the labour of the convicts into the present clean, convenient and agreeable building. The Government did not contribute a farthing towards the expense, and yet, by degrees, he has worked up the establishment almost to perfection. He was personally so fine a specimen of what a soldier should be, so frank and courteous, and there was such an air of

truth in his deportment, that I felt I could rely implicitly on all he has printed, and what he said to me, not boastingly, but simply answering my questions.

There is also at Valencia an establishment for the female prisoners, called the Galera. It contains one hundred and forty women, and is beautifully clean; the beds all piled up in fresh clean sheets. Their only labour is spinning and making ribbons. The diet is not so good as in the Presidio, but the bread is excellent, and each woman has twenty ounces of it every day, and two rations of a poor olla of rice and potatoes; but they are not allowed meat, except on Christmas Day. There is only one keeper to superintend so large a number. The institution contains a chapel, and a clean, comfortable infirmary, with its dispensary and kitchen, and a nice little garden for exercise and washing. I saw them at dinner, which was rather a pretty sight; all dressed alike, with bright-coloured handkerchiefs on their heads. I tasted the olla, which seemed very indifferent, and the woman pulled a wry face when I asked her if she liked it.

Two of the hundred and forty women had been re-committed five times; two others four times; four three times; and eight of them twice. The keeper said the women are worse than the men, and he did not believe more than half were really reformed. One-fourth of their earnings is given to

them, subject to many deductions; one-fourth more when they leave, and the rest goes towards the expense of the establishment.

This institution has nothing to do with the other, and is in every respect inferior. There is the same discipline, but labour is not made so interesting, and there is no school. One of the women reads when they eat, and the walls are covered with useful truths and moral maxims, which few are able to peruse; but funds are wanting here also, and there is no classification of the prisoners, the offenders for the slightest and heaviest offences associating with the worst in the place.

There are many other institutions in Valencia worth visiting, among others the Hospital for the orphans, instituted by San Vicente de Ferrer, and his image is preserved in the chapel. This Saint is the great apostle of Valencia. He is said to have barked in his mother's womb, which was taken to be a sure sign that he would turn out a mastiff, and hunt the wolves of heresy to hell. He was born in 1350, and was the son of an honest attorney, a miracle in Spain to begin with. He became a Dominican and a chief of the Inquisition, and preached a crusade against the Jews. His miracles are beyond all number, and representations of them in the streets delight the sight-loving Valencians on the Monday after Easter-Monday.

According to Mariana, the restoration of sight

to the blind, feet to the lame, even life to the dead, were miracles of ordinary occurrence with San Vicente; and his eloquence is said to have converted thirty-five thousand Jews, which, doubtless, as Mr. Prescott says, must be reckoned the greatest miracle of all. He is the male Lucina of Valencia, and possessed the gift of miracles to such a degree, that he is said to have performed them almost unconsciously, and not unfrequently in a sort of a frolic. Being applied to on a certain occasion, by a young married lady, whom the idea of approaching maternity kept in a state of constant terror, the good-natured saint desired her to dismiss her fears, as he was determined to take upon himself whatever inconvenience or trouble there might be in the case. Some weeks had elapsed when the good monk who had forgotten his engagement, was heard in the dead of night roaring and screaming in a manner so unusual, and so little becoming a professed saint, that he drew the whole community to his cell. Nothing for a time could relieve the mysterious sufferings, and though he passed the rest of the night *as well as could be expected,* the fear of a relapse would have kept his afflicted brethren in painful suspense, had not the grateful husband of the timid lady, who was the cause of the uproar, taken an early opportunity to return thanks for the unconscious delivery of his consort.*

* Doblado's Letters.

This institution, which reflects great credit on San Vicente and Valencia, contains one hundred boys and forty girls, who are admitted at the age of seven, and learn reading, writing and accounts, until they are twelve. From that age to fourteen, they go out during the day to learn useful trades, and return to sleep in the institution. The usual cleanliness is remarkable, and their diet seems abundant and very good; the bread excellent, and they have meat and vegetables every day. They pay six dollars entrance-fee, and afterwards all expenses are paid for them.

The Botanic Garden of Valencia is pretty, with its orange-trees, palms, hedges of lemon-trees and roses, and many choice plants in the hothouses; and the fine view of the Moorish-looking gateway of the city (now a prison), with its two lofty and more than semicircular towers, with their bold machicolations and the watch-towers on the top—an entrance worthy the City of the Cid. The gate through which the conqueror entered Valencia, a simple arch, near the Church of the Temple, is paltry, in comparison to these towers of the fifteenth century. There are very interesting remains of the Moors in the Huerta—aqueducts and wells—showing the pains they took in irrigating the land; and a day may be devoted to their examination.

Excursions into the country, to the promenades, and the botanical garden, are delightful, as the

streets are too narrow to enjoy the charming climate. I wonder more invalids do not spend their winters here, instead of those dull resorts, Nice and Pisa, where the climate is very inferior. Here there are galleries; an opera, which is not very bad; a casino, where there are English papers; and natural attractions, as well as agreeable and intellectual society. Good books may be got, for I observed many excellent booksellers' shops full of standard works, which one would certainly expect to find in a city which has produced so many scientific and literary men, and where, in 1474, the first press was erected in Spain, though Barcelona also lays claim to this honour. The earliest work was a collection of songs, composed for a poetical contest in honour of the Virgin, for the most part in the Limousin or Valencian dialect.* If, however, there were no resources, consumptive and nervous invalids could not select a better residence, as undoubtedly such a climate is not to be found in Europe. For five months they have scarcely had any rain until this week; and well may the watchmen who patrol the streets be called *serenos*, for seldom would they be justified in crying anything else but *serena*.

The Valencians are very much dissatisfied with the present taxes, which, they say, are generally

* Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. II, p. 189.

heavier than they were in the time of Espartero, though the extraordinary demands then made to support the Carlist war raised the taxes in some years to as much, and often a great deal more, than what they now pay. There are few poor in the streets, though more than in Catalonia; agriculture and manufactures giving employment to all. The manufactory of azulejos, or tiles, is very interesting. The best is a short distance from Valencia, with a pretty garden attached to it. The white ground of the tiles is clean and cool-looking in this hot climate. The flowers and figures are not so good as the more simple scrolls and mosaic Moorish patterns, which are frequently extremely beautiful. The price is generally from three pence to five pence a square of nine inches.

The silk manufactures are extensive; and in the cigar manufacture alone, a Government establishment, three thousand women are employed, at 1*s.* and some at 1*s.* 3*d.* a-day. It was a singular sight to see such a number of them together in the immense galleries of this enormous building; but, as silence is not imposed, the clack of their tongues was as noisy as the rattle of the machinery in our large cotton manufactories. Having a headache, I was glad to escape from such a Babel; but the glance I took was sufficient to satisfy me that the women of this class do not possess the attractions of the beautiful creatures I sometimes met in

the Plaza of Santa Catalina, their favourite resort, and in the churches and streets, and still more frequently observed riding in their tartanas. The girls in the manufactory were darker, and had more of the Moorish blood, than the ladies of Valencia, who have frequently a light and ruddy complexion. If a very garrulous old woman, the first corset-maker in Valencia, is good authority, the higher classes are splendidly made; and certainly they appear deserving of this praise.

The commerce of Valencia with England is very trifling. There are two English merchants, but guano and a little hardware are now almost the only articles of importation, though large quantities of silk and raisins are exported in the autumn. The French and Geneva cottons, and articles of *vertu* and hardware, have the greatest sale, being cheaper than ours.

The grao, or port, is a bad sandy roadstead, and very exposed, which is a great drawback on the commerce of Valencia. The merchants have their depôts there, which afford great facilities for smuggling. The drive to the grao is very delightful, through the beautiful Alameda.

The hotels are excellent. The Fonda del Cid, they say, is good; and the Posada de las Diligencias, Plaza de Villaraza, where we were, kept by an Italian, is as comfortable as could be desired. Excellent breakfasts, fish and meat, dinners of several courses,

and large rooms, for forty-eight reals (5*s*. a-day each).

There were a few fleas on the floors of the churches. An Arab poet called Valencia a terrestrial Paradise, but complained that there was one thing there which annoyed him, and put him out of humour, which was, that the fleas were continually dancing to the music of the mosquitoes.*

Mr. Ford says two or three days will amply suffice to see Valencia del Cid, and even contemplates travellers landing only for a few hours from the steamer. With great deference, I should say, that this is a place of all others to linger at. There is a fine school of paintings to study, noble works of art, a truly Spanish city, and so much to see, I should think it would be difficult to get through all in less than a week. We found ample occupation for ten days, for, as the proverb says, "Valencia is so full of beauty and delight, that a Jew might there forget Jerusalem."

* Mohammedan Dynasties, p. 6.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEPARTURE FROM VALENCIA—XATIVA—FINE RUINS—SPLENDID VIEW—MULES—ALICANTE—MARQUIS ANGOLFI'S GALLERY—TARTANA—ORIHUELA—ELCHE SURROUNDED WITH PALMS.

Monsieur L—— and Monsieur B——, whose acquaintance we had made on the road from Perpignan to Barcelona, agreed to accompany us to Granada. The road is said to be quite safe; but as they are both gentlemanly and intelligent men, we were glad of such an agreeable acquisition to our party.

We left Valencia in the morning with great regret. Until one o'clock, our route lay through the rich plain, planted with a variety of trees like a garden. We passed through several small villages, and observed many others in the distance, looking extremely picturesque, with their large churches ornamented with domes and towers. The irrigation

is very remarkable, a perfect net-work of little channels; and sometimes we saw portions of aqueducts, the works of the Moors. For a long time we had a view of the Lake of Albúfera, which extends for about four leagues near the sea. The plain is bounded with fine ranges of mountains, and frequently the views were pretty of the villages, and their groves of palm-trees, and oranges, and more frequently the carob, olive, and mulberry-trees; the foreground often consisting of aloes, prickly pears, and most picturesque peasants, with their shirts and kilt all of one piece, and covered with many coloured blankets, folded in Arab fashion, gracefully around them, or hanging loose from their shoulders, leggings and sandals tied on with blue and other coloured ribbons. Some wore the red lazzaroni-shaped cap, others gay-coloured handkerchiefs; those in rather better circumstances had low-crowned, flat velvet hats, with broad shovel borders and cockade; and others again, conical-shaped hats, with extremely narrow borders; but beneath all these head-dresses, such swarthy faces and bright eyes were seen, as Africa alone could match.

At Abareque we left the high road to Madrid, and turned more into the mountains. The cultivation of the land exhibits unwearied industry, fields above fields, in terraces. At different parts, where it is very hilly and therefore more difficult to irrigate, the contrast is very striking between the

parched and almost barren soil, and the rich brilliant vegetation in the plain beneath. We soon afterwards crossed a small river, and arrived at a quarter-past four o'clock at San Felipe, a clean and Moorish-looking place, of sixteen thousand inhabitants. The Romans called the city Selabis, and the Moors gave it the more beautiful name of Xativa; but in the War of Succession, Berwick was so enraged at the heroic defence of the people, assisted by six hundred English, that he ordered the city to be razed, and changed the name to San Felipe.

The cathedral is building, and contains nothing remarkable but the grand altar, which is very fine, ornamented with ten enormous yellow marble columns. The situation of Xativa is magnificent, at the foot of a fine range of mountains, with a picturesque castle, fatiguing to reach on a hot day like this; but if the heat and fatigue were ten times greater, it should not be missed. The ruins of the castle are very extensive, and many parts of them evidently of the times of the Moors; the solidity of the tapia-work is extraordinary, and there are cisterns, and also arches circular and pointed, evidently very ancient. The small church, with its pointed arches, is more modern.

The view from the summit is really magnificent. The foreground is splendid, consisting

of bold and almost perpendicular rocks, crowned with fortifications, wild shrubs growing in the crevices, and goats feeding on the scanty pasture; below lies the city, with its cathedral and other churches, and the more modern buildings mixed with orange and some few palm-trees; the old part, from the extreme narrowness of the streets, appears to be one mass of houses. Surrounding the city is an immense plain, perhaps the most verdant in the world, divided into small square fields, every one of them surrounded with its channel of water, planted on each side with a row of mulberry-trees, just now bursting into leaf. The contrast between their light-green foliage, and the rich deep colour of the corn and beans, is very striking, and has a beautiful effect. Beyond this plain are several villages, with their pretty churches, and fine ranges of mountains.

The hermitage of Santa Ana is situated on a picturesque hill, and the hermitage of La Murta is still more remarkable, perched on a magnificent high rocky hill, isolated in the middle of the plain, and around its base are the rice fields of Xativa. The distant view reaches over the Huerta of Valencia, and the metropolis itself is seen sparkling in the distance, and far away are the classic hills of Saguntum, and the Mediterranean. The view in the opposite direction forms a perfect contrast—wild, rocky moun-

tains, and a plain almost as barren, being nearly uncultivated; the inclination of the ground preventing its being irrigated. Not a village, or house, or any verdure perceptible—a flight of locusts might have passed over, and devoured every green thing.

We turned with still greater delight to the enchanting view of the rich gardens of San Felipe; and while gazing at this never-to-be-forgotten scene, the lapis-lazuli sky above and a glorious sunset, I thought of Ribera (Spagnoletto). This is a country to create a Claude, and yet here he was born, and spent his youth, until he went to Naples; but neither the bright blue skies of Spain or Italy, or the charms of Xativa, or the Campagna Felice, could dispel the moroseness of a genius which might have been engendered and formed within the walls of the Inquisition. Xativa, however, with all its beauty, was the birth-place of still greater horrors—the detestable family of the Borgias; and the infamous Cæsar, taken prisoner by Gonzalo di Cordova, was confined within these walls.

There was a curious procession in the streets to-night. A figure of Christ, splendidly arrayed in purple, and glittering with silver and jewels, was carried by four men. Six soldiers in ancient dresses, with visors and spears, protected the image, and above thirty men followed, bearing large wax tapers. A man walked behind, blowing a long trumpet, others were chanting. There was a partial illumination

in the town, every balcony had wax lights, and the procession-loving people seemed to enjoy greatly the scene.

Xativa was celebrated during the middle ages for its paper-mills, but the trade is now chiefly carried on in the neighbouring town of Alcoy. Mr. Gayangos says, the Spanish Arabs had the honour of introducing into Western Europe the manufacture and use of paper. There are, he says in the Escurial Library, several MSS. written in Spanish, as early as the tenth century, upon cotton paper, and specimens of linen paper abound likewise in MSS. of the following age. Idrisi, who wrote towards the middle of the twelfth century, mentions the city of "Xativa," as already famous for its manufactories of paper, which the Moors established in Spain, whence the art passed into France, Germany and England.*

The Posada de las Diligencias is very good, and we had an excellent dinner; having, as usual, taken the precaution to warn them, not to use their strong oil, saffron, garlic, and other Spanish abominations. There being no diligences beyond Xativa, we hired mules, and started at eight. Our route for two hours was very picturesque; along the bank of the river, through an immense amphitheatre of wild, barren, grey mountains, which, from the traces of terraces, appear to have been formerly extensively

* Mohammedan Dynasties, p. 375.

cultivated, but are now abandoned, except a few strips in the valley. We followed, for about six miles, an aqueduct constructed by the Moors, and so curiously, that if it had not been for the circular openings at intervals, to admit the air, we should scarcely have perceived it, being of the same colour as the grey rocks. We traced it to where the source gushes from the mountain, and heard the noise; but the grotto was carefully barricaded and locked. This aqueduct, worthy even of the Romans, now supplies Xativa with excellent water.

We soon afterwards left the river and village of Bahrouse (clearly an Arabic name), and had a wild ride for several hours, over extensive valleys, bounded by grey mountains. If it would but rain, which it has not done for months, the crops might spring up, and the country look verdant; but now the vales are as grey as the hills, and nothing can be more dreary. About two, we arrived at Concentayna, situated in a richer and more carefully cultivated plain, at the foot of a splendid range of mountains, with a picturesque old Moorish castle, on a steep, rocky hill adjoining. This district has more inhabitants than any we have passed through to-day. The town seemed clean, and its calvary, planted with cypresses, was pretty.

In two hours we arrived at Alcoy, which is also beautifully situated in a gorge of the mountains, which rise boldly on each side; though, as we ap-

proached the town, it appeared built on the slope of the mountain, the streets, rising picturesquely one above another. The town contains twenty thousand inhabitants, and has one straight, good street; the others are narrow, as usual in Spain. I patronised the manufactory of paper, but not the sugar-plums, for which Alcoy is famous. The promenade is pretty, and ornamented with vases, in better taste than usual. Our muleteer took us to a *café*, and said it was the fonda; but we found only one room without beds. The landlord fortunately would not take us in for a single night; we went to the posada, the inn next in rank, where we found comfortable, clean-looking rooms; but as it is now Lent, nothing for dinner but bread, eggs, and good wine. When we had commenced our frugal repast, a Frenchman, who lives there, and had some sympathy for our travelling companions, Messrs. L— and B—, came in with a live hen under his cloak, which, with difficulty he had procured; people being unwilling to sell or eat fowls on a fast day—and they seemed to look upon us as infidels for ordering it to be roasted for the morrow.

Southey, in his "Letters on Spain,"* says, they sent their man to look for provisions, and he informed them it was a fast day, and he could not buy rabbits openly, but he would bring them home

* P. 169.

under his cloak. Nearly half a century has passed away, but Spain is unchanged.

Our beds were clean and comfortable, which is a greater luxury than a good dinner; but they charged enormously for the few things they gave us.

Leaving at eight this morning, the first part of our journey was very interesting over the fine mountain pass of St. Antonio, the views, looking back on Alcoy in the narrow valley, and the two grand ranges of mountains, are very fine. When we first came in sight of the sea, before arriving at Xixona, the view is magnificent; not verdant, but wild and grand, the outline of the mountains particularly fine, but the plains as yellow as the hills for want of water. Xixona seemed a busy little town, as it was market-day, and the groups of peasants in their picturesque cloaks were such as Murillo would have been delighted with; though few of the women were good-looking. After leaving this place, we passed through a very arid region, beds of rivers without a drop of water, plains as destitute of vegetation as the hills; and this aridity seemed to increase as we approached Alicante. For six years they say their harvests have failed; they sow, but no rain falls, and the whole country is a barren wilderness. A few olive and carob-trees are scattered over the plains, and the contrast of their green foliage and the bright yellow, burnt-up fields is very remarkable. As the outline of the mountains

is always fine, these views have a certain grandeur, and a colouring, which reminded me of the East, especially when occasionally we had palm-trees and cypresses in the foreground, and Oriental picturesque groups squatted on the ground in their blankets.

We arrived at six in the evening safe and sound, which was certainly a matter of congratulation, as out of five mules, the only one which did not stumble, was the poor beast which was charged the heaviest; having to carry me on one side of its back, and Mrs. H——, with a balance of a few carpet bags, on the other. It was a comfortable and sociable way of travelling, seated in two easy chairs. At the gates we were stopped by custom-house officers, and one accompanied us to examine our luggage at the hotel; but as soon as he had turned the corner of the street, out of sight of his superiors, and the inquisitive crowd, he took a bribe, and wished us good evening.

Romans, Greeks, Goths, Moors, Spaniards and English have ruled in the picturesque and once strong castle which guards Alicante. The town is pretty. The view from the pier, of the white, clean houses; the fine, isolated, yellow rock, with its fortifications and castle on the summit; and in the distance, the grand range of mountains, is very striking: but all is as barren as the wilderness. For eighteen months, they have not had a quarter of an hour's

rain; six times the peasants have sowed their grain, and the harvests failed. Upwards of one thousand of the inhabitants have gone over to Algiers, though the Government do their best to prevent emigration, preferring, I suppose, that they should stay at home and starve. The taxes, they say, are increased every year, and the greatest misery exists in all the rural districts. The Town Hall is a handsome building, the promenade very pretty, and there seems to be plenty of good shops. In the miserable port, which affords little protection, and is nothing better than a roadstead, there are now a few sloops and fishing-boats.

The trade with England is diminished rather than increased by the new tarif, in consequence of the duty on salt fish being now higher than it was. In 1847, nineteen English vessels entered the port; in 1848, eight; in 1849, nine; and not one has entered this year. The trade with France is also very trifling.

The Marquis d'Angolfa's gallery consists of a thousand pictures, in a splendid suite of rooms, handsomely furnished, the floors covered with beautiful tapestry, which it is a pity to tread upon; but the Marquis has certainly no space for it on his walls, which are entirely covered with pictures, of different schools; his Italian paintings seemed to be mostly copies. There were some tolerable Snyders, and a Deposition from the Cross, by Rubens, a

well-finished study from the great painting at Antwerp; but the colouring was not such as to convince me it was by that master.

Among the Spanish paintings, there are some good ones by March; a splendid Orrente, a tall, noble figure of our Saviour, as the Good Shepherd, with a sheep on his shoulders and a flock around him. The expression of our Saviour and the colouring are admirable; and certainly it is the finest Orrente I ever saw. There is also an excellent painting in this collection of the patron saint of Burgos. The Marquis calls it a Murillo, which is, however, very questionable. There is a pretty little painting, by Alonso Cano, of the Virgin watching our Saviour sleeping. It is very Titian-like in the colouring, though rather paler, and is a very sweet composition. The Marquis is extremely civil, and shows his gallery himself to all strangers who send their cards and fix a time for calling.

The Posada del Vapore is good, and the wine of Alicante very fair, but sweet. We ordered a large Alpujarras ham for our journey, which proved most useful. At one o'clock, after getting our passports signed by the English Consul, who was very obliging, we started for Elche. The hand-book says there is a diligence; but on inquiry, we found it was nothing better than a covered cart, without springs, which would contain about a dozen. We, therefore, hired a tartana; and though

we had only one horse, it fortunately turned out to be an exceedingly good one.

Nothing could be more miserable than the first four hours of our route—a desert without the grandeur of the desert: the hand of man is seen everywhere; fields carefully cultivated, but now as yellow as the Saharah. When the palm-groves of Elche burst upon us, it was as delightful as approaching the Oasis Magna after crossing the desert from Thebes; and truly the Valencians may be proud of their Elche. As Mr. Ford says, "There is only one Elche in Europe." Thousands and tens of thousands of palms surround a city, which, with its flat roofs, is quite Oriental. The men with their Moorish features, and blankets twisted round them, differ little from Bedouins. How graceful and beautiful is the palm, with its lofty stem, its feathery leaves waving and rustling with the breeze, and the young bushy shoots at its foot. The yellow fruit contrasts well with the green foliage, and when there are thousands of these together, one rising more lofty than another, nothing can be more charming. The palms are very productive, the profit of each tree being from two to four dollars annually. When they have no fruit, the leaves still yield a considerable return, being used for processions on Palm Sunday, and are afterwards fastened to the balconies, to protect (they say) the houses from lightning.

The town is very long, generally clean, and contains eighteen thousand inhabitants. We went to the church of Santa Maria, but as some religious ceremony was going on, they would not let us mount the tower to see the view. I sallied forth with my pencil, to get a sketch of my old friends, the palms, but I soon lost myself in a forest of them; and it was only on leaving, the next day, that I saw the view from the bridge, which is truly Oriental, and reminded me most vividly of Eastern lands.

We left Elche at eight o'clock in the morning, in the tartana, having hired a couple of donkeys to diminish the fatigue of the journey, the motion of this Spanish vehicle being detestable on a rough road; but no saddles were to be got for the animals, and we had to make them of our cloaks and coats. After leaving the palm-groves, we entered the immense plain, which, like a desert, surrounds this oasis, and passed several neat-looking farms, the owners of which had emigrated to Africa, to escape the drought of Europe. It is difficult to conceive anything more wretched than these parched plains, which require but rain to be the most fruitful in the world. Clouds, which must be tantalizing to the peasants, sometimes fly about as they did to-day, and we had rain for half an hour, but it was only partial, and we waded the rest of the day through dust as thick as the sand is generally in the deserts in Africa.

At eight o'clock we came to the village of Aboulada, which at a distance is very picturesque, with its church, ornamented with two towers and a dome, backed by a magnificent range of mountains, on which the light from a cloudy sky played so beautifully, that at times they seemed covered with snow. The flat roofs of the houses, the palm-trees, prickly pears, and the picturesque peasants wrapped in their blankets, and dark as Egyptians, almost persuaded me that I must be in the East.

We arrived at half-past eleven at Orihuela, the Orceles of the Goths and Auriwelah of the Moors. Theodomir, the Gothic Prince, after an obstinate battle with the Arabs, in which his forces were utterly routed, fled here, and deceiving Abdu-l-Aziz by dressing up the women as soldiers, made a show of resistance, which obtained terms that are worth mentioning, as they exhibit the liberality and generosity of the Moors, and account for their rapid conquest of this powerful country.

" In the name of the merciful God, Abdu-l-Aziz makes peace, and stipulates, that Theodomir shall not be disturbed in his principality; that no attempt shall be made against his life, property, wives, children, religion, or the Christian churches; that Theodomir shall deliver up the seven towns of Orihuela, Valentola, Alicante, Mola, Vacasora, Bigerra, Orà and Lorca; that he shall not succour

or receive the enemies of the Caliph, but he shall communicate faithfully what he shall know of their hostile intentions; that he shall pay yearly, as well as every Goth of a noble family, one piece of gold, four measures of wheat, four of barley, a certain quantity of honey, oil and vinegar; and that the tax upon each of their vassals shall be half of this contribution.

"Done the 4th of Regeb, in the 94th year of the Hegira (5th of April, 715)." Signed by four Moors as witnesses.*

Orihuela is still a large town, of twenty-six thousand inhabitants, and with its flat roofs and palm-trees, is from some points very picturesque. We observed several deserted convents: we visited one called the College of St. Dominick, and magnificent it must formerly have been. Two courts are decorated with corridors in the Italian style; the inner court is in better taste than the first, the arches more elaborately decorated. The chapel is curious and richly ornamented, but, as usual, with little taste; the carved coverings of the loggie are, however, worth observing. In the refectory, a handsome room, there is a collection of vile paintings; among the hundreds, I distinguished only three or four small ones which appeared tolerable. None of

* Laborde, vol. II.

the churches are worth visiting, though two of them had rather good pointed arched entrances. Some of the windows of the houses on the ground floor are covered with lattices of a very Eastern form, and every room to the front has its iron balcony, an indispensable requisite for a Spaniard. There you see the women with their black eyes, chattering and gossiping, and the men sometimes enjoying their cigars.

On leaving Orihuela, we had a fine view of the place, and particularly of a deserted convent, grandly situated in the midst of prickly pear trees, backed by noble hills in which there appeared to be caves. Prickly pears abound from Orihuela to Murcia, and are planted frequently in rows, and often fields of them are enclosed with hedges of aloes. Several villages we passed were surrounded with these extraordinary plantations, and looked very pretty with their thatched roofs, and groups of picturesque peasants.

Those thatched cottages, instead of the more Oriental flat roofs, remind us we are now bidding adieu to the kingdom of Valencia. A Spaniard says: "Los Valencianos son gente jovial, alegre, ingeniosa, aplicada à las letras, ligeros, dados à danzas, bayles y otras pruevas de ligereza." The Spaniard's character of the Valencians being jovial, gay, ingenious, studious, light, fond of dancing and all the exercises that require activity, is quite evident on the surface,

both in the capital and in the provinces. Mr. Ford, the best authority on these subjects, says: "that in the darker shades of character, the Valencians resemble both their Celtiberian and Carthaginian ancestors, and are cunning, perfidious, vindictive, sullen and mistrustful, fickle and treacherous." From my own experience in travelling through the country, and in various dealings for pictures, I should call them cunning and mistrustful in the extreme, but I hope I have not experienced their treachery.

The numerous crosses we have passed on the road, recording as many murders, are proofs how vindictive or passionate they are. All, however agree, that the higher classes are the most polished in Spain; and certainly their urbanity, and soft, elegant language, form a striking contrast to the rough Castilians with their harsh dialect. When also I see before me a list of about thirty men, distinguished for science and literature, theologians, astronomers, philosophers, historians, poets, orators, besides the great painters I have mentioned, and other artists of considerable merit, I cannot but feel that the bad name which the Valencians certainly have in Spain (where, however, it is the fashion to abuse their neighbours), is relieved by much that is deserving of admiration. I am glad also to record an act of disinterestedness, though perhaps it may be suspected to be Spanish pride.

The gentleman who assisted me in the purchase of the Peluqueros San Juan, had been with us several days in the churches, museum, &c. Being aware that he was wretchedly poor, having lost his employment when Narvaez succeeded Espartero, and his little estate, owing to the drought, yielding nothing, I took this opportunity of compensating him for his trouble, and offered him a good commission, insisting that he was entitled to it, but with great firmness and equal good-humour, he declined my offer.

About an hour before arriving at Murcia, we passed Monte Agudo, where there is a most picturesque Moorish castle on an isolated hill. The situation is very fine, and the numerous towers in good preservation are very imposing at a distance. Soon we entered the rich plain of Murcia, which appeared a delicious garden after the dreary wastes we had crossed during the day. "Lluvia o no lluvia, Murcia siempre trigo."—(Rain or no rain, Murcia has always her crops of grain.) And such splendid crops I never saw in Europe at this season of the year. Art producing here what nature never does, a perpetual spring. The fine tower of the cathedral rises above the lofty palms and the groves of mulberry-trees. At the entrance we went through the same farce as at Alicante. An officer accompanied us to our hotel, to examine our luggage, but at the door he

received a couple of pesetas, and saved us further trouble.

This is a truly Spanish way of plundering travellers, less dangerous, as Southey says, than stopping them on the high road, and less humiliating to their pride, though certainly not less disgraceful than begging. The system of octroi duties, which seems to be a constant accompaniment of the Bourbon dynasties, affords them the opportunity.

CHAPTER IX.

MURCIA—THE CATHEDRAL—VIEW FROM THE TOWER—SAN NICOLAS — STREETS — RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS ON GOOD FRIDAY—GALLERY OF DON JOSÉ MARIA ESTOR.

MURCIA is one of the smallest kingdoms in Spain, but its excellent port of Cartagena, the new Carthage, attracted the Carthaginians. Though the inhabitants of this city have always enjoyed the reputation of being the most illiterate in the Peninsula, in the War of Succession they showed they were not destitute of courage. Having sided with Philip V., and the town being open and incapable of defence against the Archduke, Luis de Belluga the Bishop, who commanded the people, opened the reservoirs, cut the canals, and turning the river Segura, inundated the country, so that the Archduke could not advance; and the Bishop, marching at the head of a little army he had raised, seized Orihuela, and laid siege to Cartagena, which he compelled to sur-

render. Murcia suffered like its neighbours in the Peninsular war. The modern capital was entirely built by the Arabs with the materials of a Roman city in the neighbourhood; and Abu-l-feda says that this took place during the reign of the Beni Umeyyah dynasty at Cordova.*

The cathedral tower should be ascended to appreciate fully the beauty of the situation of this city. The tower is richly decorated with Ionic pilasters, with arabesque designs on the shafts, and niches with circular arches. Though wanting in simplicity the effect at a distance of the tower upon tower, and lantern on the summit, is very imposing. The ascent is easy: an inclined plane, three hundred and twenty paces long, well lighted, and gradually increasing in steepness, leads to the top of the first tower, where there is a gallery, from which the view may be seen, though a high balustrade rather impedes it. A narrow staircase of forty steps conducts to the belfry, and there are seventy steps more to the highest gallery, where indeed the view is magnificent.

On one side, the river Segura winds through a rich plain—the al-Bostan, the garden of the Moors—and soon after passes under the handsome bridge, forming a cascade; the Molinos del Martir, the church and gardens of the Carmen, and a fine

* Mohammedan Dynasties, p. 377.

range of mountains beyond. On the other side, the picturesque village of Monte Aguda, with its Moorish castle, which we passed yesterday, and Orihuela in the distance, and another fine range of mountains, which almost joins the range on the opposite side, the plain between them being bounded by the horizon apparently for only a mile or two.

The foreground to this fine distant view is the city, with its domes and churches, and one of the richest plains in the world, covered with mulberry and various fruit-trees, graceful palms and cypresses occasionally rising above them; and cottages, villages, and churches with their towers, sprinkled amongst the luxuriant foliage.

The city is one mass of houses, so narrow are the streets; but sometimes there are little squares and gardens filled with beauteous palms, orange, lemon trees and cypresses. The various colours of the painted houses, pink and blue predominating, add greatly to their pictorial effect. They had almost all little ladders leading to their flat roofs, which seem to be nearly as much used in Murcia as in the East.

I was delighted with this view, but, in admiring the bright tints and gorgeous Oriental colouring, I could not but confess how much is due to climate. The atmosphere of a Claude makes all his paintings beautiful; and perhaps this view would be less charming, if it were not for the inspiring elasticity of the balmy air and the glorious blue canopy above.

The *façade* of the cathedral is in a churrigueresque style, with Virgins and Saints *ad nauseam*, and a frightful concave or receding centre. A part of the interior is tolerable Gothic, with pointed arches; but what is good can with difficulty be seen. At the entrance, circular arches support a dome, and in the aisles there is a mixture of circular and pointed arches. The cathedral contains few works of art. In the chapel of St. Joseph there is a very good Holy Family, with two Angels. Some call it here a copy of Raphael. The expression of the Madonna resembles Correggio, and is extremely beautiful; but I think it is a Joanes, in the style of the Holy Family in the church of San Andres at Valencia, but not quite so Raphaelesque in style.

The chapel of the Marquis Villafranco is remarkable for its rich stone carvings, in the plateresque style. Over the altar is a tolerable painting; the others were covered. In the chapel of the Corpus Domini there is a good Madonna and Child, and a large painting of the Marriage of Joseph and Mary. It is called a Joanes by Mr. Ford, though here they consider it to be a copy of Raphael. It is not, however, in the best style of Joanes, and I have some doubts of its being by the great Valencian. In the choir there is excellent carving and some paintings, which are tolerable; a Madonna and Child, which is not a bad painting, though not by Murillo, as they say

it is. In the chapel of the Sanctuary is a group in marble, not badly executed, of the Virgin, Child, and St. John; and below, a half-figure of the Devil laying his claws on the Virgin, to the great alarm of St. John. In the sacristia there is some beautiful carving, an excellent bust, and half-figures of angels supporting them, and various Raphaelesques. The silver custodia was not visible, as the keys were not there; but they showed us the silver lamps of the grand altar, which are very large and handsome; and the front of the altar is richly decorated with busts and figures in silver. Close adjoining there is a curious old tomb.

In the church of San Nicolas is a charming little statue in wood of St. Antonio, by Alonso Cano. The Saint is dressed in his Capuchin robe, and nothing can be more mild and simple than the expression of his countenance; the naked child which he bears in his arms is also exquisitely beautiful. It is the Flaxman-like simplicity of this group which is its great charm.

In the chapel of St. Ignatius, in the same church, is a very good group, also carved in wood, of Joseph and the Infant Jesus, by Mala. The child is particularly well done. I observed also a St. Roche, which appears to be by Ribalta.

The streets of Murcia are very narrow, but the Plateria is flagged the whole length, and is regularly built and straight. The effect is very picturesque

of the gay shops, the lofty houses almost meeting, and every window with its balcony. The Calle Mayor is also a good street, but the most picturesque point is near the bridge, where the view is charming of the winding river, the beautiful little promenade of the Glorietta on its banks, the quay, and on the other side the fine range of mountains, and the church of the Carmen and the promenade della Florida Blanca, so called from a statue of the Marquis of that name, who from a low rank raised himself by his talents to the post of Minister to Charles III.; and six years ago this statue was erected to the only great man this Dunciad state ever produced. Travellers may well pay homage to his memory, as, amongst other obligations, Spain is indebted to him for her best roads and most commodious public conveyances. The willows in the garden are pretty, and it abounds in seats.

It happened, fortunately for us, to be Good Friday; and the Murcians excelling all other Spaniards in their fondness for processions, we had an opportunity of seeing the best which is exhibited in the year. At ten o'clock all Murcia was in the streets; crowds of well-dressed, pretty women, many of them tall and stout, and the mantilla, so becoming to all, giving additional charms to those even who did not require its assistance; and still greater numbers of gentlemen—an indifferent, heavy-looking set—all wrapped up in their mantles this hot day, as if it had been

the depth of winter. The people, however, interested me most: the women wore gay handkerchiefs, and gowns of every variety of colour, reaching to very little below their knees; and the men were wrapped up in their blankets of many colours, chiefly red and yellow, with a deep gay fringe of tassels. Their white kilts were somewhat similar, but not so full, as those worn by the Albanians, and their cotton leggings, rude sandals, and often gay handkerchiefs on their heads, were very striking. Dressed in these costumes, and with features frequently as swarthy as an Egyptian's, one can conceive nothing in Europe more like the Moors, and the palm-trees and latticed windows increased the delusion.

The groups they formed were highly picturesque, and not less so were the crowds of beggars with garments scarely hanging together. For miles round the people have flocked into Murcia to see the great annual function, and truly, for a sight-loving people, it must have been a glorious treat. The procession was headed by a company of soldiers marching in order, and then a number of children dressed in lilac robes, with high pointed caps on their heads, as long as themselves, and jingling bells; these they called Nazarenes, and certainly some who could hardly walk, were Nazarenes "in whom there could be no guile." Others of a larger growth followed, with rich

lace ruffles and cuffs, then a band of music (though not the best in the world), playing a solemn march. Then came a great number of men in long lilac robes, which covered their faces, except their eyes, and reaching to their naked feet, were bound at their waists with thick ropes; these were penitents of all ranks, doomed to this penance during the past year, and certainly not a light one, for each man bore a heavy cross, and glad they seemed to rest it on the ground when the procession stopped. Then came trumpeters; afterwards, a beautiful representation of the Last Supper, figures large as life, and really well executed, carried by two dozen men on a splendidly gilt litter, decorated most beautifully with a profusion of artificial flowers and gilt ears of corn. This was followed by more penitents, bearing crosses, and another band of music. Then came a representation of the scene in the garden, the three Apostles, and the Angel succouring Christ, who was splendidly dressed; this litter was also gorgeously decorated with gilding, flowers, and a real palm-tree with its fruit. Then followed more than two score of penitents, bearing crosses as before, and after them a band of music, and a litter with a group representing the taking of Jesus. Judas kissing Christ, and Peter cutting off the ear of the High Priest's servant with his sword. This was carried, like all the others, by a score of men, and was splendidly

adorned with flowers, and in the centre a real olive-tree. Then again came a quantity of penitents, and afterwards a representation of the flagellation, two men scourging our Saviour, and this litter was equally tastefully decorated with flowers. A body of penitents followed, and a band of music, and then a representation of Christ bearing his Cross, cleverly executed. Then an immense number of penitents, and a beautiful image of the Veronica, bearing in her hands a rich veil, on which the head of our Saviour was represented. The platform on which she was carried was most tastefully adorned with flowers, and gilt ears of corn. Then followed a great number of soldiers in armour, with spears, and they went through evolutions, as of spearing, in time to a band, which accompanied them. Afterwards appeared the Crucifixion, nailing Christ to a Cross which lay on the litter, and this was also equally gorgeously and tastefully decorated with flowers, and gold and silver lamps. Then there was a procession of priests, and a few gentlemen, followed by above one hundred penitents, two abreast, as before; and an exquisite image of the Virgin, with her litter most tastefully adorned with flowers and lamps. When this representation appeared, all bowed, and many flung themselves on their knees, and every hat was doffed.

Being engaged in observing minutely the figure of the Virgin, I did not for two or three minutes

conform to this custom; but the murmurs of the bigoted crowd, and the dangerously savage looks of some of the penitents, who from the similarity of their dresses, covered faces, and great numbers, might without any fear of detection have inflicted summary punishment on me, very soon brought me to order, and made me more mindful for the future, of the greater homage that is paid in Spain to the image of the Madonna, than to the representations of our Saviour. A crowd of penitents, and another company of soldiers marching in order, closed a procession which certainly excelled anything I ever saw in Rome, though I have frequently seen the functions of the Holy Week, and also the funerals of two Popes. The figures were all, as I have said, as large as life, very well executed and painted, and the decorations of flowers really exquisite. The litters reminded me rather of the splendid religious procession on the walls of Medeenet Abou, at Thebes, and the general effect of the procession, of the admiring crowd, and of the solemn music, was very imposing, especially when on the appearance of the Virgin every head or knee was bent.

But what a subject to make a show of! I must say, the expressions: "How pretty!" "How beautiful!" which I heard around me, grated harshly on my ear. How dreadful to think, that in a city of only thirty-five thousand inhabitants, fifteen hundred

men (such I am informed was the number), many of them of respectable station, should be found to submit to the penance of carrying a heavy cross for several hours, walking on their bare feet over rough pavements. In the evening there was another procession by torchlight, which may be said to be a continuation of the other. First came a number of persons, many of them gentlemen, walking two abreast, bearing torches, accompanied by a number of ragged urchins, picking up the wax falling from their lights on the pavement. As this wax is considered to have marvellous properties, and sells often at a very high price, it is a little fortune to them. After these a representation of our Saviour lying in the Tomb, which was gorgeously gilt and decorated, and accompanied with muffled drums. Then followed a representation of Mary. Afterwards another, of Mary returning from the tomb, still more beautiful; the litters were splendidly decorated with flowers and gilding, and illuminated with beautiful lamps. Then came three priests gorgeously dressed, and gentlemen carrying lights. Afterwards the Captain-General, the governor of the province a fine military-looking man, attended by a brilliant staff. A good band followed, and a regiment of foot soldiers. Afterwards a regiment of cavalry, with their commander at their head.

The effect of this procession was finer than the other, being by torchlight. I saw it from a balcony

in the long straight street of the Plateria, which was crowded to excess; and as every window in a house has its balcony, and they were all filled, the effect was very imposing. I walked in the street and observed many pretty faces on the balconies of the first floors, which were reserved for ladies only. A French silversmith and watchmaker, whose house we were in, and who had every window full of his best customers, said it was not etiquette to go where the ladies were, and talk to them, but as a stranger, I might go, under pretence of seeing Mrs. H——. I availed myself of the permission, and found several pretty and lively women, who so far from being offended at my presence, overwhelmed me with their civilities and questions about England.

The Murcians have the reputation of being a stupid race, and apparently they deserve this character. The Frenchman said, "I am but a watchmaker, but at the casino, on every point of history or common topic of information, I find myself an oracle compared to the Murcian nobles and gentlemen." They live in wretchedly furnished houses, and on a very poor, starving diet; but then they dress well and appear gay on the promenades, and that is their idea of happiness.

Our companions, MM. L—— and B——, ascertained that their grand display of silks and satins and rich lace mantillas was merely outside show, and that most of the ladies debarred themselves of even

the comfort of wearing chemises; and being curious on the subject, they examined the bundles of clothes washing in the streams, and declared such luxuries were never to be seen, reminding me of the ladies described by Goldsmith in one of his letters, who would have a train, though they wanted a petticoat.

The men are jealous, and the women, they say, of easy virtue, and so inflammable, the custom of avoiding propinquity on balconies or elsewhere is very requisite; but the knife is not used now as it used to be five or six years ago.

Much art cannot be expected in a province which has scarcely produced a single good artist or man of talent of any kind, except Orrente, who was born at Montealegre, so near the kingdom of Valencia, that he may almost be considered a Valencian artist. There is, however, here a very excellent gallery, belonging to Don José Maria Estor; and, what is surprising in Spain, with a printed catalogue.*

We left Murcia at five o'clock in the morning, and passing through the rich plain, were soon in a desert; and at eight arrived at Lebrilla, and in an hour afterwards we passed the village of Alhama to our right, picturesquely situated on a rocky hill, and the Sierra rising behind, almost perpendicular, like a mighty wall. At eleven o'clock we arrived

* An account of the principal paintings in this gallery will be found in Appendix B.

at Totana, and at three at Lorca, a large straggling town, of twenty-two thousand inhabitants, with some good houses and a cathedral, Italian in its style, and containing only one painting of any merit, a St. Joseph and Child, which appears to be of the school of Ribalta. The Moorish castle on the hill is picturesque at a distance, and the view from it is very fine of the rich huerta, surrounded with what is now a desert, but what would be the richest plain in the world if they had but water. For seventeen months before last week, they had no rain, and now the bed of the river Sangonera is quite dry.

The mountains are extremely picturesque, especially those towards the bleak Sierra, which are wildly broken; and being volcanic, the colouring is beautiful, rich browns and reds forming striking contrasts to the generally light sandy tint of the distant range. The town is very dismal-looking; the tiles of the roofs are of light brown, and the houses are almost of as dingy a colour. There does not appear one straight street, all of them twisting and turning in every direction; nor do there seem to be any palm, orange, or other trees mingled with them. From the castle, no town can appear more wretched, and yet the view on the whole is grand from its very wildness, and the road to the castle, through a mass of prickly pears, is characteristic. It was in this neighbourhood, Condé says, the Cid beat Mo-

hammed, the King of Seville, who was obliged to take refuge within the walls of Lorca.

The peasants here wear brown-coloured blankets for mantas, and both handkerchiefs and caps on their heads, as the Orientals heap one tarboosh on another to protect them from the sun. The diligence we came in from Murcia was, in appearance, nothing but a covered cart or galera, without springs, but we came along at a good pace, more than six miles an hour. To-morrow we shall be obliged to take a galera to Granada (having it, however, all to ourselves); not a horse, or carriage, or mule or saddle to be hired here. Our Posada St. Vicente afforded us clean beds, but we had such a wretched dinner, we could hardly touch anything they served us. The people were gipsies, and I was imprudently taking out my purse as the landlady was leaving the room. I observed she lingered to see the contents in a very suspicious manner. In consequence of the extreme misery in the country, which the long series of dry weather has necessarily created, the streets are full of beggars; and travellers with luggage, and an appearance of any wealth, in this rarely visited route are a novelty, and certainly a strong temptation. The houses have all the lower windows covered with iron railings, a modification of the Oriental lattices, but sufficiently impassable to satisfy Spanish or even Moorish jealousy.

There is generally a barber attached to all the large

posadas in Spain, or at all events there always appears to be one about when travellers arrive, and having frequently been asked whether I required their assistance, I availed myself of the offer here, and certainly it was extraordinary how well he did his work, with very rude instruments. He was as loquacious as Figaro, and would have it that no country in the world was so productive as Lorca, the crops of wheat returning a hundred-fold; but he did not speak so well of the inhabitants.

We left Lorca at four o'clock, in a vehicle which was nothing better than a covered cart; but as the road was tolerable, we found, from the machine being heavier, that it was much easier than the tartana.

As we were starting, we were pleased with some beautiful chanting, from a Rosario, or procession of labourers, who were paying this simple homage to the Virgin Mary. The solemn air in the stillness of the morning was very impressive, and we could not but feel some admiration for a custom, which rouses them from their beds so early, and is so good a preparation for the worldly business of the day.

Our route after leaving the cultivated ground was over a perfect desert, with a chain of mountains bordering each side of the plain; and close to them, on the right, I observed a Moorish castle. In three hours we arrived at Puerta de Lombreros, where we breakfasted at a miserable venta, on a fowl and our

excellent ham, which we had fortunately in our basket, for in the venta, as the hostess said, "there was nothing." Being a *fête* day at Lorca, we met a number of peasants all gaily dressed. One of them was a remarkably fine man, and many of them were very handsome.

The peasants of Murcia are physically very superior to the higher classes, even making every allowance for their more picturesque costume, but such a dress would make any people look well; and then they are such civil, good-humoured, obliging fellows, one cannot but like them. After leaving the Puerta, we entered into the wide dry bed of a river, along which our road lay the remainder of the day. In winter, if it were to rain hard, there could be no road to Granada. Nothing could be more dreary than this winding path, though sometimes the rocks on each side were picturesque, but generally dismally monotonous. The hills, which rise on each side of the river to the height of two or three hundred feet, were in many places terraced and cultivated; but the dreadful drought had prevented the crop from rising, except in a few places, where a greenish tint showed that the corn had taken root, but was not likely to reach maturity. How different from the rich fields of Murcia and Lorca, where the grain was already in ear. Few habitations were to be seen, and frequently we travelled miles without seeing a house or any vegetation, except occasionally

a few pale olives, and now and then an almond-tree. The parched ground prepared for the crops, was of the same grey colour as the bed of the river; nature truly in mourning, and the people destitute. The only travellers we met were peasants with asses laden with corn for the starving cities of Murcia, and picturesque these little caravans were, with their gay costumes and sometimes guitars. On the hills we occasionally saw a few shepherds, as wild as their goats.

Here we bade adieu to Murcia, and entered the renowned kingdom of Granada, undoubtedly the most interesting in all Spain for the beautiful scenery and the splendid remains; but it is necessary to take an interest in the war of Granada and the gallant Moors, to appreciate fully this part of our tour, where city after city reminds us of their glorious deeds and sad misfortunes.

As we approached Velez el Rubio, the bed of the river became much narrower, and an hour before arriving, our route lay through a narrow gorge, scarcely allowing space for the cart to pass, dreadfully rough, and even at times rather dangerous. The first view of Velez is fine, with its church with a dome and two towers, and picturesque ranges of mountains bounding the plain. This is an old Moorish town; but after the taking of Malaga, frightened with the horrors of that siege, the inhabitants opened their gates to Ferdinand, who treated

them better than Sebastiani did in 1810, though no defence was then made. The town itself is not large (only twelve thousand inhabitants), and seems to contain nothing remarkable. We wandered out to sketch, which we could scarcely accomplish, from the crowd which collected around us. Mrs. H—— was fairly mobbed; they got before her, and so prevented her drawing, that she was obliged to give up, and came to me with a score of boys and girls and grown-up peasants at her heels. A bonnet had not been seen for ages in the place, and drawing was apparently as great a mystery to them, for she found me with an equal number of peasants of all ages; but I had entered into conversation, and put them in good humour by praising their city, and they squatted down on the ground, rising occasionally to see how I was getting on, and amusing me with their criticisms on my performance, and their ambition to figure in the foreground.

The news of our arrival spread through the city, and a deputation waited on me, and with great gravity presented a letter for some Englishman, which had been many months at the post-office, and they concluded that of course it must be for me. We had two or three creepers in our beds, for the first time in Spain.

We left Velez el Rubio at half-past five o'clock, and were very soon in a dry bed of a river again, and in four hours halted at the miserable village

of Chiroval, where, in a still more miserable venta, we breakfasted on the provisions of our basket—cold fowl and ham, and a cup of tea. Water, hot and cold, can be procured at the ventas, but never milk. After leaving Chiroval, the road is wild, dreary and uninteresting, though the hills on each side of the plain were sometimes picturesque in their form. The road is tolerable through this wide valley, which gradually becomes more cultivated, and the mountain range, on our right, rather fine. There has been rain here, and the crops are springing up, and the land is rather rich near the village of Costadar, which we passed on our left. Soon after leaving that place, we had a fine view of the Sierra of Baza, a grand mountain chain, the summits almost covered with snow. At six o'clock we arrived at Cullar de Baza, a most extraordinary village, of between five and six thousand inhabitants, situated in a ravine, which twists in different directions among rocks, in which are excavated half the habitations of the place. I observed occasionally three stories of them, one above another, each story receding to admit of conical chimneys being made for every dwelling. Little paths lead up and down these rocks in every direction, and the views were not only curious but picturesque, from the mixture of rude cottages and these singular caves, most of them with their wooden doors, and some with porticos, and wild-looking peasants reposing beneath

them. Above the town is a long hill, richly cultivated, and on it a ruin, with a dome and tower, the work of the Moors; and beyond, a fine range of mountains, partly covered with snow. These caves in the rocks reminded me of the Western Mountain at Thebes, where numbers of the peasants live in similar excavations, formerly Egyptian tombs.

As we approached the town, we saw some peasants, admirably made, trying which could hurl the farthest heavy balls of lead; one crossed our path, and it was fortunate it passed under our mule's legs without breaking them.

To-day we change our cart, or small galera, for a regular full-sized galera. I must add, that it has been more tolerable than I expected, though the pace never exceeded three miles an hour. In the plaza where our posada is situate, I observed a number of noble-looking peasants; but the gay costumes of the Murcians and Valencians are now changed for more sober colours. Our inn was good, but we had a few fleas on the floor. They gave us chops and fried potatoes for dinner.

Early this morning we saw a crowd of peasants coming out of the little church, dressed in black and white and yellow-striped blankets; some of them were very fine-looking men. There were also a great many women, chiefly with red shawls on their heads, and gowns of every gay colour. As

the rain came down in torrents, we did not start till six o'clock. The first part of the road was very steep, and extremely difficult for the mules, on account of the mud, and loud were the vociferations of the mayoral and the zagal, shouting the names of the mules—"Commisario," (the name of the first); "Generale," (the second); "Valorosa," (the third); "Valeroso," (the fourth); "Geroua," (the fifth); and "Plateria," (the sixth); and when their names were called with a loud voice, dwelling, as they always did, with prolonged emphasis on the last syllable, without even the blow from a stick or a stone, which frequently followed, they always accelerated their pace in answer to the call. When we had the small galera, the six were fastened to it in a line, one after the other; now we have changed that conveyance for a regular galera, they are harnessed two abreast.

After ascending the hill, we entered on a wild, uncultivated plain; and I left the galera, and walked for ten miles through this dreary wilderness, without any other vegetation but clumps of rushes, to Baza. The distant view of this old Moorish city is very beautiful, situated on the slope of a hill, glittering in the sun, and surrounded with trees, their dark tints forming a striking contrast to the scarred rocky base of the hill behind; and beyond, to the left, rises the lofty Sierra, half-covered with snow. The siege of Baza, in 1489, was the last and most

important conquest Ferdinand and Isabella made before taking Granada. It lasted six months and twenty days. Twenty thousand died before the walls, from diseases and other causes, and from the valiant defence that was made by Al Infante Cidi Yahye, with ten thousand excellent soldiers from Almeria, besides the garrison of Baza, equally numerous. The energy of Isabella, and her extraordinary skill in procuring the means to furnish supplies of provisions and men, pawning her crown and jewels for that purpose, revived the drooping spirits of the Christians; and ultimately her presence in the camp encouraged, as usual, her soldiers.

When the provisions failed, the wretched inhabitants gave way to despair; the women especially exhibited their grief in the mosques and the streets of the city. It appeared to these unfortunates that with their loss of liberty they would lose also their present happiness, and all hopes for the future; but their grief was changed into joy, when the Christians admitted them to the rank of subjects of the King of Castile, and secured to them their liberty, property, and the exercise of their religion. When Baza fell, even the staunch old King, El Zagal, saw that the reign of the Moors was at an end.

A portion of a wall and tower are the only remains of that brave people, but these consist of tapia-work, of the most solid description; so much

so, that one piece, of about ten or twelve feet long and about seven feet thick, hangs over the ground like an arch, but only supported at one end. The town is large, and contains eleven thousand inhabitants, including the neighbouring hills, and has a tolerable posada, kept by a Frenchman. As we were leaving it, we had a splendid view of the picturesque old place, surrounded by its immense plain, cultivated near the town, and the rest either a desert from want of cultivation or rocky. Beyond the plain, there are fine limestone mountains; and being a cloudy day, the shadows were splendid.

In the pretty Alameda of Baza are four old cannons, now used as posts for lamps. They are simple pieces of iron, with hoops of the same metal around them; more rudely constructed things cannot be conceived, and I am inclined to doubt whether they are not much more ancient than the time of Ferdinand and Isabella. In the year 1324, at the siege of this city by Ismael, the King of Granada, the Moors made use of machines, which threw out red globes and made reports like thunder, causing great damage to the walls.* These machines were evidently cannon, which the Moors certainly used at the siege of Algeciras, twenty years later.

From Baza to Venta de Baul, three leagues, our

* Condé, vol. III, p. 173.

route lay over wild plains, rarely at all cultivated; and it was very late and dark when we arrived at the miserable venta, in as miserable a hamlet.

There are three classes of inns in Spain, the fonda, the posada, and the venta; without mentioning the paradors, which are like posadas, but less frequently met with, and the case de pupilos, which are only cheap boarding-houses. A fonda is the hotel of Spain, and seldom found except in capitals and large towns; and there good rooms, excellent beds, and such dinners as have always something eatable, even for the most fastidious, may reasonably be expected at the moderate price of about five shillings a day for board and lodging. Bachelors who have not the best rooms even less.

The posada is the genuine Spanish inn, and in out of the way places, where no diligences are expected, it is always a toss-up how it may turn out—heads, there is nothing in the larder, tails, there is; but with patience and perseverance, and a little soft-sawder, the landlord or landlady, who at least know where such things are to be got, will procure something for your dinner, or before morning to fill up the void the evening meal has created in the basket. The walls of the posada are always clean, as if just whitewashed. The linen of the frequently rude but good beds is beautifully white, and the pillows often edged with broad lace. The floors show no signs of dirt, and are generally

covered with pretty matting. A few fleas in the season may skip about, but are seldom found in the beds; and the more disgusting animals are certainly, at this season at least, uncommon. I must confess myself agreeably surprised with the Spanish posada, being much neater looking and much cleaner in reality than I expected.

The venta is the solitary road-side inn of the lowest description; nothing should be expected to be found in them but good bread, and often delicious water, cooled in jugs of argilaceous porous earth, like the Egyptian goollahs. The ventas have often a fair outside, but such as they were in the days of Gil Blas and Don Quixote, such are they now. Let those who wish to learn Spanish idioms, and study Spanish wit and manners, rejoice when chance throws them into a venta for an hour or two, but not for a night.

At first we were told that there was not a room disengaged in the venta, and we had the dismal prospect of sleeping in our galera, which is anything but weather-tight, and the night is bitter cold; but with a little persuasion, we got a small room with a comfortable fire for ourselves, and the landlady gave up her chamber to the French gentlemen.

There is often as much difficulty in arranging parties in the Spanish ventas and posadas as in the time of Don Quixote; and ladies are now not unfrequently obliged to pack together as they did then.

The landlady herself, with her moustachoes and dirty dress was but a poor guarantee for the assertion that the beds were clean, which, however, they proved to be, and we had a good supper of stewed fowls and fried potatoes, thanks to Monsieur L—— keeping strict guard of the pot, that garlic and other forbidden things were not put in.

Such a scene presented itself when we entered this venta, as Teniers only could depict. Above a score of the most picturesque rascals this world ever produced, were seated, in every variety of attitude, around an enormous fire, in the centre of the floor. There were costumes of Andalusia and Valencia, rich and poor, merchants and beggars; nor was beauty wanting, for in one corner sat as fair and pretty a blue-eyed girl as I have seen in Spain, and her presence seemed to sharpen the wits of the younger men. Half-a-dozen of the *guardia civile,* noble-looking fellows, were smoking their cigars, and enjoying the fire, like the rest. An old woman was taking an immense pan of stewed meat and soup off the fire, and placing it before three fine-looking men, who had just arrived, and were seated on low stools, round a little table, almost Oriental in its form. They helped themselves with spoons, and slowly and deliberately dipped and redipped into the pan, one after another, until their appetites were satisfied, when the old woman put it on the fire again for the next arrival. Others were

drinking, and all enjoying the fire, and certainly it was a glorious one.

At the other end of the barn was hung on the walls some of the harness of the mules, which by the strong light of the fire beaming through a very wide doorway, could be distinguished in the most comfortable portion of the building, partitioned off for the stable; and the jingling of their bells and the strumming of the guitar of a gay Andalusian, glittering with silver buttons, formed the music of the venta. There is no lack of fun in these Spanish caravanseras, tune follows tune, ballad after ballad, and jokes and wit abound, frequently until long after midnight, and sometimes a dance winds up the evening's amusements. It is then the gravest of Spaniards lay aside their gravity, and enjoy themselves.

> "Entering an inn, he took his humble seat
> With other travellers, round the crackling hearth,
> Where heath and cestus give their fragrant flame;
> That flame no longer, as in other times,
> Lit up the countenance of easy mirth
> And light discourse."—DON RODERICK, vol. I, p. 62.

We left the Venta de Baul at six, and soon after starting passed some wild rocks, and then came in sight of the Sierra Nevada, but the height of the mountains in the foreground prevented our seeing more than its snow-clad summits. We then crossed a plain covered with shrubs and stunted trees with

a picturesque range of hills in the distance, and arrived at the Venta de Gor, a miserable-looking place, where we commenced a terrible ascent for a galera. The road in some parts was so muddy as well as steep, that they were obliged to take the mules out of a galera which accompanied us, and the united teams could with difficulty drag up our cart. The mules were then sent down again for the other, causing a great delay. The view from the summit is fine, towards the village of Gor situated beneath, and a picturesque range of hills. We then descended over a wild, extensive tract, covered with low aromatic shrubs, and surrounded with mountains.

Soon we came in sight of the whole range of the magnificent Sierra Nevada, covered apparently, for one-third of the distance from the summit to the base, with snow, and forming a semicircular boundary to the view. As we approached Guadix, the scarred plain had all the appearance of immense natural fortifications, and soon we entered into a narrow gorge, through a line of these singular alluvial deposits, and immediately afterwards had a splendid view of the town of Guadix. A line of shrubs partly screened a natural wall more deeply scarred, but in the distance apparently quite flat on the summit, on which is situated Guadix, with its churches, towers, spires and houses, mingled with a variety of foliage; and behind the town is another deep-scarred natural wall, with what appeared to be

a level plain at the top of it; but on approaching we found it was broken into conical and various forms, more lofty than we at first conceived. These extraordinary alluvial deposits protect the city from the cold winds of the magnificent Sierra, which rises proudly behind.

This famous city of the Moors made no resistance to Ferdinand and Isabella, to the surprise of the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns and villages, who were astonished to see so strong a place surrendered without a blow. Cidi Yahye, who had so gallantly defended Baza, and who had been loaded with presents and favours by the crafty Ferdinand, induced his uncle, the old King El Zagal, to make terms with the Christians; and for a few small villages, and half the salt-mines of Malcha, a small and vile price, as Condé says, for the sale of a kingdom, El Zagal surrendered the district which acknowledged him as King, and his pretensions to the throne of Granada. The important cities of Guadix and Almeria, which Condé calls the most precious jewels in the crown of Granada, were surrendered on the same terms as Baza.

The year following, when Granada displayed symptoms of a vigour which might have saved the kingdom at an earlier epoch, Guadix was inclined to rebel; but Ferdinand appeared before the walls, and the inhabitants having the choice offered them of exile, carrying with them their personal effects, or

submission to a judicial investigation, they preferred taking refuge in Granada, or retiring to Africa. The inhabitants of Baza and Almeria, who were also implicated in this conspiracy, abandoned at the same time their cities to the Christians; and, as was probably foreseen by the politic Ferdinand, this influx of population into Granada hastened the conquest of a capital cut off from all supplies.*

There are few remains of the Moors, except the walls of tapia-work, which, with the ancient towers, still protect the city. We had a difficulty in fording the river. I mounted the tower of the cathedral to enjoy a view of the glorious Sierra Nevada, the loftiest points nearly thirteen thousand feet high, and of the singular hillocks, in which are many habitations of the poor inhabitants.

The exterior of the cathedral is a confused mass, but the interior is in better taste. The choir is very beautiful, and is ornamented with some admirable carved figures and decorations. The west end of the choir is neat, and the two pulpits of white marble curiously carved.

We proceeded a league further to Purullena, our road passing through singular gullies caused by retiring floods. The first view of this village is very striking, many of the habitations being excavated in masses of clay, and the whole plain covered with these singular formations, which

* Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, v. i. Condé, v. iii, c. 40.

may well be compared to a sea in a storm, one mighty wave succeeding another. The Sierra Nevada, with its enormous peaks, forms the grand feature of the landscape, and is always magnificent, from the colouring, though the outline is not very fine. Some peasants were playing, with cimbals and triangles, wild tunes, very like what I have heard in Greece and in the East.

We entered one of the caves this evening, and it is by no means true that they are occupied by the poorest inhabitants. The one we saw evidently belonged to a person of some wealth. It had its stone front or portico, and the first room was surrounded with shelves, covered with jugs and earthenware of a curious description—some of the pieces very handsome. An arched doorway led into a large chamber, with a roof cut in the shape of an arch, and covered with nails, on which they hang the grapes. This was a store-room for wine and olives. An arched doorway, opposite the entrance of the cave, led into another very large chamber, used also as a store-room, the walls of which were ornamented with prints, and the floors covered with a very abundant provision of rice and flour. A larger arched doorway leads from the first room into a chamber, with an immense conical chimney at the end, exactly under which was the fire; so that when the pot was boiling, a man with a long stick and a hook at the end might from the top help

himself, or any mischievous urchin season it in a way they would not like. A picturesque group of women and children were warming themselves at an excellent fire. Two arched doorways lead from this chamber into the sleeping rooms.

License is required from the police for making a cave, but those who obtain permission are fortunate, for they are far more comfortable than the other houses, being always cool in summer, and warm in winter. This cave was also cleaner than some of the cottages I peeped into, which were not only dirty, but full of smoke.

Our beds in the posada were clean, though only mattresses on the floor.

We started in the morning before five o'clock, as it was doubtful whether our heavy conveyance could reach Granada before the custom-house closed. The first part of our road was by the rushy bank of a river. We then ascended a hill, which, from its steepness, and the depth of mud caused by the recent rains, was really terrible for the poor mules dragging our overloaded conveyance. We had a fine view of an extraordinary gorge, formed by the alluvial caprices I have before mentioned. Some parts seemed like habitations, but the caves were shallow, and only a few inhabited; other strata were as perpendicular as if hewn; but various and strange were the forms, often picturesque, the clay was moulded into.

When we reached the summit, our road lay over an extensive plain, the greater part of which seemed to be cultivated; and on our left it was bounded by the magnificent Sierra Nevada. About eight o'clock we passed through the village of Gayena, wildly situated amongst some rocks. We met there some scores of donkeys carrying grain to the less favoured districts. We have often, on this route, met similar caravans; and indeed grain seems to be the chief source of traffic. Some of the drivers were good-looking fellows, dressed in brown jackets and breeches, with conical hats and red *ceintures,* and many of them had guitars to cheer them on their journey. The tune they played was monotonous, and almost always the same, though sometimes more cheerful than the sad ditties the muleteers, mayorals, and zagals sing in praise of their mistresses, the places of their birth, and the different cities on the road; and the weather, hot and cold, was a favourite theme; reminding me of the songs of the Arab sailors and camel-drivers, always in the minor keys.

We afterwards passed through rocky scenery, valley after valley, generally wild, and often picturesque. After passing through the village of Al Falhu, we came in sight of the Vega of Granada; but the first sight was rather disappointing, I had heard and read so much of Granada, and then I compared it with San Felipe and Guadix, we had lately seen; but after passing the hamlet of Grili,

and coming suddenly in sight of the city, such treasonable thoughts vanished; and Granada, it must be confessed, is unrivalled in beauty. The plain is wonderfully rich, the darker tints of the oranges contrasting beautifully with the vivid colouring of the rising crops. All the trees are now bursting into foliage, and the bright light green of the mulberries, almonds, apricots, and other fruit-trees, were strikingly beautiful, contrasted with the sombre, cold tints of the olives. Some palm-trees were mingled with the other foliage, and I observed fields of the prickly pear.

The city of Granada has but few campaniles, only a few plain towers and a few domes being visible from this point; but still it looked well. The cathedral is imposing, and so many trees were mingled with the houses, the effect is picturesque. The red Alhambra lay on our left, a few plain towers and the *façade* alone visible, giving little promise of the magnificence within. The Sierra Nevada is the grand feature of the landscape, and it was curious, when we entered the town, to see its snow-clad summits rising above the white houses, and this under a burning sun. We passed some of the Moorish walls of tapia-work, and then entered the city through a pretty promenade; and after some custom-house delays, were comfortably settled in the Posada della Minerva.

The road to-day was horribly bad, and we suffered

a great deal from the pitching of our machine. Whoever wishes to know what roughing is in Spain, should travel on a road like this in a galera; but still it was bearable, and the inns are not such as should deter any one from taking this route, rather than go by sea, where nothing is to be seen. There is no danger of brigands, though we passed on our road many crosses erected in memory of persons killed, premeditately or in anger. To-day we saw one with an inscription, stating that Don Cristobal del Pin, aged sixty-six, had been murdered there in 1838, by four brigands, and requesting the prayers of all who should read the inscription.

With great grief I have to relate that the fatigue of this journey proved fatal to one of our party, poor M. B——. He had looked very ill for two days before arriving at Granada, and to escape the motion of the galera walked many miles every day, but as soon as he got into the machine, he invariably fell asleep, and when a stronger pitch than usual of the uneasy carriage awoke him, he slept again immediately. Such extraordinary somnolency evidently arose from extreme biliousness, yet his diet was most improper for a bilious person. He lived almost entirely on greasy omelets of eggs, and soups made perhaps of the best materials they could get, but such miserable detestable stuff, I never could touch it. A Spaniard must have his cigar, an Oriental his pipe, and a Frenchman his soup, though

he never could swallow it without making grimaces. I advised him to avoid such unwholesome food, and we often differed about our diet. I insisted on having fowls, the only things Mrs. H—— could eat, whenever I could get them, for our mid-day and evening meals; for tough as they were, with the addition of our good ham, we made a tolerable and at least a wholesome repast; but M. B——, and even M. L——, preferred the *soupe maigres* wretched as they were, and greasy omelets, to fowls, which certainly scarcely deserved the name, compared to the celebrated *volailles de Toulouse*, their native town.

At Granada they went to a Swiss house, particularly recommended to them, where they expected to find a kitchen more congenial to their tastes. I saw them the following day in the Alhambra, and thought M. B—— looking very ill, but did not apprehend anything serious. For several days afterwards we saw nothing of them, and though we were surprised we had not met them, or that they had not called, there is so much to occupy strangers in Granada, we only thought that they were as busy as we were ourselves. When one day M. L—— called in deep mourning and in great distress—his friend was dead. He had been seized with cholic the day after his arrival (from eating too much lettuce, said his Spanish doctor), which ended in fainting-fits, bilious fever, and death. As may be conceived, we were dreadfully shocked at this sudden demise

of a gentleman of great talent, not much older than myself, and apparently a stronger man.

I attributed his sinking under this attack to the bilious state he was in, to the fatigue of the journey, and still more to his unwholesome diet. Poor fellow! whenever our galera gave a lurch which would have shattered to pieces a lighter vehicle, he always exclaimed: "Ah! ce voyage à Grenade nous coûte fort cher," and well he might have said

"Que diable allais-je faire dans cette galère."

Mrs. H—— suffered much less from the fatigue of the tartana and galera than from riding, but all bilious persons should hire mules from San Felipe to Granada, and not trust to galeras, called diligences, or to finding mules at Lorca. M. B—— made his will, and delivered it sealed to M. L——, with directions for it not to be opened until his arrival in Toulouse; but at the same time told him that having only distant relations, he had left his fortune, which was considerable, to himself, being the oldest and most intimate friend he had in the world. M. L——, with a high feeling which did him great honour, and which I trust he will excuse my recording, resolutely declined the bequest, and another will was made to the exclusive benefit of a cousin, an ex-member of the late Provisional Government of France, M. L—— only accepting a small legacy.

CHAPTER X.

GRANADA — MOORISH KINGS—WARS—FERDINAND AND ISABELLA—CONQUEST—MISFORTUNES OF THE MOORS.

THE Moorish territory of Granada, says Mr. Prescott, contained within a circuit of about one hundred and eighty leagues, all the physical resources of a great empire. Its broad valleys were intersected by mountains, rich in mineral wealth, whose hardy population supplied the State with husbandmen and soldiers. Its pastures were fed by abundant fountains, and its coasts studded with commodious ports, the principal marts in the Mediterranean. In the midst, and crowning the whole as with a diadem, rose the beautiful city of Granada.* The Karnattah-al-Yahood, the Granada of the Jews, a strong fortress given to that nation, the friends and allies of the Moors, by one of

* Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. i.

Tarik's generals, was probably situated at the time of the conquest of Spain, on the site of the Alhambra, as it is not likely it would have been erected where the city of Granada stands, when so eligible a site for a strong castle was close at hand, and the old walls still existing, may be part of the ancient fortress.

For centuries Granada seems to have been a place of little importance, until early in the eleventh century, when Hábus Ibn Mákesen finding Elvira, the ancient Illiberis, too weak a place to maintain his independence of the Caliphs of Cordova, removed his Court to Karnattah, and erected fortifications of such extraordinary strength, as might well induce the Moors to fly there for refuge from the wars which raged in the adjoining kingdoms. Granada increased rapidly in population and wealth. The wars of the Almoravides and the Almohades, so destructive to the Moorish nation, must have benefitted a city, where within walls flanked by above a thousand towers, security and peace might be expected to be enjoyed; but the spirit of discord spread even to the Vega, and sometimes Granada was ruled by one chief, and then soon conquered by another. It was, however, to the religious war which has been correctly described as one of the sternest of those iron conflicts which have been celebrated under the name of holy wars, that Granada was indebted for the extraordinary growth of her population and her prosperity.

The conquests of the Cid at the latter end of the eleventh century, and of Don Jaime in the thirteenth century, driving the Moors from the Huertas of Valencia, and Murcia, and the victories of St. Ferdinand in Andalusia, would fill the kingdom of Granada with a wealthy and skilful agricultural population. Many of the Moorish kings who reigned there, were justly celebrated: Aben-l-Ahmar, who laid the foundations of the famous palace of the Alhambra, superintending it himself, and frequently visiting the architects. was one of the wisest and most enlightened of the Moslem kings. He not only made Granada impregnable, but also adorned the capital with useful monuments, establishing hospitals for invalids and the poor, inns for travellers, schools and colleges, public fairs, baths, fountains, and vast bazaars, and took care that the markets were abundantly and cheaply supplied; and in the country he caused aqueducts and canals to be constructed for the irrigation of the land. The arts flourished, and the soil, naturally fertile, was covered with rich harvests; and he gave great attention to the gold mines and silk manufactures. His subjects called him Gulib Conqueror, but to reprove them, he adopted the motto of "Wa le gulib ile Allah"—There is no conqueror but God—so often inscribed on the Alhambra.*

Mohammed II., who succeeded him in 1272, fol-

* Condé, vol. III, p. 38.

lowed in the footsteps of his father, and not only encouraged the arts, continuing the building of the Alhambra, but was also indefatigable in extending the commerce, and encouraging the agriculture of the country, and his Court was an asylum where the learned were glad to find refuge in those troublesome times. Mohammed III., who succeeded him in 1302, continued the building of the Alhambra. After several reigns, revolutions, and murder of the usurpers,* Yusuf I., when his brother was assassinated, succeeded in 1333, to the throne of Granada, and the population of the city was then estimated at four hundred and twenty thousand, and his wealth so immense, the credulous ascribed it to the transmutation of metals. He built the gates of al Justicia, and el Vino, at the Alhambra, and built, or at least decorated, the beautiful Halls of the Ambassadors, and of the Two Sisters, the Court of the Fish-pond, and the Baths, the most exquisite portions of that wonderful palace. Condé says he finished the buildings, and ordered them to be painted, and adorned with beautiful works.

The prosperity of Granada was not entirely owing to the elaborate cultivation of the plains over which the rivers of the kingdom are distributed by countless channels. During the reign of Mohammed V. (A.D. 1376), they carried on a vast commerce at Almeria and Malaga, which were the *entrepôts* for the

* See Gayangos, Jones's Alhambra.

merchandise of the East, and the produce of Africa. Twenty different nations, Christians, Jews and Mussulmen, were seen there, who considered Granada as their common country; and merchants flocked to the capital from Syria, Egypt, Africa and Italy.* The same intestine divisions which overthrew the thrones and the dynasties of the Umeyyah, the Almoravides and Almohades, were doubtless the destruction of Granada. Usurper after usurper seized the throne;† the first was Nusr, mentioned in the inscriptions.

Early in the fifteenth century (1432), the kingdom was divided into two parties, that of Jusuf Aben-l-Ahmar, proclaimed King by John, King of Castile, and al Hayzari, the actual King of Granada; and then another party, that of Aben Ismail, sprung up, proving still more formidable. When after the death of Ismail, his son, Abu-l-Hasan, a prince distinguished for his courage and love of glory, told the Ambassadors of Ferdinand and Isabella, that the kings of Granada, who paid tribute no longer, existed, and that Granada made nothing but sabres and the heads of lances for her enemies,‡ war was inevitable, although the Catholic Sovereigns were for a while obliged to smother their resentment until they had made peace with Jean of Portugal. The last kingdom of the Moors had to

* Condé, III, 166. † See Gayangos, Jones's Alhambra.
‡ Condé, III, 210.

contend against a more powerful enemy than those who had subdued the kings of Cordova and Seville. It was not merely Castile, but all Spain united under the strong government of her wisest and most powerful Sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella; and yet at a period which required unanimity and devoted courage which might have enabled them, with their strong fortresses and cities, to have resisted all attacks, the inhabitants were divided into parties with opposite wishes and views, and thought of nothing but the triumph of the particular faction to which they belonged, without thinking of the general good, and their common defence against an enemy who threatened destruction to their country and their religion. The struggle for power between Abu Abdillah, sustained by the talent and treasures of his mother Ayeshah (jealous of Zoraya),* and his father, the old king Abu-l-Hasan, unwilling after his long reign to be stripped of his crown by his own son, was the first and principal cause of the ruin of Granada. Many of the most illustrious warriors perished in this unnatural conflict. This civil war would have been prolonged with increased acrimony, for all had the death of relations or friends to revenge, but for the interposition of a fanatic, who had previously pro-

* Formerly a Christian, Isabel de Solis, a daughter of the Governor of Martos. Having been taken prisoner by the Moors, she became the favourite wife of Hasan.

phesied the destruction of Granada, and now taking the best course to disprove his own words, persuaded the people to desist from this suicidal struggle, renounce both combatants, and elect El Zaghal (the valiant) for their king, undoubtedly the bravest and the most worthy of the Moorish princes. El Zaghal succeeded to his brother, Abu-l-Hasan, but Abdillah still held out, and condescended to receive assistance in this civil feud from Ferdinand, though it is said for every Christian soldier who entered his ranks, nine Moorish knights deserted his cause in disgust. The two rivals, afraid of each other, remained in Granada, while city after city were taken by the Christians. At last the people compelled them to sally forth, but it was too late, and both were equally unfortunate. The fall of Alhama, Ronda, Malaga, Baza, and the surrender of many strong places, such as Guadix and Almeria, without a struggle, paved the way for the attack on Granada. In 1491, Ferdinand encamped before the city with an army of forty thousand foot, and ten thousand horse; and when the city of Santa Fè was built for a camp, and it was evident the Christians were determined to subdue the city by famine, fear fell on every heart but El Musa's who left the city in disgust, finding his eloquent reproaches were ineffectual to rouse the King and his people from their fears. All had less to lose than their monarch, and yet he was willing to yield. After eight months'

siege, and a religious war of nearly as many centuries, the Cross was planted in the last Spanish home of the Moors.*

Honourable terms were granted by the Catholic Sovereigns, promising security to their persons, their property, their customs, and their religion, promises which, as Musa prophesied, were never kept. They were soon forbid the public exercise of their religion. Afterwards Ximenes, finding arguments and bribes ineffectual, proceeded without mercy to convert them by fire and sword, and many sought refuge in the mountains of the Alpujarras, where a revolution broke out, which required the presence of Ferdinand with a large army to subdue. The Moors were treated as rebels, and put to the sword, the women and children made slaves, and the towns pillaged. The revolt in the Sierra of Ronda was still more formidable, and Alonzo de Aquilar, commanding a large force, was defeated with great slaughter by the Moors; but terrified at their own success, they yielded to Ferdinand, and baptism or exile was their sentence, the King providing vessels for such as chose to leave the country, on the payment of ten dollars a head. Every Moor in the kingdom of Granada, externally at least, became a Christian, and an ordinance appeared in 1502, ordering all the Moors in Leon and Castile, to leave the country, or embrace Christianity,

* See Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella.

under pain of death and confiscation of property; and thus, after ten years' persecutions, the Moors became at least nominal Christians. Government after government persecuted the poor Moriscoes, who sometimes by means of large sums of money, purchased peace for a time, though bribes seemed but to act as incentives to further exactions. Eighty thousand ducats they paid to Charles V. Vexations and persecutions drove them again to revolt, and though Muley Abdillah for a long time set at defiance the power of Spain, Don John of Austria subdued him at last in 1570, more by artifice than by force, and the Moorish prisoners were scattered in the Asturias, Gallicia, and Castile. Numbers, however, remained in Murcia and Valencia; when, forty years afterwards, the bigot, Philip III., regardless of the remonstrances of the Christian nobles, reluctant to lose their best workmen, transported them to Africa, and those in the interior of the kingdom, said to be two hundred thousand in number, were driven beyond the Pyrenees to the ports of Languedoc, whence they bade adieu to Europe. It is said that, at different times, two millions of Moors left Spain, carrying with them their wealth, their industry, and their arts. It is impossible to withhold one's sympathy from this brave and gallant nation. For centuries, and especially for the last ten years, they fought with the most heroic courage; city after city taken, valley after valley laid

waste, privation after privation fearlessly encountered; and after suffering all the horrors of war, in defending one stronghold, not merely the perils of actual engagements, in which they delighted, but also famine, an evil hard to be borne by a people of their mercurial temperament, those brave men marched out with their arms to other cities, which they defended with the same high courage, the same prowess, dexterity and daring, and with the same unyielding resolution. They had Africa to retire to, and wealth to make life enjoyable; but the towers and fountains of their Alhambra were their pride and glory, the Vega their paradise, and they preferred death to exile from their beloved country; and nothing but this religious persecution would ever have driven them from Spain, the land of their birth.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ALHAMBRA—LA TORRE DE JUSTICIA—PALACE OF CHARLES V.—PATIO DE LA ALBERCA—THE COMARES GALLERY—THE MEZQUITA—HALL OF THE AMBASSADORS—THE BATHS.

After all we had read and heard of the Alhambra, we were of course impatient to visit this celebrated palace. A few minutes walk brought us to the Puerta de las Granadas, built by Charles V. Adjoining it is the palace of Gomarez, one of the great Moorish families, built of tapia-work. I observed in my way several houses of similar construction, and therefore evidently Moorish. This gate leads into a garden of young elms, now clad with their earliest and brightest foliage. Three avenues branch in different directions; taking the centre one until near the fountain and then turning sharp to the left we came to La Torre de Justicia. A cooler and more delightful ascent could not be imagined, and the constant shade prevents the least fatigue. These groves are tenanted with nightingales, or, as Bensaken our guide calls them, day-gales, as they differ,

he says, from the race in the South of England, and sing by day and not by night. The Torre de Justicia is a plain, simple, almost square tower, with a horse-shoe arch at the entrance, of tapia-work, over which is a hand, which is, I think, correctly thought a type of the five commandments of the law—to keep the feast of Ramedan, pilgrimage to Mecca, almsgiving, absolution, and war against the infidel; and may at the same time be a talisman against the evil eye, such as is now used in Morocco and Naples.

Similar hands, sufficiently small to wear round the neck are often found in Egypt, and were probably used by the ancient Egyptians for the same purpose. Over the arch is a cornice somewhat similar in appearance to an Egyptian cornice, but wanting its depth. The inner arch is more beautiful, and gives somewhat more promise of the splendour of the palace. Turning on the staircase, before the second doorway, the place is seen where the Judges sat in judgment between the gates. ("Judges shalt thou make in all thy gates." "Then he made a porch where he might judge, even the porch of judgment,")* deciding, as is the custom now in the East, according to common sense, which, when there is no corruption, is a better guide, and more satisfactory to litigants, than the refined distinctions, delay, and immense expense of many of the courts of civilized Europe.

* Deut. xvi, 18. I Kings vii, 7.

Over the second arch I should state there is a key, the symbol of knowledge. "The key of David that openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth."* And the tradition of the Alhambra is, that that the Moors believed that the gate would never be taken by the Christians until the hand grasped the key.

There is an image of the Virgin, now almost entirely covered up, which is said to be painted by St. Luke, and of course no one must doubt it,; and an inscription recording the conquest and appointment of Lopez de Mendoza as alcayde. Passing this we arrived at the second door, which is of wood, the first being of iron. In the gateway were half a dozen soldiers keeping guard, very different from the brilliant host who once commanded it.

The Arabic inscription gives the name of the Sultan who built it, and the date of its erection, A.D. 1348. On the capital of the columns, on the right side, is an inscription, "Praise be to God," "There is no power or strength but in God;" and on the left column, "There is no deity but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet."

We then came to La Torre del Vino, where, after the conquest, wine was sold, and which has its horse-shoe arch, and two smaller arches. This gate, and some houses adjoining, belonged to my friend Sir

* Isaiah xxii.

Granville Temple. Here is the Plaza, the plain, simple, unpretending red towers of the Moors on our left, and the gorgeous palace of Charles V., on our right. The *façade* of the latter is not very bad, though I cannot say I admire it; the ground floor is too heavy Tuscan, the floor above is ornamented with Ionic pilasters, but the windows are heavy and too much ornamented, and in indifferent taste. The central entrance of the palace consists of three doors, over which are angels, and over the side-doors ovals, containing sculpture by Pedro Machuca, representing warriors on horseback, and combats with wild animals.

The doors are ornamented with double Doric columns, resting on pedestals, ornamented with better sculpture, representing the battles of Charles V.; warriors fighting in a very spirited manner, said to be the Spaniards beating the Germans, in one apparently with their left hands only. The horses are well executed, but all the faces are defaced. On the other pedestals are represented trophies of war, and figures of Fame blowing her trumpet. The palace is a mere shell, save a few of the rooms, and among others a dining-room with a roof carved, though not in the best taste; but what I chiefly admired was the circus or court, consisting of two corridors, the lower one ornamented with thirty-four Doric columns, and the corridor above with

as many Ionic columns. Without being quite Paladian, and far too large for the palace, this is really very good, and would be admired anywhere, though out of place in the Alhambra. The population of the Plaza, consisting of crowds of criminals in chains, is anything but attractive. They say there are two hundred of them, and many are here for murders, as they seldom execute prisoners for their first use of the knife, even when used with deliberation. It is now impossible to live in the Alhambra, or without danger visit it at night, as these men are divided into gangs of ten, under a corporal probably almost as bad as themselves, without any other control over them. If even honest, the corporal allows them to leave their quarters and ramble within the precincts of the Alhambra wherever they like, and any traveller known to take nocturnal rambles would run a great risk of being robbed if not murdered.

Charles V. destroyed the principal entrance into the Moorish Palace, and now a small humble door leads into the Patio de la Alberca, or the Court of the Fish-pond; so called from the piece of water about one hundred and twenty feet by twenty-five, full of gold-fish and neatly planted, which extends from the plain tower of Comares at one end of it, to a beautiful double corridor. Thin, graceful marble columns support exquisitely ornamented arches of singular lightness, covered with ornaments, and

inscriptions as ornamental, from the extreme beauty of the Arabic and Coptic characters. Amongst other decorations, I observed the pomegranate; and the ornaments and scrolls in the gallery are of the most elegant description.

Through an open grated window we saw two of the boxes which contain the archives of the Alhambra. The locks are Moorish, and of a most complicated machinery, covering the whole of the exterior of the lids, and yet moveable with one key. There is in the same room a Moorish table, which they say is of marble, but it was so covered with dust that it was difficult to see; and there was also a splendid jar, made of baked clay, enamelled in blue, white, and gold, and said to have been found full of money.

Near this window a beautiful piece of work had been cut out of the wall, and the guide told us it had been done within eight days; and that the convicts were in the habit of committing these depredations, and selling the pieces to a person in Granada who sent them to London and Paris, or sold them to travellers. These robberies will be continued as long as the Government make the Alhambra a receptacle for thieves and brigands.

I was offered some nice pieces in Granada, and looked at them wistfully, as I might easily have sent them home in a case of pictures I had purchased, but I resisted the temptation, and trust all will

do the same. They have made casts of some of the ornaments, and these are sold at Granada, and are almost as interesting. At the four angles of this court are alcoves for divans, exquisitely finished with blue and white honey-combed, stalactite roofs. (I will for the future call this kind of roof stalactite only.)

The construction, says Mr. Jones, is remarkable for simplicity. Over the columns, which are of white marble, are built brick piers, with a breast-rummer of timber extending from end to end; the spandrels of the arches are filled in with tiles placed diagonally, to which are attached the perforated plaster ornaments, giving a singularly light and elegant appearance to the arches, and at the same time admitting currents of air, and distributing delicious coolness through the courts. A few traces of the gold only remain, but the effect of the blue and white colouring is very pleasing. The tower is partly covered with mosaic dados. To the Moors the inscriptions must have afforded endless delight, being well-known quotations from their Koran, and trite, flowery, sacred sentences, having to them all the charm of proverbs; while some are poems in praise of their beloved Alhambra and its founders.

These inscriptions are translated by Monsieur Gayangos, the best Spanish-Arabic scholar, and were published by Mr. Jones in his splendid work on the Alhambra; but as the great size, the necessary high

price of that accurate and gorgeous volume, and its exclusively architectural character, will prevent its being seen by many, though all who care for art, and can afford, should purchase it, I copied most of them from his work before leaving England, and inserted them in the description I wrote at Granada, Others may perhaps be glad to know the nature of the inscriptions which cover the walls of this beautiful palace, and which in truth are so numerous that the best Arabic scholar would not have time to make his own translation, unless his visit to Granada exceeded greatly the usual length.

"Go and tell the true believers, that Divine help and a ready victory are reserved for them."* "Glory to our Lord, Abu Abdillah."† "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet."‡ "And there is no conqueror but God."§ "Blessing comes from God."‖ "I am like the nuptial array of a bride, and endowed with every beauty and perfection. Look at this vase, and you will understand all the truth of my assertion. Examine also my tiara; thou wilt find it resembles the bright halo of the full moon. In truth, Ibn Nusr is the sun of this orb, (shining) in beauty and splendour.

* On the bands over the mosaics and round the windows and doorways. † On the spandrel of the arch. ‡ Between the side windows. § Between the windows at the angles. ‖ On the escutcheons at the side.

May he continue in the (noontide) altitude of his glory, secure (from all attacks), when the time for declension (is arrived). I am an honour to blessing; I am a sign by which felicity (itself) is enhanced. Thou might imagine the vase within to be like a (devout) man, always standing to perform his prayers, who has no sooner said one than he hastens to repeat it. Truly, through my Lord, Ibn Nusr, God has ennobled His servants, since he made him the descendant of Said Ibn Obadah, the chief of the tribe of Khazrej."* "Blessed be he who entrusted to thee the command of his servants, through thee to extend and benefit Islam." "For how many cities of the infidels camest thou to in the morning, whose inhabitants saw thee in the evening sole arbiter of their lives?" "When thou didst put on their necks the yoke of the captives, that they might appear in the (ensuing) morning, building thy palace in servitude." "Thou conquerest the island by force of arms, thereby opening to victory a gate that was shut (before). And before that exploit, thou subduest twenty fortresses, making all (things) within, a prey to thy warriors. Indeed, had Islam a choice in what it most desires, it would certainly choose that thou live and be safe (for ever). Since such are the fires of excellence that

* Round the small niches in the jambs of the doorway.

shine at thy door, that generosity itself smiles whilst looking at them with a complaisant eye. Excellence whose traces are visible in every action (of thine) more transparent and bright than the pearls when threaded. O son of eminence, prudence, wisdom, courage and liberality, who surpassest (in the height of these virtues) the altitude of the stars in the regions of the sky. Thou hast risen in the horizon of empire (like the sun in the vault of heaven), mercifully to dissipate the intervening shadows of injustice and oppression. Thou hast secured even the tender branches from the breath of the summer gale, and frightened the very stars in the vault of heaven. For if the planets quiver (in their orbits), it is only through dread of thee; and if the boughs of the Oriental willow bend, (it is) to be perpetually thanking thee."* "And there is no conqueror but God."† "Praise be to God! His is the power. Thanks to God! His is the majesty. Durability is God's; and there is no conqueror but God. Blessing!"‡

It was a hot day, but the shady side of this court was deliciously cool. It was not merely the water, but the construction, so light and elegant, admitting the air to play along the corridors, which made this court so delicious. It reminded me somewhat of

* Over the mosaic under the gallery. † On the capitals of the columns and round the arches, inscribed in Cufic. ‡ In the medallions and round the border of the arches.

the Pasha of Egypt's garden at Shoobra, where he used to amuse himself with rowing his hareem; and it is exactly the form of the pieces of water represented in some of the paintings of the ancient Egyptian gardens. The entrance into the Comares gallery retains more of the gilding than any part of the Alhambra, and the gallery itself is exquisitely beautiful. The rich stalactite pendentives in the angles sparkle still with gold; and slight columns, partly embedded in the walls, support the arches at each end of this gallery, forming alcoves for divans, and at the doorway there are two niches for slippers.

The custom in Egypt is to leave the red slippers at the door, generally on the floor; but in Barbary they have often similar niches to these. The oval roof of wood is of a very intricate pattern, and so numerous are the different ornaments on the walls, that hours may be spent delightfully in tracing out the different designs. We then went to the Mezquita, near the entrance of which is an elaborate and beautiful niche—El Mihrab, for the Koran—ornamented with inscriptions containing the name of Abu Abdillah. This little mosque was turned into a chapel by Charles V., and sadly is it spoiled by his expensive gilded additions and the white plaster on the walls; but the beautiful inlaid roof of pine remains, and the columns supporting the beams are very elegant. The ante-gallery is very ela-

borately ornamented, but these walls are also spoiled with whitewash. The carved roof is very exquisite, resembling tortoise-shell work, and still sparkles with gold. From the window is a striking view of the Albaicin, where the Moors lived after the conquest. We then returned to the gallery of the Comares tower, and entered the Hall of the Ambassadors, which is a square of thirty-seven feet, and seventy-five feet high (Mr. Ford says) from the floor to the centre of the dome, and is wonderfully fine, though I think the gallery leading to it still more beautiful. At the doorway are recesses for slippers. There are three exquisite alcoves opposite the entrance, formed out of the extreme solidity of the walls, which are ten feet thick. Similar alcoves ornament each side, and were all doubtless for luxurious divans, and above them are inscriptions and elaborate ornaments, but perhaps less beautiful than in the other courts; and the roof of inlaid wood, of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, is dark, and not equal to the general richness of the chamber.

The alcoves are deserving of careful examination, each differing from the other. Some have mosaic dados, and columns and capitals, ornamented with inscriptions. Nothing can be more beautiful than the azulejos in the alcove opposite the entrance; and among other decorations, I observed particularly the pretty ornament formed of little columns. In the

centre of the hall are square mosaic dados, with Arabic inscriptions. The ornament under the roof, was done after the Conquest, by Moors, or perhaps Spaniards, for, according to Mr. Stirling,* the vivid painting and beautiful stucco-work of the Moors, which had long been adopted in Christian palaces, began to be executed by uncircumcised artists even before the fall of Granada. Cean Bermudez gives a contract, dated 1476, by which one Garcia del Barco and another painter became bound to ornament with Moorish work the corridors of the Duke of Alba's castle at Barco de Avila, for the sum of five thousand six hundred maravedis.

The inscriptions on this hall are interesting.

"O God, Thine is the praise for ever, and Thine are the thanks for ever."† "May Divine help, solidity of empire, and splendid victory, fall to the lot of our Lord, Abu-l-Hajaj, Commander of the Moslems."‡ "O God, Thine is the praise for ever; O God, Thine are the thanks for ever;" alternating with "Praise be to God for His bestowing on us the benefits of Islam."§ "Praise be to our Lord, the Sultan and warlike King, Abu-l-Hajaj. May God render him victorious."‖ "The best praise (be given) to God. I will remove all the effects of a malicious eye upon (our master) Yusuf, by

* Vol. I, p. 84. † Over the mosaic dado, in Cufic characters. ‡ On the cornice over the doors. § On the band under the stairs. ‖ On the band under the windows.

repeating these five sentences, which are like (so many) verses of the Koran. I flee for refuge to the Master of the creatures. Praise be to God, the only One. Thanks to God; He is eternal; He is the power."* "By the sun, and its rising brightness; by the moon, when she followeth him; by the day, when he showeth its splendour; by the night, when it covereth him with darkness; by the heaven, and Him who built it; by the earth, and Him who spread it forth; by the soul, and Him who completely formed it (and inspired into it wickedness and piety), there is no Deity but Allah!"† "From me Thou art welcomed, morning and evening, by the tongues of blessing, prosperity, happiness, and friendship. That is the elevated dome, and we (the several recesses) are her daughters; yet I possess excellence and dignity above all those of my race. Surely members (we are all of the same body), but I am (like the heart) in the midst of them; and from the heart springs all energy of soul and life."‡ "True, my fellows here may be compared to the signs of the zodiac in the heaven (of that dome); but I can boast of that which they are wanting (among them), the honour of a sun. Since my Lord, the virtuous Yusuf, has decorated me with the robes of glory and excellence without

* On the right niche of the doorway of the principal entrance.
† On the left niche. ‡ Over the mosaic dado in the centre recess of the wall opposite the entrance on the right.

disguise, and has made me the throne of (his empire), may its eminence be upheld by the Master of Divine glory and the celestial throne."* "There is no Deity but Allah, and Mohammed is his messenger."† "Whatever you possess of good things in this world, comes from God."‡ "Durability is God's. Glory to God."§ "He whose words are good, and whose deeds are illustrious."‖ "Let thy words (when thou meetest him) be preceded by salutation."¶ "Praise be given to God, for his bestowing on us the benefits of Islam."** "And there is no conqueror but God. Glory to our Lord, the Sultan, Abu-l-Hajaj. God help him. Glory to God. God is eternal; God is our refuge in every trouble."††

Some of the inscriptions are in very large characters, and look very ornamental. The mosaic azulejos between each recess are admirable; and the view, looking back to the Patio de la Alberca, is exquisitely beautiful. It might be the palace of Aladdin, the work of fairies, so charming is every part. Nature and art here rival each other, for not less beautiful are the prospects from the windows.

* On the left. † On the capitals of the columns supporting the arches, right column. ‡ On the left. § On the cornice over the mosaic dado. ‖ On the capitals of columns in the centre recess. ¶ Left column. ** On the capitals of columns in the centre recess, each right and left. †† On the ornaments on the walls and in the ovals in the cornices.

"Ill-fated the man who lost all this," said Charles V., when he saw these views.

We then went to a window, where Ayesha let down Boabdil in a basket, to save him from the enmity of her rival, Zoraya. It is said that he was confined in the adjoining tower. Then, retracing our steps, we passed through some of Charles V.'s clumsy work, and a Moorish colonnade, the columns of which are very elegant, to the Tocador de la Reyna, or dressing-room of the Queen; but a room with so many open windows is not likely to have been used as a dressing-room, more likely a *boudoir*. It is about nine feet square, and painted in the style of the loggie of Raphael, by Julio and Alessandro, pupils of Giovanni da Udine, who are said to have introduced fresco painting into Spain, in the time of Charles V. Some of the ornaments are well done, but the architecture is more beautiful than the painting. There are three small arched windows opposite the entrance, and three others on each side; the centre one of the three double the width of the others. The chamber is paved with azulejos, but few of them are old.

The views from the windows, and from the exquisite portico which environs this little room, supported by light elegant marble columns, are charming, of the beautiful hills rising immediately behind the ancient town; the Generalife, with its gardens and white-sparkling buildings; the river

Darro, and its banks lined with poplars; the verdant Vega, and the Sierra Nevada, with its snow-clad summits.

In the interior of the Tocador is a slab, with sixteen holes, said to be for incense to rise through. We saw a plain marble fountain in a court we passed through, on our way to the Garden of Lindaraja, which is full of orange, lemon, standard peach-trees in blossom, and other shrubs, and contains a still more beautiful fountain, with an Arabic inscription round it. Afterwards passing through a small whispering gallery, made by Charles V., to amuse the children, we came to the Baths, which are very similar in their arrangement to those now used in the East. The saloon at the entrance is small, but very pretty. This leads into the vapour bath, thirty-three feet by eighteen, paved with white marble, and ornamented with eight columns, which support the dome, in which are small openings like stars, which light the bath. The domes of the hrará'-rahs in the East have similar apertures, which are always glazed. The recesses formed by the columns, had probably divans, where the manipulations were performed. A door to the left leads to another room, which is smaller. There are two marble baths, one, said to be for the King, twelve feet by eight, at the end of the room, in a pretty recess ornamented with circular pedestals for lights. There is another marble bath in this room more

retired, in a recess in the thickness of the wall, said to be for the Queen; but in the East males and females never go to the bath together, and these were probably the hot and cold baths, usual in the hán'-a-feè-yehs of the East. The rooms are lined to the height of about seven feet, with azulejos, the designs of which are large, but the effect good. The room for reposing in after the bath was closed for repairs, and a gallery above is supposed to have been for musicians to amuse the bathers reclining in their luxurious divans after the fatigue of the bath, during that period of delicious lassitude which all feel after an Oriental bath.

The baths had also their inscriptions. Besides the usual ones in honour of God, we have "May Divine help, solidity of empire, and splendid victory over his enemies, fall to the lot of our Lord, Abu Abdillah, Commander of the Moslems."* "Glory to our Lord, Abu-l-Hajaj Yusuf, Commander of the Moslems. May God Almighty render him victorious over his enemies."† "And what is mostly to be wondered at, is the felicity which awaits in this delightful spot, those who like our Sultan Abu-l-Hajaj, place their reliance in Divine help, and the splendid victory which is the gift of God.‡

* On the beams which support the galleries of the saloon.
† On the ovals over capitals of columns. ‡ Round the niches in the inner chambers.

We afterwards passed the Carcel de la Reyna, where Juaña the Fool, the only surviving child of Ferdinand and Isabella, is said by the guides to have been confined. There may be as little ground for supposing it to have been the prison of Ayesha.

CHAPTER XII.

THE COURT OF THE LIONS—SALA DE LOS ABENCERRAGES —SALA DE LAS DOS HERMANAS—TORRE DE LA VELA— SPLENDID VIEW.

THE Court of the Lions, in spite of the whitewash on the walls and the vile tiled roof, and notwithstanding the mischief bad taste and the destroyer man (worse enemies in this climate than time) have accomplished in disfiguring this patio, it is still wonderfully perfect. In a court one hundred and fifty feet by fifty, one hundred and twenty-eight exquisite white marble columns glitter in the sun, supporting the elaborate and beautiful arches of a portico which surrounds the court, and a pavilion at each end. The columns are arranged with little order, and yet the effect is admirable. To give an idea of the confusion: on the side near the entrance, there is at

each angle a cluster of four columns, then two columns stand singly, then a cluster of four columns, then one of two, then two single columns as before, and then another cluster of four. Clusters of light columns, when greater strength is required, are infinitely more elegant than columns double or treble the diameter, which would of course appear to want height—there could not indeed be a more beautiful illustration than these, that union is strength.

At the door near the entrance, and opposite, two pavilions advance into the court. The columns in the length of the court are sometimes single and sometimes double, and are about eight or nine feet high, with beautiful capitals, similar in outline but different in design, and over each are inscriptions, and the most exquisite, the most elaborate decorations. The arches are very lofty for the breadth, which varies. They are generally circular, with the most delicate stalactite ornaments. The pendentives at each angle, with similar ornaments, are very beautiful. The domed roofs over the pavilions are of pine wood, elaborately carved, and well preserved. The roof of the portico is much injured, but sufficient remains to be able to appreciate the tasteful pattern. The pavilions have three stalactite arches on each side, and are most delicately and wonderfully decorated inside and outside. They have three columns at each angle, and two single columns between each cluster,

but the weight supported by single columns only, is always proportioned. The space between the arches is double the width when the spandrels are supported by two columns that it is when they are supported by one only, so that the columns, light and elegant as they are, never look too thin.

In the centre of this magnificent court, is the Fountain of the Lions, celebrated, it is said, for sanguinary deeds, and for none worse than for the murder of his children, by Muley Abu-l-Hasan, to satisfy the ambition of his wife, La Zoraya (the light of the dawn), who wished to see her own son on the throne of Granada. The fountain consists of a splendid alabaster basin, in form dodecagon, supported by twelve marble lions, quaintly sculptured. The lion was in all ages, in the East, the type of power, the favourite ornament of kings and princes, the emblem of strength and durability. The ancient Egyptians reclining in their splendid chairs, leant their arms on lions. Seats, sofas, and tables were made there of that form. The Lombardians had this animal and others, as bases for their columns. These are rudely executed, and yet look well, the outline being tolerably correct, but the Moors do not seem to have excelled in sculpture as in architecture, and the art of painting and decoration. The colouring, like that of the most ancient Egyptian sculptures consisted generally of the primitive colours—blue, red and yellow. The blue

being a metallic colour, has frequently become green, especially in the grounds of the mosaic dados, which also exhibit other colours—purple, brown and orange. The capitals of the columns consisted generally of a red ground, with blue leaves, and other ornaments on the surface, and all the bands and inscriptions were in gold. Mr. Jones thinks the shafts were gilt, but although I know the pains he has taken to make himself master of this subject, having met him at Athens, where we traced the colours on the temples there, and having met him again in the Valley of the Nile, yet I cannot think these beautiful white marble shafts were coloured; I searched and found no traces of colour, and the poem in the Hall of the Two Sisters, calls them blocks of pearl, which expression would be applicable to white marble, but not to gilded columns, and many of the inscriptions show they fully estimated the whiteness and transparency of marble. The azulejo dados in the different halls are remarkable for their beauty; and intricate as these interlacings sometimes appear, they are formed, says Mr. Jones, on the simplest rules. If a series of lines be drawn equi-distant, and parallel to each other, crossed by a similar series at right angles, so as to form squares, and the spaces thus given set off diagonally, intersecting each alternate square, every possible combination may be obtained, or an

equal variety will result by drawing equi-distant lines diagonally, and setting off the spaces at each square, at right angles.

The inscriptions are:—"May power everlasting and imperishable glory, be the lot of the owner of this palace."* "There is no conqueror but God."† "Glory to our Lord, Abu Abdillah."‡ "Glory to our Lord, the Sultan, Abu Abdillah."§ "Glory to our Lord, the warlike and great Sultan, Abu Abdillah."‖ The inscription round the basin of the fountain is: "Blessed be he who gave the Iman Mohammed a mansion, which in beauty exceeds all other mansions. And if not so, here is the garden containing wonders of art, the like of which God forbids should elsewhere be found. Look at this solid mass of pearl glistening all around, and spreading through the air its showers of prismatic bubbles, which fall within a circle of silvery froth, and then flow amidst other jewels, surpassing everything in beauty, nay, exceeding the marble itself, in whiteness and transparency. To look at the basin, one would imagine it to be a mass of solid ice, and the water to melt from it; yet it is impossible to say which of the two is really flowing. Seest thou not how

* The inscription on the band round the spandrel of the arch, in Arabic. † In Cufic and Arabic characters. ‡ On the capitals of the single columns. § On the double columns. ‖ Over the triple columns.

the water (from above) flows on the surface, notwithstanding the current (underneath) strives to oppose its progress. Like a lover whose eyelids are pregnant with tears, and who suppresses them for fear of an informer. For truly, what else is this (fountain) but a beneficent cloud, pouring out its abundant supplies over the lions underneath? Like the hands of the Khalif, when he rises in the morning, to distribute plentiful rewards among (his soldiers), the lions of war. O thou, who beholdest these lions couching, fear not. Life is wanting to enable them to show their fury. And O thou, the heir of the Aussar! to thee, as the most illustrious offspring of a collateral branch—belongs that ancestral pride which makes thee look with contempt on the kings of all other countries. May the blessing of God for ever be with thee. May He make thy subjects obedient to thy rule, and grant thee victory over thy enemies."

Two beautiful arches lead from this court into the Sala de los Abencerrages. The alcoves are formed by a light elegant pillar, supporting two charming arches. The stalactite-domed roof is exquisite, beyond description—blues, light and deep, and brown, red and gold, I traced in the dome; at the sides, green, which seems to have been the colour originally, but I suppose it is changed from a blue. With the back to the wall, there is a charming

view, looking over the fountain in this court, through the three arches to the fountain in the Court of the Lions; the vile roof of the latter is then scarcely seen. All is the work of the Moors, and truly exquisite. The people might well imagine that their King who built this beautiful palace was skilled in the occult sciences, and furnished himself with gold and silver for the purpose by means of alchymy. The inscriptions add to the richness as much as the variety of ornaments, which however appear to have been restored. Amongst the latter I observed the *fleur-de-lis*. It was at the fountain in this charming court that the Abencerrages who had espoused the cause of Zoraya, are said to have been slain by Boabdil; and the guides show the stain of blood on the marble, no doubt as authentic as that of Rizzio's at Holyrood; but never was murder committed in so unsuitable a place. The natural influence of such a scene would lead to joy and peace; one can imagine luxurious divans, black-eyed houris, clothed in rich garments, and sparkling with jewels and gold, soft wild music, groups of dancing girls, and the energies of King Boabdil lost in soft dalliance and sensual delights; but not deeds of blood and violence, in such a spot. In this hall, which has been often restored, there are few inscriptions; and what there are, are said to have been transferred from the Hall of the Two Sisters.

We then went back to the Court of the Lions, and entered the Sala de la Justicia, which is a corridor on the eastern side of the Court of the Lions. It is ornamented with six stalactite arches, rising from small columns. The roof is beautiful, and indeed the whole of the corridor is tastefully and elaborately decorated; and the traces of colouring are more frequent, especially on the roof, than in any part of the Alhambra, being less exposed. Over three deep alcoves there are some interesting paintings, on concave wooden cupolas, embedded in fret-work of stucco. The centre one represents ten bearded Moors, supposed to be sitting in judgment; hence the name given to this corridor. The painting is in flat tints, says Mr. Jones, without shadow, and first drawn in outline in a brown colour. They are painted on the skins of animals, sewn together, and united to the wooden dome, a fine coating of gypsum forming the surface to receive the painting. The dress of each one differs more or less from the others, but all of them have swords in one hand, whilst the other is raised as laying down the law. They are probably the sheiks of different provinces, and are hard and stiff, though the expression of some of the figures is good. The ground is gilt, and decorated with stars.

The other pictures are interesting. One represents a fountain, surmounted with a dog vomiting a flood of water; and in the basin are some small

figures, and over each side of it leans an elegant female. On one side is an animated representation of a boar attacking a Christian knight on horseback, the horse worse executed than the cavalier, while dogs of different sizes are attacking the hind-quarters of the animal A boy, drinking out of a gourd, is perched up in a tree, safe from danger. Then follow two Christian knights contending with a lion: one of them, on horseback, has pierced it with his spear, and the other has both hands on the handle of his sword, and is in the act of giving the animal a cut with all his strength. The next two figures have bows and arrows, and the Christian knight is represented dismounted from his horse, and humbly kneeling, presenting the dead boar to his mistress, an elegant-looking lady, attended by her maid. The figure of the Christian knight is almost destroyed. The other side of this picture represents a Moor spearing a boar; others of the same nation with spears; and a picturesque group loading an ass with the dead animal; then the Moor is represented laying the boar at the feet of his mistress; but he is painted standing, the respect of the Moslem for women never in any age extending to the bending of the knee. The lady is elegant, and her dress and ornaments are different to the other. They are standing on each side of a castellated fortress, surrounded with trees, filled with various kinds of birds and apes; and aquatic birds are sporting in the

fountain. Two entrances are represented as leading into the interior; one is guarded by a woman, and the other by a man, perhaps representing a eunuch; the firmament is represented by yellow stars, on a red ground. In the other picture, a knight (almost entirely destroyed) and a lady are under a tree, full, as usual, of birds, with a chess-board between them. Their valet and maid are apparently watching their lord and mistress out of two of the windows of a castellated building behind them.

On one side of this group is a spirited representation of a Moor spearing a stag, and two of his dogs attacking it. On the other side, a Christian knight, on foot, is contending with a lion, I think, but it is much injured; and a graceful figure of a Christian, with no other armour than his sword, is fighting with an animal which has flown at the neck of his horse. The Moor is then represented killing a Christian, and a lady, in a castellated building, with uplifted hands, is interceding for him. On the other side, a strange-looking hoary savage (an African, perhaps) is grasping an elegant female, who has a chain in her hand, which is attached to a sleeping lion. A Christian knight, on horseback, is rescuing the lady, and spearing the savage. In this painting, also, are palms and cypress-trees, full of birds.

If these pictures were done after the Conquest, the first may be an allegorical representation of the

customs and manners of the two nations, drawn to induce the vanquished Moors to conform to the habits of their more civilised conquerors; and the other picture may be descriptive of the long wars —the Moors killing the Christians, the Christians killing the Moors; but the lion of war is at last chained, Africa conquered in Spain; and the reverse of the picture depicts domestic happiness, only disturbed by the dangerous, but manly chase of wild animals.

The Koran forbids the representation of animated beings; and if the lions in the court prove they were not strict in complying with the law, the very exception shows they were not capable of executing such pictures as these. It is said they might have been done by Christian renegades or prisoners (and it is possible they may have been so, while the Alhambra was the palace of the Moorish kings); but I think it is more probable that the most exquisite rooms of the Alhambra were selected by Ferdinand and Isabella for their abode, and these paintings then executed.

In this gallery may be seen, close together, three different styles of work. The first, by Abu-l-Hajaj, rather rude; the second, by Abu-l-Hasan, the father of Abdillah; the third, by Abu Abdillah. The azulejos columns of the arch at the end are beautiful.

The central entrance into the corridor from the

Court of the Lions is extremely elegant, consisting of an arch comprising within it three stalactite arches, the centre one double the width of the others; and nothing can exceed the delicacy and beauty of the ornaments which adorn them.

The traveller should pause ere he enters La Sala de las dos Hermanas. The double arches of the entrance, the exquisite court about twenty-nine feet square, the arches of the rooms beyond, and the beautiful window looking into the Patio della Lindaraja, form the most magical picture that can be conceived. Fable or romance never created anything more charming. This suite of rooms derives its name from two equal-sized marble slabs, which form a portion of the pavement, and are called the "Sisters." The door leading into it was hung like the doors in the East. There are exquisite arched alcoves on each side, probably for divans. In the centre is a fountain, which diffused a delicious coolness, and over it a superb stalactite-domed roof.

The decorations of this fairy abode are more exquisite, if possible, than any of the others; the *fleur-de-lis* and a dozen different ornaments, amongst others the pomegranate, and others entirely Moorish may be traced. Above the centre arches were latticed windows, through which the hareem of the King might see and enjoy the fountain with-

out being seen; one of them still remains, and is quite like the Egyptian lattices. The azulejos in this room, are also very beautiful, and the stalactite roof is magnificent. The conical ceilings of this hall, and also the Halls of Justice and Abencerrages, as well as the arches of a similar construction, attest the wonderful power and effect obtained by the most simple elements. Nearly five thousand pieces, says Mr. Jones, enter into the construction of the ceiling of the Hall of the Two Sisters, and though they are mostly of plaster, strengthened here and there with pieces of reed, no part of the palace is, in the present day, in a more perfect state of preservation.

This room leads into a gallery splendidly decorated, with a delicious alcove ornamented with one large window, looking into the garden of the Lindaraja, and divided by slender marble pillars from a smaller window on each side. As you enter the gallery there is a niche for the slippers to be deposited, and the decorations of the arch forming the entrance of the alcove are charming; nothing, indeed, can surpass the richness of this delicious retreat.

It appears, says Mr. Jones, to be the spot of this enchanted palace, on which the poets, painters, and architects of that day, bestowed most of their attention. All the varieties of form and colour which adorn the other portions of the palace, have

here been blended with the most happy effect. Its chief ornaments are the inscriptions, which address themselves to the eye of the observer by the most beautiful forms of the characters, exercise his intellect by the difficulty of deciphering their curious and complex involutions, and reward his imagination when read by the beauty of the sentiments they express, and the music of their composition.

This suite of rooms is almost perfect, and with the floor above is now more habitable than the other parts of the palace; a more beautiful, more magical, more enjoyable residence cannot be imagined. Oriental luxury and taste never created anything so voluptuous and so charming. No wonder Boabdil was enervated in such an abode, furnished with Oriental magnificence and crowded with the most beautiful houris in the world. The atmosphere it still breathes is more calculated for luxurious indolence and repose, than to nerve a hero for the battle; it is not, therefore, surprising, that the weak Abdillah yielded to its influence and lost his throne.

This part of the palace has clearly been used as a residence, and there are no apartments now remaining where it is more probable the hareem existed, and certainly a more charming residence for love and beauty does not exist in the world. When also the

imagination restores the gorgeous yet harmonious colouring, and rich but well-toned gilding, of which considerable remains still exist, the splendid dresses, jewellery, rich draperies, voluptuous divans, and the Oriental amusements, music, dancing, crowds of beautiful slaves, &c., anything more approaching the dreams of the Arabian Nights cannot be conceived. A long poem sings its praises and the kings.

1. I am the garden, and every morn I appear decked out in beauty. Look attentively at my elegance, thou wilt reap the benefit of a commentary on decoration. 2. For by Allah! the elegant buildings (by which I am surrounded) certainly surpass all other erections in the propitious omens attending their foundation. 3. How many delightful prospects I enfold! How many objects, in the contemplation of which a highly-gifted mind finds the gratification of its utmost wishes. 4. Here is the wonderful cupola, at sight of whose beautiful proportions all other (cupolas) vanish and disappear. 5. To which the constellation of the Twins extends the hand of salutation, and to converse with which the full moon deserts her station in heaven. 6. Nay, were they both to abide (here,) in its two aisles, they would hasten to pay it such homage as would satisfy all the neighbours around. 7. No wonder if the stars grow pale in their high stations,

and if a limit be put to the duration (of their light). 8. Here, also, is the portico, enfolding every beauty. Indeed, had this palace no other (ornament) it would still surpass in splendour the high regions of the sky. 9. For how many are the gorgeous robes in which thou, (O, Sultan!) hast attired it, which surpass in brilliancy of colour, the vaunted robes of Yemen. 10. To look at them one would imagine them to be so many planets revolving on (the arches of this court as on) their orbits, in order to throw in the shade (even) the first rays of morning. 11. Here are columns ornamented with every perfection, and the beauty of which has become proverbial: (columns.) 12. Which when struck by the rays of the morning sun, one might fancy, notwithstanding their colossal dimensions to be so many blocks of pearl. 13. Indeed we never saw a palace more lofty (than this) in its exterior, or more brilliantly decorated in the interior, or having more extensive apartments. 14. Markets (they are) where those provided with money are paid in beauty, and where the judge of elegance is perpetually sitting to pronounce sentence. 15. Which when the breath of the zephyr expires before the noontide rays, appear surrounded by a light which throws into the shade all other lights. 16. Between me and Victory the closest relationship exists; but the most striking resem-

blance (between us two) is the splendour (we both bear).*

There are other inscriptions less lengthy.

"And there is no conqueror but God. Praise be to God, the only one."† "Every art has gifted me with its elegance; nay, has given me all its splendour and perfection."‡ "Those who behold me take me for a female addressing this vase, whose favour (as her beloved) she wishes to obtain." "Indeed when the spectator has attentively examined my beauty, he will find reality to exceed the most extravagant conceptions of his fancy. He will see the full moon beam forth from among the rays of my light, and its halo leave me to enter the mansions of the sky. This is a palace of (transparent) crystal, those who look at it imagine it to be a boundless ocean. And yet I am not alone (to be wondered at), for I overlook in astonishment a garden, the like of which no human eye ever saw." "I was built by the Iman Ibn Nusr; may God uphold his majesty (as an honour) to other things, and perpetuate his high station and glorious rank as long as, like the sun or the new moon, he continues to rise in the high region of the sky."

* Over the mosaic dado. † In the corridor on the left of the hall. ‡ On the jambs of the doorway at the entrance of the alcove of the Two Sisters.

In the alcove (La Ventana) there are numerous inscriptions.

"Brightly doth (our Sultan like) the full moon of direction shine in the high regions of empire. May his praiseworthy deeds for ever last, and his radiant light never tarnish. For what else is he but the sun taking up his abode in this sign, therefrom to dissipate all the shadows around. From me (as from the horizon) to overlook the court of his empire, whenever he appears on the throne of the Caliphs like a bright luminary. Let him but direct a glance to the quarter in the sky where the zephyrs joyfully play, and the fugitive breezes shall instantly return to their usual abode. Apartments are there unfolding so many wonders, that the eyes of (the spectator) remain for ever fixed on them provided he be gifted with a mind to estimate them."* "Glory be given to our Lord Sidi Abu Abdillah Alghani-billah. May God prosper his empire and perpetuate his happiness."† "God is the best of protectors. He is the most compassionate of the compassionate. God Almighty is true (in his words).‡ Wherein the warm gale descends to mitigate the cold of winter, thereby producing a salubrious air, and a mild temperature.

* On the bend round the windows, in Arabic. † The Coptic inscription in the panel beneath. ‡ The inscription in Arabic, enclosed by the tails of the Coptic letters in the centre.

Truly so many are the beauties of every kind that we unfold, that even the stars of heaven (come down to) borrow their light from us. And how can it be otherwise, when we are built by the command of a king, whose illustrious deeds and commendable actions are already recorded by the historians."* "May divine help, solidity of empire, and splendid victory over his enemies fall to the lot of our Lord, the Commander of the Moslems."† "As to me, I am like a beneficent eye (overlooking) that garden. I never cease to repeat certainly he is the Lord Mohammed, the extolled for his liberality and courage; he whose fame knows no bounds, and whose righteous deeds in religion cannot be surpassed."‡

There are other inscriptions giving glory to Abdillah.

"Praise be to God! With my ornaments and tiara I surpass beauty itself; may the luminaries in the zodiac (out of envy) descend to me. The water vase within me is like a devout man, standing towards the Kiblah of the Mihrab ready to begin his prayers. Against the current of times my generous deeds are insured. I shall always quench the thirst of the thirsty, and remedy the wants of the

* On the right wall, on the bend round the window. † The Coptic inscriptions above these. ‡ On the left wall, round the window.

needy. Indeed it looks as if I had borrowed liberality (itself) from the hands of our Lord Abu-l-Hajaj. May he continue to shine a bright luminary in my sky, as long as the full moon beams forth through the shadow of night."* "Delicately have the fingers of the artist embroidered my robe after setting the jewels of my diadem. People compare me to the throne of a bride; yet I surpass it in this, that I can secure the felicity of those who possess me. If any one approach me complaining of thirst, he will receive in exchange cool and limpid water, sweet without admixture. As if I were the bow of the clouds when it first appears, and the sun, our Lord Abu-l-Hajaj, a monarch, whose hands distribute gifts to the needy (as often and profusely) as the waves (succeed each other.) May his Court be revered and visited as long as the house of God (Mecca), shall continue the resort of the pilgrims."† "And there is no God but God. Glory to our Lord Saed. God help him. Glory to God. God is eternal. God is our refuge in every trouble."‡

These inscriptions are long, perhaps tedious; but really the eye rests more upon them than the ornaments, which are often so minute as at first not

* On the niche to the left, in verse. † On the niche to the right. † On the arch above.

to attract so much attention. On entering the Alhambra, the stranger is astonished at the general richness, but when recovering from the delight excited by the general effect, he looks around more closely; every examination discovers fresh beauties, more minute, but not less beautiful than he had observed before.

We then went to the Patio of the Mezquita, which had better be seen at the same time as the Mezquita. There is a beautiful *façade*, with exquisite decorations untouched by the destroying hand of restorers. A representation of a cornice, almost of Egyptian form, adorns the beam which supports the roof, and under the cornice there is a rich stalactite ornament. This *façade* is unfortunately much injured by a modern gallery. Around the archivolt of the windows are the following verses from the Koran:

"I flee to God to protection from Satan, the pelted with stones. In the name of God, the merciful, the compassionate Allah: there is no deity but him, the living, the eternal, whom neither sleep nor slumber overtakes. To him belongs whatever is in heaven and whatever is on earth. Who is there on earth who can presume to intercede with him except with his acquiescence. He knows what is before men, and what is behind them, and they comprehend nought of his wisdom except what he

pleases. He has exhibited his throne (over) the heavens and the earth, yet the protection of these gives him no trouble (whatever). He is the high, the great."

After the mind is weary of the enjoyment of examining this mine of Moorish art, there cannot be a greater relief or a greater delight than to ascend the Torre de la Vela, where you see around you a splendid panorama embracing every beauty, distinguishable from the windows and terraces I have mentioned. It is a view which must dwell in the recollection for ever. On one side is seen the Homage Tower; beyond it the Generalife—the white, shining villa—with its magnificent cypresses and beauteous gardens; and above it the Moorish ruin, the Silla del Moro, where the King might well delight to sit, and exult in the beauty and riches of his Vega.

Beyond the palace of Charles V. are seen the Church of St. Helen, the beautiful shady walks of the Alhambra, tenanted with nightingales, the magnificent Sierra Nevada, some Moorish arches, a splendid cedar, the Campo Santo, and the luxuriant Vega, seventy miles in circumference, with white farms sparkling amidst the verdure, which the Moors might well compare to "Oriental pearls set in a cup of emeralds."

Looking towards the very picturesque Vermilion

Tower, at the end of the Alhambra, beyond it is seen the dome of a convent, and two towers of St. Augustin's Church, and the mountains leading into the grand range of the Alpujarras; the Xenil river, with its umbrageous banks; and to the right the little hill called the Last Sigh of the Moors, where the conquered King Abdillah took leave of Granada and happiness; then the immense town, forming a semicircle around the Alhambra, with its cathedral and promenades; and in the distance Santa Fé, where the Christians were encamped; Soto de Roma, the country retreat of Charles V., which now belongs to the Duke of Wellington, and yields him, they say, £5,000 a-year; the Gorge of Loja, the Sierra de Elvira, and Parapanda, the barometer of Granada; beyond, and more picturesque than these hills, which are low, the defile of Moclin; and looking towards this range, the Vega appears extremely rich, the colouring more brilliant even than usual. Plantations of prickly pear-trees, mulberries, cypresses, oranges, &c., surround the town, in which there is scarcely a house of any size that has not its little garden, redolent with fruits and flowers. It is indeed a splendid view; and great as must every one's expectation be in visiting Granada, disappointment need not be dreaded here; and when one thinks of the celebrated siege, of the gallant challenges which were given and accepted on this Vega,

celebrated as the arena for more than two centuries of Moorish and Christian chivalry, every inch of its soil, as has been truly said, fertilized with human blood, and reflect on the misfortunes of the gallant defenders of this glorious palace, one cannot but feel the thrilling associations are like the lapis-lazuli sky above, which gives a vivid colouring to the scene unequalled in colder and more prosaic lands.

We then went to the Torre de las Infantas, the residence of the Moorish princesses, beautiful for its decorations, machicolated roof, and portico leading into a pretty gallery. Two arches, with a slender column between them, are exquisitely ornamented. All will recollect Washington Irving's story of the three Moorish princesses who fell in love with noble Christian prisoners working in the gardens, and how two escaped, and one was too timid to descend the window, and when her lover fled with her sisters how she languished and died; but as the window is fifty feet from the ground, it is less surprising that she was timid than that the others had the courage to descend.

We then went to the Torre de las Puertas, which is ornamented with two little arches, divided by a column. Near there are five arches, filled up, said to be the stables; but I should not think they would be beyond the fortifications. The walls are

worth examining, as some portions of them are very ancient. Our tour of the Alhambra concluded with a visit to the Tower de los siète Suelos. Three minutes' walk above it is the doorway which Boabdil passed through, never to return, when it was closed for ever. "This gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, and no man shall enter in by it."* A section of an arch is visible, showing it never could have been large. Out of this small gate went Boabdil, to avoid the imprecations of his subjects, indignant that an ineffectual resistance should not be continued. Truly this war of Granada was a melancholy instance "that a kingdom divided against itself cannot stand."

* Ezekiel XLIV, 2.

CHAPTER XIII.

LA CAPELLA DE LOS REYES—INTERESTING SCULPTURES—SEPULCHRES OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA—THE GENERALIFE—GIPSIES—EL CUARTO REAL.

After the Alhambra, the great object of interest at Granada is the Capella de los Reyes. Though forming part of the cathedral, it is quite independent of that edifice, and well adapted for the interesting sepulchres it contains. A rich Gothic portal leads into the chapel, where the attention is instantly rivetted on the splendid reja, or iron railing, of a beautiful design, which guards the treasures of the chapel. Through this reja the two magnificent sepulchres of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of their daughter Juaña and her husband Philip, are seen—tombs really worthy of the

conquerors of Granada. But passing these, I examined first the representations of Ferdinand and Isabella, kneeling near the great altar. The King is in armour, with his straight hair nearly covering his brow, and his countenance heavy-looking. Isabella, on the other side, wears a scarf, which almost covers her forehead and hair, and her mantle is of deep crimson and gold. They are both represented as tolerably good-looking, and rather like each other; but the Queen is plump and ruddy in the face, too like a dairy-maid. There is a carving behind the King, of St. James of Arragon on horseback; and behind Isabella, another of St. James, on his white steed killing the Moors: the horses are well executed.

There are two intensely interesting sculptures, one of the Alhambra, with its picturesque walls and towers, and Boabdil in his turban and red and green garments, with features in which care and sorrow may almost be traced, although they are shamefully mutilated. He has descended from his white horse, which a boy holds, and is on the point of offering the keys of the Alhambra to the royal Christian party. Behind him is a string of Spanish prisoners, dressed as Moors, walking two and two out of the gate of the palace. The royal party on horseback consists of Ferdinand and Isabella, Mendoza, and the Great Captain. Mendoza, privileged to wear gloves, is in the act of putting forth his hand to

receive the keys of the Alhambra, which Boabdil is presenting. The Cardinal's features are perfectly jesuitical, sharp and acute, with an aquiline nose, and thin cheeks, so peculiar and so characteristic that there can be no doubt of its being a likeness; but if we can trace the fanatic in his expression, we can also discover those great talents which seconded Isabella in every great and useful work, and earned him the title of "the third King of Spain." Behind the royal party is a host of knights, and halberdiers.

The other *basso-relievo* records the treachery of the Spaniards, who after promising the Moors religious liberty, compelled them to adopt the Catholic religion or abandon their beloved Granada, as it is doubtless a representation of the baptism of some of the fifty thousand Moors Ximenes forced into the fold of a church whose doctrines they did not understand and hated, and whose relapses supplied fuel for the fires of the Inquisition. These sculptures are also interesting, for the Oriental costumes of the women. They are very fairly executed, by the same artist who did the sepulchres, Filipe de Vigarney, who was born at Burgos, and flourished early in the sixteenth century—telling their tale simply and with effect.

Having seen the representations of the great achievements of their lives, in which both took such

an active part, Ferdinand constantly in the field, and Isabella, with her extraordinary energy and zeal, furnishing supplies, and when despair was creeping into the camp dispelling it with her presence, we turned to their sepulchres. How true are the words of the Psalmist "that all is vanity!"

Spain has ever acknowledged the reign of Isabella as her Augustan age; and certainly never was there a monarch in the country whose reign was more glorious, and more conducive to the happiness of her people. Isabella, with hands folded, is represented in relief on this splendid tomb of alabaster, with an expression of sweetness and calm, characteristic of the purity of her life: her face is perhaps too full, yet still beautiful. Ferdinand has a more haughty expression, but talented, and his hands rest on the sword which was so useful to him.

The tomb is overloaded with ornaments. How much more imposing would be simplicity in such a sepulchre as this; yet the execution of the figures is good, especially of the doctors of the law at the four corners, the Apostles, and the St. James on horseback fighting the Moors. The little ovals containing the Annunciation and the Baptism of our Saviour, and the angels supporting the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella, are very pretty, especially two at the back.

Isabella did not die at Granada, but it was her

wish to be buried where she achieved, what her predecessors had failed in accomplishing, the recovery of her native land from a Moorish domination which had lasted nearly eight hundred years, and what she valued more, the triumph of the Cross.

The other tomb, of the same size and equal magnificence, is very interesting, being that of their child, Juaña, and her worthless husband, Philip of Burgundy.

Great was the grief of the Catholic Sovereigns when they lost their talented and only son, and their first-born child, the Queen of Portugal (Isabella); and though the discovery of America, and still more, the glorious conclusion of the religious war, filled their cup with joy, they had their sorrows; and immense must have been their misery when their only surviving child lost her intellect at her confinement.

Both Juaña and her husband are represented as remarkably handsome, the former with perfectly Grecian features. This tomb is loaded with ornaments, in the same style as the other; and yet the figures and decorations, however much they may deviate from the required simplicity, have not a bad effect. Some of them on this tomb are also very well executed: the figures of the Evangelists, the medallion containing a Holy Family, and the angels are good, though not first-rate

sculpture. The Deposition from the Cross and the angels, on the opposite side to the grand altar, are well done; and undoubtedly the general effect of these tombs is very imposing.

Passing from the representations, we descended by a flight of stairs to the reality—the lead coffins actually containing the inviolated remains of the Catholic Princes. It is no ordinary matter to visit the tombs of those whose career has thrown a halo over the dreary history of their country, whose reputation is not merely local, but European, for the then known world was agitated with the discoveries made during their reigns and with their assistance, and every Catholic was scarcely less excited than at the time of the Crusades by the religious war they waged against the Infidels. The initials designate the tombs. Juaña's and the Prince Don Juan's interest but little, but Ferdinand's, and especially Isabella's, immensely. Spain has a right to be proud of them, but take even a Spaniard's estimate of the character of the King:*

"Ferdinand is justly celebrated. No one without injustice can deny him the glorious titles of liberator of the kingdom of Granada, of restorer of order and public tranquillity, of conqueror, of great; but at the same time, while we must confess the

* Escaragota, Historia de España, libro xi, p. 249.

eminent talents for government with which Heaven had endowed him, we cannot disguise the defects which to a certain extent obscured them. The excessive suspicion and extreme distrust he showed even to those who had served him with the greatest fidelity, the bad example which he gave to his successors of want of faith in not adhering to his treaties; the indirect vanity which he exhibited in ridiculing his confidential friends; the excuse which he invented for marrying the unfortunate Baltraneja, taking her from a convent where she had lived retired many years, without any other motive than that of reviving his claims to the throne of Castile, only to revenge himself on his son-in-law, forgetting entirely what he owed to his deceased wife, whose reputation would have been injured by such a marriage; his subsequently marrying Doña Germana de Foix, in order that she might have a son who would inherit the crown of Arragon, and disappoint his son-in-law, Don Philip. All these are blemishes which have contributed not a little to make it doubtful in what light posterity should esteem him."

As all his faults were exhibited after the death of his wife, we may, I think, give her the chief credit for the great deeds which they accomplished together; and, with every respect for Ferdinand's talent, we can have little sympathy for one

who was so unjust to the Great Captain Gonzalo di Cordova, who with inadequate forces overrun Calabria, gaining victory after victory, and whose powerful assistance at the siege of Atella, compelled the French to surrender, and ended triumphantly the Italian wars.* Yet the last years of this great man were embittered by the contumely and neglect of a sovereign for whom he had gained a kingdom. Isabella is undoubtedly the most interesting of Spanish sovereigns. All will recollect the glowing pages of Prescott. The fortitude and energy which under every difficulty she exhibited, in promoting the Moorish wars, pawning her very jewels to purchase the necessary supplies, the spirit and zeal which she infused into all ranks, and by her presence in the camp inspired the soldiers, the hardships and dangers she encountered; and when the Moorish war ended triumphantly, her wise reforms, gentleness, taste for literature, and acts of piety, charity and munificence, endeared her to all her subjects. Perhaps the brightest feature in her character, was the constancy of her friendships. Columbus, whose discoveries were alone sufficient to immortalize his patron's name, would not have had the means to undertake his eventful voyage, and when sent back to Spain in chains, would never

* Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. II, p. 299.

have overcome the malice of his jealous enemies, if Queen Isabella had not been his friend. Ximenes assailed the corrupt habits of the clergy, the most powerful body in the kingdom, and must have fallen a victim to their opposition, had not the Queen supported him. Even the great captain of the age, Gonzalo di Cordova, who first distinguished himself at the siege of Granada, and whose career in Italy was a continual succession of brilliant exploits, would not have been allowed to retain his command, if it had not been for Isabella. Pity it is, that with her excellent sense, admirable judgment, sincere piety, and unbounded generosity, Isabella should have established the Inquisition, and given her consent to a decree which condemned the Jews, her most useful and wealthy subjects, to banishment from the kingdom, and the dreadful sufferings that sentence entailed upon most of them. We must, however, recollect that the head of her Church, the Pope himself had avowed the principle, that zeal for the purity of the faith, atoned for every crime. Isabella being born and educated a bigot, and engaged during a great portion of her life in a religious war, may account for a woman of her sound judgment yielding to such a principle, and allowing her confessor to influence a heart which must have shrunk from cruelty, as it broke at last, overwhelmed with her severe domestic bereavements.

There are various interesting relics, bequeathed

by Ferdinand and Isabella. The royal standards at the altar, used at the conquest, the sword of the King, of fine-tempered steel, and solid gold handle, the guard turned down in a semi-circular shape, and a plain silver-gilt crown. The Queen's missal, with a heavy binding, with silver hasps, ornamented with pretty paintings: the Adoration of the Magi, and Christ entering into Jerusalem, are good; but the Crucifixion is the largest and the best, the figures looking up, and the decorations of flowers and arms are excellent. They also exhibit a small painting framed in silver, being the portable altar of the Catholic Kings, representing an adoration of the Kings, by Hemling, richly coloured, and beautifully drawn. In the Chapel Royal, there are other works of art worthy of attention, besides those connected with Ferdinand and Isabella. In a side chapel, St. John and the Lamb, by Juan de Sevilla, almost equal to a Ribalta. St. Joseph and the child Jesus, by the same, but not so good. In the sacristy, a Deposition from the Cross, by Alonso Cano; the figure of Mary above our Saviour is fine, but the painting is much injured, and colouring indifferent. There also they exhibit some priests' robes, partly worked, they say, by Isabella. In a gorgeously gilt chapel, beyond the reja, are two curious hard paintings, by Gallegos, who was born at Salamanca, and died there in 1550, the Deposition from the Cross, and the Crucifixion, the

last the best. There are apparently no services in this chapel and the people are excluded, and therefore there is nothing to disturb the solitude and silence, which enhance the effect of what is, in truth, a vast mausoleum. Pilgrims of every nation, and every rank, visit it with reverence. General Concha and his family were there at the same time I visited the chapel; and though Spaniards are vain of their country and its marvels to a fault, we can excuse their being proud of such monarchs as Ferdinand and Isabella, and the splendid monuments erected to their memory.

The Generalife is the next most interesting sight of Granada. Pedestrians should follow the centre walk of the Alhambra gardens, which leads to the farm-house, or the entrance of the grounds; but if any of the party are on mules or donkeys, the gardens must be left at the fountain, and the first turn taken to the left. The views of the towers and walls of the Alhambra, following the curves and dips of the hill, are very interesting, often picturesque, and still more beautiful, when combined with the town and Vega in the distance. The approach to the villa from the farm-house is neatly kept, and the road through the avenue of cypresses, with a hedge of roses on each side, is also in good order. There is really now no reason to find fault with Spain for the bad preservation of the Moorish remains, or the order and neatness of the gardens,

except that prisoners are employed of the worst class, and injuries sometimes committed. The Generalife is not quite as trim as a seat in the south of England, but it is surprising to see it so well kept, as the noble family it belongs to never resides there. This avenue of cypresses leads to the villa, where from the corridor there is a beautiful view of the Alhambra, and its walls and fortifications. The form is almost that of a myrtle leaf, and with the numerous houses upon it, the church, the palace of Charles V. in the centre, and the fortifications following the lines of the hills, it is very picturesque, though the exterior is extremely plain.

Beyond the Alhambra is the beautiful Vega, with Santa Fé in the distance, and round the base of the hill on which the palace stands is the immense town appearing from here, from the narrowness of the streets, one mass of houses; and far in the distance a picturesque range of hills. Passing along this corridor, we came to the remains of the ancient palace. The first gallery or portico is ornamented with a large circular arch, with a smaller one on each side, supported by white marble columns, with an alcove on the left, and a beautiful roof. Three arches, the centre one higher and wider than the side ones, and supported, as usual, by very thin columns (which, neither here nor in the Alhambra, ever appear too slight, so delicate is the work they support), lead into a gallery, where some

of the ornaments and the stalactite cornice, supporting the beautiful inlaid roof, are admirable. We then entered a delightful little room, ornamented with windows covered with lattices in stucco, of a very pretty pattern. Most of these windows are now closed, but when open, this must have been a deliciously cool retreat in summer, commanding charming views.

The villa is surrounded with gardens, through which the river Darro rushes like a torrent, and is truly delicious this hot weather.

There are some portraits which are curious, if one could give any credit to their being likenesses. El Rey Chico has not the least appearance of a Moor. Musa is rather better; Sidi Yahye certainly looks mean enough to change his religion, or, as Condé says of him, betray his country; Alonso, his son, is an improvement on the father; Ferdinand more like his character than the portraits I have seen elsewhere; Isabella dairy-maidenish; the Great Captain is the best of all the portraits. There were also some vile daubs of the Conquest of South America.

We then went to the cypress-trees. The celebrated one, under which the frail Zoraya is said to have been surprised with her lover, the Abencerrage, is five feet in diameter. The court is delightful, with its pond in the centre, surrounded with hedges of roses; and in a little island, behind an enclosure

of box, are coloured flower-pots, filled with choice plants. In the garden behind is a bower, consisting of a cane frame-work, Moorish in its shape, and covered with laurels, cypresses, and myrtles, some of the latter of an extraordinary size. The view from the garden, looking towards the gallery of the villa, is very pretty; but the one from the top of the summer-house is the finest, and little inferior to the celebrated view from the Silla del Moro above, the ascent to which, though short, is steep and fatiguing on a hot day. The Moors delighted to sit there, and enjoy one of the finest prospects in Spain; and well might the Andalusian poet exclaim: "Granada has not its like in the world; neither Cairo, Bagdad, nor Damascus, can compete with it. We can only give an idea of its great value, by comparing it to a beautiful bride, whose dower those countries should form part."*

There you see the Vega, in all its extent and beauty, on one side; the Sierra Nevada, almost one mass of snow; the Alhambra, the plan of which is seen admirably from that point, Charles V.'s palace seeming nearly filled by the large circus or court in the centre; the Albaicin, the principal abode of the Moslems; the caves in the hills, chiefly inhabited by the gipsies and the poorest Spaniards; and the rivers of Granada, the Darro and the Xenil.

* Mohammedan Dynasties, vol. i, p. 43.

The Silla consists of a small fragment of tapia-work, apparently of a square tower.

Descending, I observed the Torre del Pico, the only tower of the Alhambra which has battlements, and in all probability they were added after the Conquest, and then went to the Campo Santo, which contains no monuments of any taste, and is only worth seeing for the fine view of the Sierra Nevada, though some of the dark-grey marbles, of which many of the tombs are constructed, are pretty. We afterwards passed the convent of Los Martires, now a vast ruin, where the tower is worth observing; and then proceeded to the gipsy quarter, where we were soon beset by lively groups, begging and dancing in a style very like the almæ in Egypt. The hills where their caves are situated are covered with prickly pears, which increase their picturesque effect. I penetrated some of the habitations, which appeared to consist of only two little rooms, and are not to be compared to the spacious excavations at Purullena. If, however, these holes indicate extreme poverty, they have at least the enjoyment of the finest and richest view of the Vega.

Strong as the Government now is, the thievish propensities of the gipsies are greatly checked, though indeed such is their adroitness, they are seldom caught when guilty of theft. They live by tinkering, iron-work, horse-dealing, and other employments, requiring more wit than labour. Their features are

quite different from the Spaniards, and their complexion much darker.

El Cuarto Real, a Moorish royal palace, is well worth visiting. The shaded avenues of laurels, myrtles, cypresses, and beautiful bowers, are Moorish in their designs, and have probably not been changed in form since the time of the Conquest. "The cypress and the myrtle, like the lover and the beloved, grow side by side." When the sun is powerful, as it is to-day, they are delicious with their fountains.

The arches of the portico of the palace, at the end of the avenue, supported by double slender columns, are very pretty, and lead into a lofty room, ornamented with four exquisitely-decorated arches, above which are as many windows on each side, now filled up. Their decorations, and those also on the walls, are like the richest point-lace, and the roof is beautifully inlaid, like some in the Alhambra. The azulejos columns, and the green and white tiles, with gold scrolls, are charming, and the arched alcove, with its pretty window, looking over a portion of the town and Vega, is also very beautiful. When weary with sight-seeing, this is a delightful room to repose in, and enjoy the cool breezes and the murmuring of the fountains.

CHAPTER XIV.

CATHEDRAL—CARTHUSIAN CONVENT—CONVENT OF SAN JERONIMO—SAN JUAN DE LOS REYES—CONVENT OF SANTO DOMINGO—MOORISH HOUSES—MARIA PINEDA—SPLENDID VIEWS—SANTA FÉ—PADUL—THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR—ZUBIA—INNS AND GUIDES.

THERE is little to see in Granada beyond the Moorish remains. The exterior of the cathedral, built by Diego de Siloe, is detestable; and the interior, which is very large and lofty, and might easily have been admirable, is almost as bad. The five aisles are formed by clusters of four Corinthian columns, resting on frightful high pedestals, and having, on the capitals of the columns, heavy, clumsy attics, of the most outrageous description. The pavement, of dark-grey and white marble, is excellent; but it is easier to say what there is to praise in this church than what to censure.

In the chapel of San Miguel is some of the cele-

brated sepentine or green of Granada, and a Mater Dolorosa, by Alonso Cano, very good, but it does not exhibit much feeling. Close to this chapel is an inscription, stating, "No one can walk, talk with women, or be together in these naves, on pain of excommunication, and two ducats fine;" a regulation which English tourists never attend to, though the same liberty is not allowed during services in the churches of Spain, as in St. Peter's at Rome.

In the chapel of the Trinity is a charming Holy Family, by an excellent pupil of Cano's, Pedro Atanasio Bocanegra, who was born at Granada, and died there in 1688, his death supposed to be hastened by his jealousy of cotemporary artists. There are two Riberas—a Joseph and Child, and the other, St. Francis, both good.

In the chapel of St. Francis are two very fine Riberas—one a St. Jerome, and the other a Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, one of the best paintings of this master I have seen in Spain; the Saint is on the ground, before being bound to the tree, imploring Heaven for support. There are on the same altar-piece, some Alonso Canos. A Saviour and Virgin, very pretty painting, by that master; Christ bearing his Cross, in which the Magdalen is good; a St. Francis and a St. Augustin, the former tolerable; but none of these are first-rate Canos, and some of them very doubtful. The cimborio, or great dome, near the grand altar, two hundred

and twenty feet high, is very fine; the arch supporting it, one hundred and ninety feet in height, is curious, as from behind it seems only half the width in the centre as at the spring of the arch. This part of the church is richly decorated with columns, ornaments, two galleries, and a double row of windows above, with rich stained glass. Near the high altar is a figure of Ferdinand kneeling on one side, and Isabella on the other; and there are also two heads of Adam and Eve, in circular medallions, said to be by Alonso Cano, but so spoiled by repainting, that from an immense distance below they seem rather from a perfumer's window in the Burlington Arcade than the production of the wonderful chisel of Alonso. Above the first gallery are seven paintings by that artist, which are deserving of the highest praise, and which indeed must be considered as his chief works. They are too high to be fully appreciated from below, and being painted for that height, will not bear a close examination; but they may be best seen from the gallery, looking across the cimborio, though even there the distance is rather too great. The Assumption is a charming painting, the Virgin exquisite, and the drapery admirable; but I do not like so much the angels supporting her. The Virgin and Child, in the Purification, are very beautiful; the Visitation looks extremely well from below; the Annunciation is also an exquisite painting; the expression of the Virgin

is meek, and full of religion and beauty. The other paintings, the Presentation at the Temple, the Birth of the Virgin, &c., are not so good; but there is a grandeur in the composition of all these paintings, and a pleasing richness and harmony of colouring, which certainly entitle Cano to be ranked among the very best of Spanish painters.

In the gallery are some St. Juan de Sevillas, who was born here in 1627, but of no great merit. In the sanctuary are a series of small paintings, which are said to be by Cano, and one bears his name. They are called Las Obras di Misericordia, and contain a great many figures, some of them well done; but they are not equal to his paintings in a more elevated style. His larger figure there of our Saviour is good. The gems of the cathedral, also in the sanctuary, are a beautiful little Conception, by Alonso Cano, about eighteen inches high, carved in wood, and coloured, the face very lovely, the hands large, but delicately executed, are clasped together; the Virgin is standing, and apparently in deep thought; her drapery consists of a pale-green robe, with a purple garment thrown over one shoulder, and crossing her body. There is there also, by the same artist, a beautiful Madonna and Child, with a sweet expression; the head of the Virgin particularly well executed. They exhibit also a little image of our Saviour, gorgeously attired, said to have been brought to Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella; and some rich brocaded dresses, decorated

with birds and flowers, at which Isabella is said to have worked; but, from the freshness of the colours, they appear less ancient.

We then saw a painting of a Conception, by Alonso Cano; a pale and beautiful figure, the colouring of the flesh white, and the drapery light-blue, like Guido's, and an expression full of grace and beauty. There is also a Saviour, by the same master.

Returning into the cathedral, there are a few paintings worth observing. The Virgin feeding St. Bernard; the milk like a silver thread falling from a great height, by Torregiano, who is thought a great deal of here, more, I think, than he deserves; the drawing is not bad, but the picture is not pleasing. The best I observed by this master here is the Holy Family and St. Bernard, with six little angels.

In the chapel of the Virgin de la Antigua are two fine paintings of Ferdinand and Isabella on their knees; the King has a splendid mantle on, and is intelligent-looking; Isabella, with her hands clasped, and in a purple robe and blue cloak, seems all thought, gentleness and goodness. They are copies by Juan de Sevilla, from paintings by Rincon, and may therefore be considered the most authentic portraits of the conquerors of Granada. There is also a head of Christ, by Cano, under a glass.

The chapel of the Virgin of the Pillar is rich in marbles; the altar especially is very beautiful.

Over the principal entrance of the cathedral is a Virgin and Child, by Alonso Cano, but too high to see it well; and there is also a similar subject by St. Luke—believe it who will.

In this cathedral there is a large painting of St. James on horseback; and as I have often mentioned this subject, which so frequently occurs in the churches and galleries of Spain, it will only be respectful to the patron saint to give some account of him. The Virgin Mary, it seems, sent this apostle, with twelve disciples, into Spain, to build a church to her honour. When he arrived there, he raised an old Pagan prophet from the dead, who had been buried 600 years, and having baptized him by the name of Peter, consecrated him Archbishop of Bareza. One night, when St. James was at Cæsaria Augusta (now Zaragossa), the Virgin Mary came riding in the air on a jasper pillar, attended by thousands of angels singing Ave Marias, and ordered him to build a church on the spot, which he did. Then he returned to Jerusalem, where he was martyred. His twelve disciples carried his body to Joppa, and put it on board a marble ship, in which they sailed with it to Galicia, whence they travelled to a wood where the city of Compostella now stands, and buried it in a vault in a marble coffin. About eight hundred years afterwards the body was found by Don Theodomir, Bishop of Iria, and the King (Alonzo el Casto)

built a church over it, and endowed it with lands. St. James soon after rendered the most signal service to his devotees in a war with the Moors. The Spaniards were then tributaries to them, and the annual tribute was a hundred Christian virgins. Don Ramiro refused to pay. The Moors attacked him (at Clavijo). Ramiro raised forces and resisted; and St. James in full armour, riding on a stately white horse at the head of the troops, mowed down whole squadrons of Moors, and freed Spain from the tribute. Hence came the rich and numerous military order of St. James; hence he was made patron of Spain; hence that knight errantry which the author of "Don Quixote" endeavoured to subdue by ridicule.*

The Carthusian Convent is worthy of a visit. A handsome staircase leads to the terrace before the chapel, where there is a delightful view of the richest part of the Vega and the gorge of Moclin. The *façade* of the chapel is extremely plain, but over the door there is a good marble statue of St. Bruno. In the corridor of the old convent there is a series of revolting but extraordinary paintings, representing the martyrdom of the Carthusians during the reign of Henry VIII. One friar has a spear through him, and is as calm as if it had passed under his elbow. In the first large painting, the

* Robinson's Ecclesiastical Researches, p. 178.

man with an axe on the point of striking the Carthusian is well drawn. The next to it is very good, especially the angels succouring the martyrs. The one that follows represents our Henry VIII. judging four Carthusians. The English King has more the appearance of having been dieted all his life on Spanish fare than on the roast beef of Old England, and certainly never was represented so thin, before or since; but the heads of the Carthusians, with crowns of thorns, are excellent. Another painting represents St. Bruno bowing to the cross, and the cross in acknowledgment bowing to him. St. Bruno carrying a sack of flowers to some princes is the best coloured of the series. The Madonna in Glory is very good. One painting represents four Carthusians dragged to execution, and three hanging on a gibbet. Another, a Carthusian hanging with a weight at his feet. St. Bruno making the water to gush from the dry rock, like a second Moses, and other dreams and miracles of that saint. The dining-room of the convent is large and arched.

The door leading into the chapel is of tortoise-shell, ivory, and cedar-wood, and extremely beautiful; also the screen, and two large paintings—one is the Baptism of Christ, said to be by Rincon, who was born at Guadalajara in 1446, and therefore one of the oldest of Spanish painters; but from their style, and from what I

have heard, I think these and the other pictures in this church attributed to Rincon, are most probably painted by J. Sanchez Cotan, a Carthusian friar, who was born more than a century later. The other, by the same artist, is a Holy Family, the Madonna and Child sitting under a palm-tree, and St. Joseph helping himself to bread and cheese, and the angels playing above—well coloured. Above are other large paintings, said to be by the same master, Rincon—the Presentation the best.

The chapel is richly gilt, and consists of a single nave, with carved stalls all round, above which are plateresque ornaments; but this chapel is certainly one of the best specimens of that over-ornate style. There are many large paintings, said to be by Rincon, but most probably by Cotan. The Marriage of the Virgin appears to me one of the best. The Madonna is beautiful, with her white dress and blue mantle, and a very sweet expression. The painting is well drawn, nicely coloured, and the composition pleasing. There is also a charming Madonna and Child, by Alonso Cano. The child is admirable, very natural, and the drapery excellent. The pale, clear tint of the brow of the Virgin is like Guido, and in the richer colouring of the boy one is reminded of Titian. There is also there a little Head of our Saviour, said to be by Murillo. The grand altar is very rich in marbles.

A beautiful door leads into the sanctuary, where

no expense was been spared. Such a profusion of valuable marbles and ornaments is rarely seen, but greater simplicity would have had a better effect. The cabinets of tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, and cedar-wood are, however, superb.

The Convent of San Jeronimo is very interesting. It is now made a barracks, and horses were frisking in the handsome court, ornamented with elliptical arches. There is also another patio, with circular arches and marble pillars. The church contains the sepulchre of the Great Captain, but his bones were scattered by the mob when the convents were destroyed. The tomb is before the altar, covered with a mat, and consists of a plain slab, with this inscription:

GONZALI FERNANDEZ DE CORDOVA.
QUI PROPRIA VIRTUTE
MAGNI DUCIS NOMEN
PROPRIUM SIBI FECIT, OSSA
PERPETUÆ TANDEM
LUCI RESTITUENDA
HUIC INTEREA LOCULO CREDITA SUNT,
GLORIA MINIME CONSEPULTA.

The retablo of the grand altar of this church is rather fine, covered with tolerably executed saints and religious subjects. On one side of it kneels Gonzalo, and on the other his wife; and behind

him is a painting representing the Pope giving him a sword, which was represented by the one which was actually given to him. Many of the nails which fastened it are remaining, but the French appropriated the weapon. Such an indignity to the bravest of Spaniards looks as if they had not forgiven his victories over them in Italy.

San Juan de los Reyes is very curious and quite Moorish, with the arches of the tower supported by slender columns. The church contains no works of art; the portraits of Ferdinand, and Isabella by Rincon, mentioned by Mr. Ford, have vanished.

The Convent of Santo Domingo, which has a fine colonnade in the court, is the Museum of Granada, and contains a vast quantity of poor paintings; a few only can be distinguished which are tolerable. Some San Juan de Sevillas. A Ferdinand and Isabella, the light is bad, but it seemed good. It has occurred to me since, that it is possible this may be Rincon's, from San Juan de los Reyes. A Virgin and Child of the school of Cano (38), and a fine Albert Duro. The figures of saints and apostles, carved on stalls by Berruguete, are very good. The Convent of Santa Catalina contains a painting of St. Catherine bearing a cross, but not I think by Cano, as it is said to be.

Granada is an interesting town, and many of the streets are very picturesque; every window having a gay-coloured awning over its balcony, which is fre-

quently ornamented with brass knobs, and sometimes the iron railing is enclosed with glass. The windows of the lower floors, and frequently the upper, are covered with lattices. The best streets, where there are no shops, look pretty and picturesque, but some, such as the Zacatin and the Alcaiseria, quite Oriental, have a still more striking appearance, and many beautiful bits of Moorish architecture will attract the traveller wandering in the narrow lanes and plazas. The latter are not remarkable for size or effect, though the Plaza de la Constitucion contains some few Moorish houses, with square windows and balconies, and some of the smaller plazas contain charming bits of architecture.

The Casa de los Tiros belongs to a family formerly Moors who changed their religion. It has square windows, in which the Moorish guns are still remaining. The Pescaderia is extremely picturesque; a long building extends on one side with shops partly enclosed with wood-work, and above them most picturesque wooden galleries projecting considerably. The groups crowded round the baskets of anchovies, for I did not see any other kind of fish, were very interesting. The Casa del Carbon is quite Moorish, and consists chiefly of a large arch with stalactite ornaments still preserving their colour. The ancient wood roof and decorations, as rich as point lace, are very beautiful. Under the arch are two little shops, where now they sell rabbit-

skins and other furs. Some of the streets in the Albaicin, the old Moorish town, are very narrow, scarcely more than a stride across, and picturesque corridors and galleries attract the attention in every direction. The modern fashion of painting the *façades* of the houses adds greatly to their pleasing appearance. Some of the new streets are a good width, and the balconies and gay verandahs look very pretty. The respectable families take great pride in their little gardens, and generally they are full of flowers, and orange and lemon-trees.

There is little art in Granada, the birth-place of the celebrated sculptor Montanes, and Cano. We visited many private houses to see their collections of paintings, but saw very few that were good. In some I found some tolerable Canos, and in one collection I stumbled upon eleven, by Morales, just imported from a convent in Estramadura by a gentleman who has property there. The Deposition from the Cross, admirable, but much injured, some of the faces quite destroyed. St. John Preaching, Christ at the Column, bearing his Cross, and in Limbo, were very fine, but many of them were already destroyed by restorers. I was struck with the neatness and cleanliness of every class of houses. A porch, generally paved very prettily with small stones in the form of flowers and arabesque patterns, leads into a small court ornamented with marble pillars, in which there is frequently a fountain surrounded with

shrubs and flowers. The furniture was much plainer than in the houses in Valencia, but always neat. The shops are pretty good, but I see few booksellers, and fewer good books, though this city is the birth-place of many distinguished authors.

Granada is an excellent place for purchasing Majo costume, and I got one for my boy in England. Few English travellers now adopt this dress, and they are right, as they never would be taken for Spaniards, and would gain nothing by being supposed to belong to any other nation. Let an Englishman, therefore, hoist his colours manfully, and when asked his country, which is not likely, as we are easily recognized, say, as Mr. Ford suggests: "Gracias à Dios son cabellero Ingles," and no one will think the worse of him, especially if, when travelling, he has a good double-barrelled gun at his side. In these days there is such a variety of cloaks, coats, and hats, our dress affords every advantage of the Majo costume except the ceinture; and I found a good belt under the vest, is as great a support in riding, and perhaps as useful a precaution against cholic, the disease of the country.

The promenades are pretty. The Alameda del Triunfo is for the people, and never visited by the nobles. In it is erected a tasteless monument to Maria Pineda, a lady of good family and great beauty, who in 1831 was strangled here for treason, though her innocence is now acknowledged (Cosas d'Es-

paña) ; near it is a large hospital for insane people. Then there is a promenade for the red and a promenade for the blue blood, the most aristocratic, on the banks of the Xenil. I followed the river for a long way, and the views were sometimes pretty. The body of water is considerable, but it has a snowy or marly hue, like the streams in Switzerland, near the glaciers.

The views, after the Alhambra, form the great attraction in Granada. We made a delightful excursion to San Nicolas church, where there is a most charming prospect, I think the most beautiful of any. You have not only the Alhambra, but the Generalife, the Silla del Mora, and the Sierra Nevada, and a magnificent view of the city and the Vega. We then went to San Miguel, a ruined convent, where the view is also splendid, but not equal, I think, to the one from San Nicolas. We afterwards went round the bleak hills to get on the other side of the defile, dividing San Miguel from the Sacra Monte, a picturesque convent where there is also an exquisite view, and from there descended to the Darro promenade and passed through another quarter of gipsies and poor Spaniards, living in caves surrounded with prickly pears, and here for the second time we find these people have chosen the most lovely spot near Granada for their abode. The pretty defile is clothed with foliage, and the Alhambra and its towers and

walls, and buildings rising above are picturesque in the extreme.

Granada is truly a charming place for an artist. No pencil can do justice to the interior of the palace, the exquisite details baffle all attempts at correct delineation; but there are picturesque views without end, and if he sits down to sketch the first day of his arrival, thinking nothing can be more beautiful than the point he has selected, the chances are that he will in a few days see a dozen views ten times more attractive.

We had a delightful excursion to Santa Fé, the Last Sigh of the Moor, and Zubia.

Starting at seven, two hours' ride through a perfect garden, brought us to Santa Fé. After Isabella had joined the army the camp was consumed by fire, to the great astonishment of the Moors, who suspected some artifice, and this town was then erected, the first and last example of a besieging army adopting so energetic a measure. It had its effect on the Moors, who from that moment despaired of resisting an enemy so determined and powerful. The town is built of brick and mortar, and coarse tapia-work. There is little to observe except the *façade* of the church which is tolerable, and the unusual military regularity of the streets.

The ride of three hours from there to Padul, the Last Sigh of the Moor, is extremely beautiful,

along a natural terrace, passing several villages, where the people seem well off, and commanding delicious views of the rich and verdant Vega; such crops of wheat, flax, and beans, as are seldom seen. In the distance Granada, sparkling in the sun, and beyond the plain different ranges of mountains, and the Sierra Nevada with its snowy summits partly capped in the clouds. The foreground to the view consisted of a wood of olives, most of them with picturesque old trunks. Ascending the road, the last point where a small portion of Granada is seen, but nothing of the beauty and the richness of the Vega, is the place called El Suspiro, the Sigh of the Moor, where Boabdil and his suite, gazing for the last time, on a city once so powerful; so happy, and so rich, but then conquered and degraded under a foreign yoke, saw a light cloud of smoke burst from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery told them that the throne of the Moslem kings was lost for ever. "God is great," he said; but unable to refrain his grief, burst into a flood of tears.

"Weep not," said his mother, the Sultana Ayesha; "weep not as a woman for the loss of a kingdom, which you knew not how to defend as a man."

Jusef Aben Tomixa, who accompanied him, said:

"Recollect that great and remarkable misfortunes confer on men who support them with courage and

fortitude, as much renown as prosperity and happiness."

"Ah! what misfortunes," sobbed the unfortunate prince, "were ever to be compared to mine."

Fifty devoted followers accompanied him to the district assigned him in the Valley of Purchena, in the mountains of Alpujarras; but Boabdil could not forget that he had been a king, and his vizier seeing his misery, sold his territory to Ferdinand for eighty thousand ducats of gold, and they sailed to Africa, where he was well received by the King of Fez. Thirty-four years after the surrender of Granada, he assisted that monarch to subdue a rebellion. A fearful battle took place, and, in the midst of a dreadful carnage, Boabdil fell, truly called through life El Zogoybi, the Unlucky, dying in defence of the kingdom of another, after wanting spirit to defend his own. M. Gayangos, however, says he lived at Fez, until 1538, leaving children, and his posterity were beggars at the mosque doors—a truly melancholy instance of the sins and weakness of the father visited upon the children, unto the third and fourth generations.

Skirting the plain, we rode on to Zubia, a village situated on the opposite side of the Vega to Santa Fé, and yet it is said to have been in this village, that Isabella and her brilliant Court, attended by a gallant band of the most celebrated warriors, sallied from the camp, which was too far distant to enable them to see Granada, and entering one of the

houses of a hamlet which had been prepared for their reception, enjoyed a full view of the city from its terraced roof. The ladies of the Court gazed with delight at the red towers of the Alhambra, rising from amidst shady groves, anticipating the time when the Catholic Sovereigns would be enthroned within its walls, and its courts shine with the splendour of Spanish chivalry. The prelates and friars looked with serene satisfaction at the triumph that awaited them, when the mosques and minarets they saw would be converted into churches, and goodly priests and bishops succeed to the infidel fakeers. This curiosity caused the Moors under Musa to sally out. They endeavoured in vain to provoke the Spaniards to single combat, Ferdinand having forbid that description of warfare, as the Moslems were generally successful. At last a renowned Moor appeared with an inscription of Ave Maria at his charger's tail, dragging it through the dirt. A short time before, fifteen Spanish cavaliers had surprised a gate of Granada, and one of them had dashed through the city, and after nailing this inscription on the principal mosque, fought his way back to the camp. Outrageous at this indignity to the Holy Virgin, Ferdinand allowed one of his Cavaliers, Garcilassa de la Vega, to encounter the Moor. The Christian was victorious, and a general engagement ensuing immediately afterwards, the Moslems were driven back to Granada with a loss of

two thousand men.* The house is still to be seen, Washington Irving says, where the Queen saw the battle; but inquiring before I got to the village, of some of the inhabitants, and learning nothing of it, I turned off to Granada at the river, Mrs. H—— being wearied with our long ride, satisfied with seeing the village, its pretty towers, and beautiful situation, at the end of the cultivated portion of the Vega, backed by rocky hills, remarkable for their deep furrows, and reddish and grey tints.

We were about an hour in riding to Zubia, the distance about five miles, and the same time from there to Granada, passing by the hermitage of St. Sebastian. Ferdinand and Isabella there met Boabdil, who surrendered to the Sovereigns the keys of the capital of his kingdom, the last relics, as he called them, of the Arabian empire in Spain. He implored the King to receive them with the clemency he had promised. Touched with his misfortunes, they would not permit him to do homage; and the Queen, to console him under his adversity, delivered to him his son, who had for years been with her as a hostage. During this ride from Padul, we crossed a great number of rapid streams, which irrigate the Vega, by means of innumerable channels, producing what is beautiful to see in this dry climate, a never-fading, brilliant verdure. The peasants are well off, earning their tenpence or

* See Conquest of Granada.

one shilling, at the least, a day—high wages where everything is cheap. The farmers complain like the town-people, that they are taxed heavily, which is certainly the case; and they assert that the friends of the Government pay less than others, but the truth is, all pay largely to support an immense army, and a still greater force of *employés* and pensioners. The following list is copied from the Herald, and will give a good idea of the wretched system which impoverishes the country:—

In the office of the War Department .	1,516
„ „ Treasury . . .	34,000
„ „ Admiralty . . .	3,492
„ „ Minister of Commerce .	4,176
„ „ Home Department .	3,801
„ „ Minister of Justice .	2,582
„ „ Foreign Affairs . .	246
„ „ .	20,185
Minister of War, Generals, Officers, including those on the reserved and retired list	151,367
Passive classes (not including the pensions of the judges), officers waiting for restoration, and the heirs of deceased pensioners of all the Ministers . .	53,589
	274,954

the army is said to cost one million sterling than is requisite for the country.

I saw few of the ladies of Granada in the promenades, but many on their balconies, with their hair always dressed with flowers. Very few were good-looking, and they seem inferior to the Valencians in style and manner, as well as in beauty. The world seems to be growing more serious and thoughtful, and even in Spain dancing is seldom seen. A schoolmaster for three dollars got up a ball, to give us an opportunity of seeing the national dances. The boys and girls were prettily dressed, the former in white leather knee breeches, Majo jackets, and sashes; the girls in blue and white dresses, reaching to their knees, and exhibiting to advantage their pretty figures. Nothing could exceed the grace and ease with which they danced the fandango, cachuco, bolero, and various other dances of the same class, and so resembling each other, that a more experienced eye than mine is requisite to describe the difference, which sometimes consisted in whirling round and round more frequently, sometimes in springing higher, or in throwing back the head as in the cachuco. The room was full of the children's parents and other relations; and as every other dance consisted of grown-up women, with long heavy petticoats, we were soon tired. Spanish dances certainly require Spanish dresses. The children danced remarkably well, without the straining or exaggeration, accompanied with cheerful click of the castanets of the dancers occasionally with the voice.

The population of Granada is, they say, now seventy-five thousand. Formerly, as I have said, in the time of the Moors, four times, and at last more than six times that number; but the valleys were the richest in the world, the mountains full of minerals, and excellent ports afforded the wealth which commerce produces. Well might the Moors delight in their Granada. Like Naples or Rome, it is impossible to leave it without regret, and without acknowledging that it is one of those few places which have realised all our expectations.

The Fonda della Minerva is very comfortable, charges reasonable, twenty-five reals (five or six shillings) each a-day; and the best rooms look over the most cheerful plaza in the town, and have a fine view of the Sierra Nevada. The dinners are occasionally Spanish, but the strong oil may always be avoided, and there is no lack of simple dishes. The sherry is tolerable, and the common table wine, for which no charge is made, is a very pleasant valdepenas. Servants may here be sometimes hired, but the guides are a sad set, and to take their own accounts of each other, some have committed murder, and all been in prison for theft. We had the best, Bensaken, the father, evidently a Moorish name; but like all Spaniards with Arab blood in their veins, he denied he was of Moorish extraction. His son is a good-looking fellow, speaks excellent Spanish, and I should probably have taken him as a servant for the rest

of our journey, but he endeavoured not only to cheat me but his own father, declaring that he was ill and could not attend us, when in came Bensaken, as well as ever he was in his life. The indifference with which he treated this attempt to deceive him made me think he was accustomed to such tricks. Bensaken, the father's charge, is a dollar a-day in Granada, and two for travelling. He is very intelligent and I think honest. It is very difficult to find a good travelling servant in Spain. We could not get any kind of one at Barcelona and Valencia. They were unwilling to leave their homes for less than a year; and now our roughing and riding are almost over, I regretted less being unable to meet with one here, and Mrs. H—— being timid, I engaged a man to walk by her horse, and attend to our luggage, &c., on the road.

CHAPTER XIII.

ALHAMA—ROBBERS—MALAGA—MOORISH CASTLE—STREETS—SHOPS—THE CATHEDRAL—VIEW FROM THE TOWER—TERRA-COTTA IMAGES.

We left Granada at six o'clock, and for two hours our road lay through the Vega. The crops of beans and wheat and flax were admirable, and the views splendid, looking back on Granada and the Sierra Nevada. M. L—— joined our party again, and a Mr. T—— who was going to Malaga. Mrs. H—— used to call our worthy French friend comical, he was so full of fun and so very lively, sometimes seated on his horse like a lady, and as often, when he wanted to talk, with his face towards the tail; but now, poor fellow! he is very melancholy at leaving Granada, where he has buried his friend. He, however, undertook again to pay the accounts, which he managed with great good-humour, and quite sufficient economy, preferring to submit, as all travellers should, to a few impositions rather than have angry

disputes; and nothing could exceed his vigilance in watching the pot containing our dinner, guarding it from saffron, oil, garlic, and other Spanish nastiness, and cooking himself some excellent omelets.

After leaving the well-irrigated Vega, we came to a barren waste, a perfect contrast. We descended to the village of La Mala, a wild, dreary place, but rich in salt-pits; and after breakfasting at the venta, proceeded to Alhama. The first three hours of our route lay through sterile districts, little or not at all cultivated, and most uninteresting, and we then descended one of the most bleak Sierras in Spain, to the little village of Casin, surrounded by trees; and after crossing a river, and ascending another steep hill we came in sight of the city. The first view of it is beautiful, appearing from there as if built upon the slope of a verdant hill, the streets rising terrace-like one above another, and behind a fine range of mountains, the Sierra of Alhama, the Tegada, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. The course of the river winding through the valley is easily traced by the trees and shrubs on its banks, except in one part where it passes through a splendid rocky gorge. The approach to Alhama, up a long, broad, inclined entrance, suitable for a metropolis, destroys the first impression, for you then find that the city is situate on an eminence, surrounded by a deep rocky chasm—an immense natural moat, through which the river Marchan,

foams amongst wild romantic rocks mingled with beautiful foliage, picturesque mills and bridges, with Moorish houses perched above, forming one of the most romantic scenes in Spain.

Many parts of the city have a very Oriental appearance. There are baths in the neighbourhood, which we distinguished before we arrived, by the vapour rising from them, whence the name of the place, Al Hamam (bath in Arabic). An ancient aqueduct, which still supplies the inhabitants with water, crosses the plaza on circular arches, which appeared to me Moorish, though very like Roman. Alhama was the richest place in the Moorish territory, and from its strength and peculiar position, was called the Key of Granada.

Notwithstanding its vicinity to the capital, the Marquis of Cadiz determined to take it. The warlike troop under his command, set out in 1482, from Seville, and passing through the gorges of the Alpujarras arrived without being perceived within half a league of Alhama. They remained concealed in a deep valley formed by steep rocks (probably the one we passed), where they waited for night. When the Spanish General thought the inhabitants would be asleep, he set out with three hundred soldiers, and by means of ladders they had brought with them, mounted the ramparts of the castle which command the town. Killing the sentinels, they rushed to the gates, which they secured, instantly

opened, and admitted the rest of their forces. The inhabitants of Alhama, surprised but not conquered, courageously flew to their arms, and barricaded the entrance of the city on the side of castle. At the dawn of day they were attacked by the Spaniards, but resisted obstinately, until night put an end to the combat.

The next day the Castilians, who had received reinforcements, renewed the fight. The Moors defended themselves in the streets, in their plazas, and in the houses; but at last, overwhelmed with the increasing number of their enemies, and covered with wounds and worn out with fatigue, they could resist no longer. The city was pillaged, and most of the inhabitants put to the sword. The women and children, who had taken refuge in the mosques, were torn from those asylums by the furious conquerors, and even their lives were not spared.

Thus fell Alhama, and the once flourishing city became in two days a vast sepulchre, a scene of desolation; the streets, formerly crowded with a joyous and wealthy people, were strewed with ruins and the dead bodies of the slaughtered Moors. Thrice did the King of Granada attempt to recover this important place, but without success.

This was the first conquest of one of the bulwarks of his kingdom. Fortress after fortress, city after city, were besieged and taken; and after nearly ten years war, Granada, like a second Troy, was at last subdued.

The mournful little Spanish ballad, "Ay de mi, Alhama" (Woe is me, Alhama), translated by Byron, is supposed to be of Spanish origin, and written soon after the event, to depict the grief of the people of Granada on the taking of this strong city.

Passeavase el Rey moro
Por la Ciudad de Granada,
Desde las puertas de Elvira
Hasta las de Bivarambla.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Cartas le fueron venidas
Que Alhama era ganada.
Las cartas echó en el fuego,
Y al mensagero matava.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Hombres, niños y mugeres,
Lloran tan grande perdida.
Lloravan todas las demas
Quantas en Granada avia.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Por las calles y ventanas
Mucho luto parecia;
Llora el Rey como sembra,
Qu'es mucho lo que perdia,
Ay de mi, Alhama!

As the posada is said to be wretched, we went to the Casa de los Caballeros, which looks clean; but I had also good reason to exclaim "Ay de mi, Alhama!" for my bed was full of creepers.

We left the city at a quarter past four o'clock, in the dark; but the day soon dawned, and we had a wild ride, ascending but an indifferent path. The view of the chasm of Alhama is very fine; afterwards the grand mountain of Tegada attracted our attention, and illuminated as we saw it with the golden tints of the rising sun, it was truly splendid.

Having reached the summit of the mountain pass, we descended a rough path into a wild and beautiful valley, and had a very picturesque view of a rocky gorge on our right. The dogs in these mountainous regions are armed in a very formidable manner with strong collars, on which are several, or sometimes only one, long, sharp pike in front, and are trained when they attack men to throw back their heads and trust to their weapon, and not their teeth. Being very large, powerful animals, their whole weight thus thrown on the bristling collars would inflict a wound on their victim which would probably be fatal.

When about two leagues from Alhama, we saw five very suspicious-looking fellows, with, however, only one gun. They assembled on the road, as if to stop us, when they saw only Messrs. L—— and T—— in advance; but when the rest of the party came in sight, they moved off towards the hills. Monsieur L—— distinctly observed one man drawing the attention of the others to my double-barrelled gun. The roads have the reputation of being

so safe, we should have had no apprehension of their being robbers; but their manner was so suspicious, we were convinced that they were brigands. Our suspicions were confirmed when soon afterwards we met two parties of the *guardia civile* who were in search of them, and gave us descriptions of their persons, which agreed exactly, and their opinion was they would undoubtedly have robbed us if they had not seen my gun and I had not been on horseback. They are the remains of a band of upwards of twenty, whose Captain José has been as celebrated for several years as the famous José Maria. He was found murdered on the road six weeks ago, apparently by his followers, who then became very imprudent, and robbed a *guardia civile* of his horse and gun. Energetic measures were taken, and first twelve, and afterwards four more were apprehended. The rest of the gang attacked a grandee and General in the army, on his way from Malaga to Madrid, in his carriage, and wounded him severely. All the guards and soldiers in the district turned out in search of them, and every effort was made for their discovery. One of the brigands betrayed his friends, and they were taken, and all of them, not excepting the betrayer, instantly shot. Mr. T——, whom I afterwards met at Madrid, said he saw the dead bodies brought into Malaga, flung over donkeys like so many sacks of corn, but he could not say if they were the same we saw.

In Andalusia it is certainly prudent to carry arms, as all Spanish travellers do; but three or four Englishmen, with double-barrelled guns, need not fear any attack from bands of brigands or single footpads (*rateros*), who turn out when they see an opportunity of attacking unarmed strangers.

We stopped an hour for breakfast at the Venta del Almondin, opposite the fine mountain of Tegada and the village of Alcacin. I had a very small teapot, canisters for tea and sugar, gridiron, cups, and a supply of knives, forks, and spoons in a strong mahogany dressing-box, which I had made into a canteen. The spoons were of silver, and the mistress of the venta, thinking the forks were of the same material, and seeing that I was too busy sketching to detect her, managed to steal one of them.

We started again, and in an hour and a half after leaving the venta arrived at Vinuela, which seemed as we approached to be situated in a basin, surrounded with hills and groves of oranges, whose delicious and almost too powerful flowers perfumed the air; but we soon found it was only the commencement of a rich but narrow valley, through which the Avila flows, through pleasant groves of oranges, lemons, aloes, and prickly pears, which, combined with the verdant hills and rich cultivation, made the valley look like a little paradise after the dreary mountains we had passed.

Our route was in the broad bed of the Avila,

sometimes crossing its narrow stream; and glad we were of such a flat road after the rough steep paths we had crossed in the mountains.

About two o'clock we approached Velez el Malaga, picturesquely situated, with three hills rising behind the town. Some remains of walls and towers of the Moorish castle exist on the centre hill. Ferdinand took this place in person, killing a Moor with his own hand. The view from these hills must be very splendid of the rich plain and fields, hedged round with prickly pears and lofty rushes, and hills covered with pretty little white farms, with their frames for drying the grapes, larger but similar in shape to cucumber-frames, and beyond this rich garden a magnificent range of mountains.

In an hour we came to the Mediterranean and an uninteresting country, but soon afterwards left the good dilgence road, and followed a path between the sea and some wild, picturesque rocks. This path soon joins again the public road, and immediately afterwards we passed a strong fort and several martello towers. Both to-day and yesterday we have seen occasionally on the hills, round watch-towers, apparently Moorish; and we observed also in the valley of the Avila some old picturesque bridges, of the same period. The ride is pretty to Malaga, through a succession of rocks and valleys, richly cultivated towards the sea, but entirely by raising water from wells, by sakeeas, sometimes worked by a donkey but generally by a mule. The rocks approaching Malaga

seemed very picturesque; it was, however, nine o'clock when we entered the town, and therefore almost quite dark.

I was much interested in observing the wild-looking hills and valleys which surround this place. It was in similar deep, rocky gorges, dry beds of torrents, that the peasants, roused to resistance by the valiant El Zagal, the brother of Abu-l-Hasan, utterly routed the Marquis of Cadiz and the flower of the Andalusian chivalry. The peasants hurled stones and darts from the rocks and precipices. Courage and skill were useless in paths almost impassable to horses, and in defiles too narrow for many to pass at a time. The Marquis, attended by his faithful lances, escaped; and some others, after great sufferings, were equally fortunate. The most moderate account states that two hundred and fifty, and Pulgar asserts that four hundred, persons of rank, and thirty commanders of the military fraternity of St. James, were slain; and, according to some authors, eight hundred were killed, and double that number made prisoners.

"All Andalusia was overwhelmed by this great affliction. There was no drying of the eyes that wept in her. There was scarcely a family in the South but had to mourn the loss of some one of its members by death or captivity." This disaster was cruelly revenged. Ferdinand besieged Malaga with an immense host, and his Queen, Isabella, appeared in the camp, to encourage the assailants.

The battle raged with fire and sword, above and under ground, along the ramparts, the ocean, and the land, at the same time. The siege lasted three months, the Moors exhibiting the greatest skill and courage in the sallies which they made, and in defence of the fortifications. The Christians were brave, as usual; but a famine which raged in the town, was of more service to them than their valour.

As the population was very numerous, and no provisions could be introduced, the inhabitants experienced in a short time privations, which became every day more severe and intolerable. The rich citizens, who could not support hunger, assembled secretly to consult as to the means of surrendering the town to the Castilians, without exposing themselves to the rage of the people. They commissioned Ali Dordux to negotiate with the Christians; but this chief, according to an Arabian historian, bribed by Ferdinand, admitted the enemy at night into the fortress of Gebalfaro, from whence they spread into the town, which was pillaged by the soldiers. Many of the inhabitants perished in the confusion, others lost their liberty, and some few escaped by sea. The Spanish chroniclers say Ferdinand refused to grant any terms, and the inhabitants, after protracted negotiations, threw themselves on the mercy of the conqueror, reminding him of the liberality of their ancestors, when Cordova and other

Christian cities were taken, after a defence as pertinacious as their own.

The Governor, Hamet el Zegri, made a most gallant and obstinate resistance; and as he did but his duty to his country and his King, and only yielded to the slow advances of famine, he deserved a better fate than chains, a dungeon, and perpetual slavery. It is, however, some slight palliation for Ferdinand and Isabella, that one thousand six hundred Christians were found prisoners, some menial servants to the Moors, and others in chains in the dungeons. The arts which adorned the Alhambra had not softened the religious bigotry and cruelty which then prevailed.

The brave followers of El Zegri, the renowned Gomeres, were made slaves, and sent as presents to the Pope; and even the Moorish maidens were also made captives, and many given to Joanna the Queen of Naples, to the Queen of Portugal, and the great ladies of the Court of Spain.

Ferdinand added duplicity to cruelty, and, fearful lest they should conceal their effects, proclaimed that he would receive thirty dollars a-head as a ransom for the whole population, if paid within nine months; and that their personal effects should be admitted as part payment. The people gave in a full inventory of their goods, but not being able to raise the full amount, Ferdinand obtained complete possession of the persons and property of his

victims. There is no greater stain on the characters of Ferdinand and Isabella than their cruelty to the unfortunate inhabitants of Malaga, condemning all, without distinction, to slavery, for their obstinacy in defending their city and religion, with the most heroic courage—unmindful of the generosity of the Moors to the Christians, when they conquered Spain.*

The Moorish castle, now repaired, still defends the city; and a line of interesting forts (sometimes so numerous as to be almost close together) and walls, picturesquely following the ascent and slopes of the hill, leads up to the fortress. The view from the summit is very fine, of the sea, the port—which is very much exposed, but full of small vessels—the immense city, and the surrounding hills. We did not quite reach the summit, not having an order; but a soldier on guard, as a favour, admitted us to a point where the view was as fine almost as it could be at the top; and, what is wonderful in Spain, he refused a present of a peseta.

The sights of Malaga are seen in an hour or two, but the town requires longer time, as it contains a population of ninety thousand. There are a great number of good streets, some of them very regu-

* Condé, vol. III, p. 238; Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. I, chap. CX, and vol. II, chap. CXIII; Conquest of Granada, p. 128.

larly built; and all the houses had the lower windows covered with iron railings, and those on the other floors adorned with balconies, covered with glass or gay-coloured awnings, and even the highest loaded with beautiful plants in full flower.

The Plaza de la Constitucion is larger than the generality of plazas in Spain; and the Plaza del Triunfo is pretty, with its little promenade in the centre, ornamented with a monument to the forty-three patriots who were entrapped and executed in 1831. An Englishman's (Mr. Boyd's) is the sixth or seventh name on the list.

The grand promenade of Malaga is the Alameda, which is planted with trees; but many a smaller town in Spain can boast of a finer: the houses on both sides are excellent. The Zacatan is picturesque, with its gay shops. There is not now so much wine exported as formerly; ten thousand butts are supposed to be the quantity. A great deal is sent to Cadiz, and thence forwarded to England as sherry.

There is considerable luxury in the houses and furniture in Malaga, and they are very dear; but to make this show, they say they live very poorly. The women, who have such handsome dresses and mantillas, have petticoats with embroidered flounces, and the upper part, they say, of the coarsest material. They seem ladylike in their appearance, but not particularly pretty. There are about

one hundred English residents, many of them labourers in the iron and cotton manufactories, and some families residing here for climate; but as it is a town purely commercial, without arts and without literature, I wonder Valencia is not preferred, where good Spanish society may be enjoyed, and the climate is equally fine. Coal and hardware are the chief importations, and indifferent wine and one hundred and fifty thousand boxes of raisins the principal exports.

There is not a single gallery worth seeing, but the English Consul has some, and one very curious painting of Queen Isabella, they say by Juan de Leyden;* and there is an old inscription in Spanish, on the back, stating that it was drawn from nature. It is very hard, but expressive, and seems to have been taken when she was about forty-five. She is not represented at all pretty, but with full cheeks, and not even a pleasing expression. A cap fits close over her head, covering almost the whole of her forehead, but allowing her auburn hair to be seen; and that part is well painted.

The church of Santiago was once a mosque, but it is not worth seeing. There is a tolerable Christ at the column. The exterior and interior of this

* I presume they mean Lucas de Leyden; but this artist was only born a few years before the death of Isabella, and it is not like his style.

church are equally execrable. The cathedral is worth visiting. The *façade* is ornamented with Corinthian columns, and wanting in simplicity. The tower is decorated in the same style, but the effect is better. The view from the summit richly repays the trouble of the ascent, and is indeed splendid. The fortress, with its Moorish towers and walls, extending from the castle to the town, is extremely picturesque. In the distance, Africa and the blue Mediterranean covered with vessels, and calm as a lake; the immense town one mass of roofs, most of them without chimneys; the Plaza de Toros, many churches, but few of them with towers, and those not picturesque; the convent of Victoria, where the Christian forces had their head-quarters, at the foot of a little hill; La Trinidad very striking in the plain, and the convent of Los Angeles still more beautiful surrounded with wood at the entrance of a mountain gorge; the dry bed of the river and the immense city fill up almost entirely the little valley in which it is situated, an apparently narrow strip of land separating the suburbs from the fine wild furrowed mountains—admirable natural fortifications, which might easily be defended.

Near the sea are some lofty chimneys of the cotton manufactories and iron foundries, which can scarcely answer, as they are obliged to import their coal from England. There are also extensive soap manufac-

tories, and they say they export great quantities to America.

The interior of the cathedral is as bad as the exterior; three naves, formed by clusters of Corinthian columns, of the same kind I have described in the cathedral of Granada. The wood carvings in the choir are very beautiful; an Apostle or Saint above every stall, admirably done; the marble pulpits are good; and there is also an Annunciation in marble and two tombs in the same chapel, well executed. The Madonna del Rosario, by Cano, is not one of his best; the colouring is too red, but the composition is excellent. The Madonna has the child in her arms, and around there is a group of angels, and six saints below are looking up in adoration. The design of the grand altar, by Cano, is simple and elegant.

The terra-cotta images, for which Malaga is celebrated, representing chiefly majos and contrabandistas, with their wives on horses and mules, are excellent; but they looked so friable, I did not venture to purchase any: the best are at Leon's old shop, Calle Sa. Lucia.

The grand hotel of the Alameda was full. We found La Fonda de la Danza very comfortable. Matias Balcon, an honest Galician, is the chief valet in the hotel, and speaks English; and having had proof of his honesty, I strongly recommend him.

CHAPTER XIV.

BATHS OF CARATRACA—RONDA—SIEGE—CHASM—PEASANTS—GAUCIN—ARRIVAL AT GIBRALTAR.

We left Malaga at half-past six o'clock, and were two hours in crossing the plain, which appeared so small from the cathedral tower. The country appeared less cultivated as we receded from the city, and was very uninteresting, until we arrived near Catama, formerly a Moorish town. At the venta we breakfasted, and had to give an *employé* two pesetas to save our luggage from being examined.

I observed an immense number of stunted palmitas, with clusters of foliage precisely like the leaves of the doum-trees, or fan-leaved palms. They cut them annually for fire-wood, and call them palms, but say they never grow high. We passed some men working at the

aloes. One man was beating the leaves on a stone, whilst another separated the spongy matter from the fibrous, which is used for ropes. They told me they earn from tenpence to one shilling a-day.

We soon afterwards lost our road, and in place of taking the path to Bonjas, we turned to the right instead of the left; and before meeting any one to inquire our way, we were far advanced on the route to Carratraca. Though two leagues were added to our journey, I did not regret it, for the ride was beautiful; and bad as this road is, they say the other is much worse, and any amelioration is an advantage when there is a lady of the party.

The rocky bed of the river was frequently extremely picturesque, and once we came upon a little valley, filled with gardens of oranges. Our road often lay in the bed of the river, which we crossed and recrossed continually, and then we ascended to the village of Carratraca, situated on a high hill. On the opposite side of the defile there is a splendid mountain.

Carratraca must be a cool residence, even in the summer or autumn, for now it is quite cold compared to Malaga. There are baths which have a great reputation in Andalusia, of sulphuretted hydrogen, of the temperature 14° Raumur, says Mr. Ford. The accommodation seems to be but indifferent, but I only saw the exterior, as the key was

not to be found; the whitish-looking water was flowing fast from the premises, and felt warmish.

At the posada they had nothing, not even an egg or a potato, and we congratulated ourselves on having brought a supply with us. A traveller in Spain should never move without ham, chickens, &c., in his basket. The baths are much frequented, generally between three and four thousand strangers in the autumn. Some come for change of air, many for the waters. There are forty private baths and a large public one; and they say fifteen hundred persons bathe every day. The water which flow from the baths irrigates the land, and produces excellent crops. The visitors will not allow the gardens to be watered in the same way, and refuse to eat any vegetables or lettuces which have been thus irrigated though the soil would filter all impurities; the idea certainly is not pleasant, of eating vegetables grown and strengthened with water which had flowed from the baths of persons afflicted with cutaneous, and still more disgusting diseases.

We started in the morning at six o'clock, and after an hour's ride, passed the village of Aldales, picturesquely situated on the slope of a hill, with a castle on a perpendicular rock adjoining, built of tapia-work, doubtless the work of the Moors. The country is verdant around, and the hills green, almost to their

summits. Soon afterwards we saw on our left the castle of Durong, which has several towers, and is more perfect. The Moors seemed to have fortified themselves in every place: sometimes even the houses are castellated. We then proceeded over hills, partly cultivated, to Cerato. Numbers of men were weeding the corn, but women are seldom seen working in the fields in Spain. An hour afterwards we passed a valley planted like a park, with splendid evergreen oaks, as large and as picturesque as our common ones. There were other oaks just bursting into foliage, but not the same as the English. here was also a great variety of shrubs, laurels, marinds, and many smaller plants, odoriferous in e extreme. We afterwards rode through some ild, rocky hills, their grey tints forming a striking ontrast to the vivid green of the partly cultivated alleys.

At two o'clock we came in sight of Ronda, and the fine Sierra rising behind, and in the distance, the longer, and more magnificent Sierra of Grazalena. We distinguished a Moorish castle on a hill, called Ronda la Vieja, of which they say there are only a few remains of the castle, the habitations having been used as a quarry, for the construction of the modern city. As we approached Ronda, we saw more interesting remains of the Moors. A splendid aqueduct, now ruined, but even at a distance I could distinguish seventy or eighty arches of

this magnificent work, which Christians, with a their civilisation, never attempt to restore. The valleys in approaching the city were very pleasing; on our right the hills were covered with olive-trees vines and verdure, and on our left the countr appeared still more cultivated, and studded wit white cottages glittering in the sun.

At five o'clock we entered Ronda, celebrated f its siege in 1485, by Ferdinand, who taking advanta of its brave commander, Hamet el Zegri, being absent on one of those marauding expeditions so common in this war, surrounded the city with a mighty army, bu the siege lasted a long time. The river-girt pe pendicular rocks, strong fortifications, and a num rous garrison, well supplied with provisions, we formidable obstacles. The Christians formed fi camps to protect themselves from the sallies of th brave Moors, and to enable them to erect batteric for the lombards, used, some say, for the first time at this siege. With these terrible machines they set fire to the houses and public buildings, and spread terror and dismay amongst all ranks. The women, children, and old men, panic-struck at their severe effect, filled the air with their cries. The old chief, El Zegri, on his return, was frantic with rage, to see his towers, deemed impregnable, tottering under the fire of the terrible lombards, and his city blazing at night like a volcano; and yet all his efforts to break through the Christian camp, and

relieve his people, were ineffectual. The Moors perceiving that preparations were making for an assault, compelled the garrison to capitulate; and the Castilians, anxious to avoid destroying the town, granted to the inhabitants their liberty and property, and to the soldiers their arms and baggage. An immense number of Christians, more than four hundred, many of them knights of the best blood in Spain, were rescued from the dungeons, with beards reaching to their knees, and bound with chains, which now hang, as trophies of this victory, against the exterior of the Church of San Juan de los Reyes, in Toledo.

Modern Ronda is the prettiest of Spanish towns. The houses, contrary to the usual construction in Spain, are exceedingly low, having only one story; but the principal streets, especially those we passed through on entering, are long and straight, and the effect is beautiful of the balconies covered with flowers; every house fresh and clean, as if it had been whitewashed yesterday, and what enhances greatly the picturesque effect, the sashes of the windows are parallel with the walls, but the iron lattices rest on pedestals, and above are pretty mouldings. Within the iron railings are wooden lattices, in pattern similar to what may now be seen in the Alhambra, and everywhere in the East, and such effectual screens, that the women of Ronda (and many were fresh and good-looking) who were at their windows, had to stand and

look over them, which was certainly not Oriental. No doubt they have preserved this custom of the wooden lattices from the time of the Moors, which is not surprising, as so many families are of Moorish origin. In Granada, I was informed by one who had been years a resident, that one-fourth of the families were descended from the Moors, and probably it is the same here. The exterior of the city is curious. Perpendicular (pudding-stone) rocks form in many places the walls, and being weak, arches were constructed to strengthen the foundations for the houses; in many places the picturesque arches exist, though the houses have vanished. The town has also a Plaza de Toros, one of the best of the kind, and wonderful is the description they give of the bull-fights, costumes, &c., at the great fair on the 20th of May. There is also a pretty Alameda.

The great object of attraction at Ronda, is, however, the Tajo, and certainly it is magnificent. The view of it from the bridge is the finest. A dark chasm of gloomy perpendicular rocks, six to seven hundred feet high, where the sun never penetrates, and the dizzy depth of which is fearful to behold, enhanced by the dreary solitude of the wild glen, without a single habitation of man visible, destitute also of vegetation except a few prickly pear-trees near the summit, and in the distance, spanning the gorge, a fine picturesque old Moorish bridge, which would be called a *pont du*

diable in any other land, form one of the grandest and wildest scenes imaginable. The Guadalvin (in Arabic, the deep stream), black as Styx, reflecting the dark tints of the rocks, struggles audibly through its rocky bed, until it reaches the bridge, a marvel of art itself, crossing the chasm, with an arch six hundred feet high, and one hundred and ten broad, supported by solid buttresses, fifteen feet thick, rising from the stream below, and strengthened by other masonry and smaller arches. If the dark chasm might be supposed, from its fearful gloom, to be the very ideal of the valley of the shadow of death, the view on the other side might well be called the abode of light and happiness, especially as I saw it, the grand perpendicular rocks reflecting in a perfectly golden tint the warm rays of the declining sun, and crowned with a tiara of pretty white sparkling cottages.

As a sluggard roused to activity and usefulness, the Guadalvin, after being pent up in the narrow gorge, and wasting its sweetness on the barren cliffs, bursts forth tumultuously, sometimes hid behind projecting cliffs and luxuriant foliage, or forming cascades as beautiful as liquid silver, as it dashes from rock to rock; and when it has lent its friendly aid to one picturesque mill, foaming to another beneath, and grateful at its escape from the gloomy glen, offering up to heaven its thanksgivings—"the everlasting incense of its waters." There is a supply

for all; mill after mill (above a dozen of them) profit in their turn of the abundance; and many a stalwart miller, and many a ruddy-cheeked family, who act as guides to travellers through the intricate passages amongst the ivy-clad rocks, owe their bread, their wealth, their all, to the useful Guadalvin, who rushes on joyfully, until its over-redundant life is spent, and it glides through the distant verdant vale, a calm and fertilising stream.

We lingered with our pencils in the beautiful valley, until the setting sun reminded us there were other sights to see; but, after all, the Tajo is Ronda, and even the remembrance of Alhama fades before such a scene as this.

In the old town divided by the bridge from the new city, the streets are tortuous and not so pleasing as in the latter; but some of the houses are really Moorish, and very picturesque. The ancient battlements surround the place, and there are also considerable remains of the citadel.

We put up, in the modern town, at a clean-looking fonda, which is also, as is usual with this description of inn, a *café*, and they gave us an excellent dinner; but our beds were full of fleas and creepers.

Before starting next morning, I went into the market-place, near the bridge, and saw some hundreds of men assembled, chiefly round golden heaps of oranges. There are said to be eighteen

thousand inhabitants; and in the time of the Moors, the occupants of this mountain fortress had always the reputation of being the most active, robust, and warlike of all mountaineers; and the Spaniards, partly perhaps their descendants, retain this character. A finer and more healthy set of men I never saw; and most picturesque they looked, dressed in their russet-brown costumes.

Spain is said to be indebted to Ronda for its bravest bull-fighters, and most fearless smugglers and brigands also, when that trade was flourishing. Some of the men I saw seemed capable of anything; and even now, in these safe times, our men seemed more than ordinarily cautious not to say which way we were going.

Our road lay along the well-wooded and cultivated valley. We then ascended and descended, but chiefly ascended, for two hours, steepish hills, enjoying occasionally fine views of Ronda, with its perpendicular gorge, apparently inaccessible on that side. In another hour we reached the summit of the hills, and had a splendid view of the mountains; and at eleven o'clock arrived at Atazale, situated close to some picturesque rocks, and in the distance there was a fine view of the valley and range of mountains. The valley is planted like a park, with splendid evergreen oaks, space being allowed between each tree to permit them to collect the acorns which are larger than those of the English oak,

and are relished by the peasants here as much as the chestnuts in the Apennines, and the taste is rather similar.

At half-past two o'clock we passed on our left a village, with a Moorish castle, called Ben Adalid, close to it, better constructed than the generality of those fortresses. It is a square massive building, situate on a hill projecting into the valley, with a round tower at each angle, and on the side where the approach is, defended by another in the centre over the entrance. The situation of this castle and village is very picturesque, in a rich and verdant valley, surrounded with a splendid amphitheatre of mountains, some of them covered with trees and verdure, and others of a grey tint, the most barren of all sierras. We then proceeded up-hill and down-hill, a fine mountain ride, and at about three o'clock, at the village of Laridano came in sight of Gibraltar. The view was very fine; the valley studded with picturesque villages, the blue Mediterranean calm as a lake, and Africa beyond, the white houses of Ceuta perceptibly glittering in the sun. It was impossible to resist the impression that the little rock of Gibraltar is part of the range we were traversing, and should belong to Spain, and not to England; and certainly it is not surprising that the Spaniards are jealous of our possessing it. We then turned to the right into a different and still more charming valley, richly wooded; some of the mountains covered with foliage,

even to their summit, and others more lofty, raising their grey rocky peaks almost to the delicate, white, fleecy clouds playing above them, while the river Guadiaro, like a silver thread, crosses the verdant vale. Soon we returned to the other valley we had left after passing Ben Areba; and thus the road continually changed from one valley to another, sometimes affording us views of Gibraltar, and then of the rich vale which became still more wooded as we advanced. I observed to-day, and indeed every day since we left Granada, enormous lizards, actually as thick as my wrist. They were in form more like young crocodiles than the thin, little timid things I have seen basking on the walls of Italy and in other countries of the South.

At five o'clock we arrived at Gaucin, situated at the foot of some steep picturesque rocks, looking down on a plain wavy and broken as the sea in a storm; and in the distance, Gibraltar, the range of mountains forming the mountain barrier of Spain, and the hills of the African coast, between which are the Straits. It is a splendid view, but more extensive than picturesque. Several of the villages we have passed to-day have Moorish names, and were probably the last abodes of the unfortunate Moriscoes. We passed several fragments of high roads, paved doubtless, by the Moors, but now the pavement is often as rough as a flight of stairs, and almost as difficult to ascend. The peasants we saw on the road were

always civil, respectful and obliging. If they were eating, they invariably asked us to partake, as is the custom in the East; and nothing can exceed their industry, every plot of land being cultivated with the greatest care.

We left Gaucin at half-past five o'clock in the morning, and were two hours in descending a steep path into the valley of the Guadiaro. The views of Gaucin perched among wild rocks, are very picturesque, and towards the sea it is also very fine; Gibraltar glittering in the sun, and Africa looming in the distance. From many points the rock had the appearance of a bridle-bit, and such it is for this Mediterranean lake, and for Spain and France. The valley of the Guadiaro, where we first joined it, is narrow and very beautiful, filled with gardens of oranges, laden with fruit, and perfuming the air with their flowers, and some cypresses still more picturesque, with a background of fine rocky mountains. Our road being now in the valley, we had to ford the broad river twenty times, broad I should call it for Spain, where the rivers in fine weather are seldom wider than our brooks in England. This was often thirty to sixty feet wide, but the water was never deeper than our horses' knees. The valley soon became wider, and we left the river and rode over rich land covered with fine crops of wheat and flax.

At twelve o'clock we crossed the stream again at a broad ford, and breakfasted at the Venta de Guadiaro.

After resting there an hour and a half, we started for Gibraltar, and entering a wild district covered with shrubs—what is called, I believe, the cork-wood —we lost the track, but after trying several I found one which seemed to go in the right direction, and calling to M. L—— to follow me, descended into a gorge. My party took a different route, but having observed accurately the situation of the rock and the hills, I made out my way; and after a couple of hours got into the road to St. Roque, a neat, clean-looking town, and in an hour reached Gibraltar. The approach on this side is very fine. The perpendicular grey limestone rock appears longer than from other points, but is very imposing, and the city is extremely picturesque at the foot of the hill, street above street rising terrace-like above each other. It looks like the abode of peaceful prosperity and wealth, and at a distance gives little indication of the eight hundred mighty guns which, with the extraordinary natural fortifications, render the rock impregnable.

I was glad I had an opportunity of making a sketch before my party came up. An officer rode round me whilst I was thus engaged, but being satisfied I presume with his scrutiny, that my pencil was not very dangerous, he rode away. The sentinels are ordered to challenge all who draw, but their vigilance may be easily eluded, and an official very frankly advised me to do so whenever I felt in-

clined. There is no danger of offenders being marched to prison, as is not unfrequently done in Spain. The officials at the lines, give little trouble, and the narrow, flat strip of land, called the neutral ground, which connects the rock with the main land is soon crossed.

On entering the fortress, square holes are seen in the steep cliffs, the apertures to excavations, which are in fact batteries. It was pleasant to see the red coats again, and not idling and sleeping like Spaniards in the shade, but on the alert, and marching with as much precision as if an enemy were at the gates; and this discipline should never be relaxed, for it can only be by a surprise that Gibraltar can ever be taken. The first entrance leads through a large barracks, an excellent contrivance, for if an attempt were made to seize the place, the sleeping soldiers would soon be roused to give assistance. As we approached the rock we met gay parties of English in carriages and on horseback, taking their rides into Spain. The Club-house (the best-looking hotel) being full, we found at Griffiths', a drawing-room, with carpets, chairs, and a piano, entirely in English taste; and for dinner we had beef-steaks and heavy joints, all excellent in London, but not suitable to this climate, where better mosquito nets to the beds, and cool floors would be more desirable. I had lost my passport on the road, and had considerable difficulty in procuring one at the rock. The autho-

rities required a certificate from some person that I was an Englishman, and were not satisfied with my showing them Herries' circular letter, and Baring's letter of credit and letters of introduction to the Consul at Cadiz, and the *chargé-d'affaires* at Madrid, and my card with the address of my residence in London. My letter of credit from Baring's fortunately included the American Consul, at Gibraltar, and he gave me a line that to the best of his knowledge I was an Englishman, and this satisfied them. It was extremely absurd, but I could not see Mr. Paget, the magistrate, himself; and his clerk was not only wanting in civility and judgment, but seemed also to delight in creating unnecessary difficulties.

CHAPTER XV.

GIBRALTAR — TOWN — ALAMEDA — HEAT — FORTIFICATIONS — COMMERCE—CONTRABANDISTAS—ADVANTAGE TO ENGLAND—MONKEYS.

GIBRALTAR, anciently called Calpe, was the European Pillar of Hercules. Tarik, the one-eyed Moslem General, on the 30th of April, 711, attacked this stronghold, defended by a handful of brave but undisciplined men, and to commemorate his victory changed the name of the promontory, and called it Gibel Tarik, or the rock of Tarik, which in process of time was changed to Gibraltar. Guzman el Bueno took it from the Moslems in 1309, but in 1333, the people despairing of being able to defend themselves, surrendered to the Moors, and the Commander el Alcayde Vasco Perez, dreading the indignation of the King and the hatred of the people, passed into Africa. Another Guzman, in

1462, recovered this jewel of the Spanish crown, and in 1704, during the war of the succession, Sir George Rooke attacked it suddenly, when the garrison consisting only of eighty men, had recourse to their relics and saints, but made no resistance. England has, since that period, retained this important key of the Straits. Immense efforts were made by Spain and France, during a siege of four years, to recover this fortress, which ended on the 13th of September, 1783, in the destruction of their floating batteries. The additional fortifications adapted to the new system of warfare, which may be expected from steam-frigates, have rendered the rock impregnable.

The town, containing about twenty thousand inhabitants, has little to recommend it; the houses are in the worst possible style for a hot climate, and the Calle Reale, where the principal shops are, is the only good street. There is nothing picturesque, and little in good taste to be observed in the place. The stores are plentifully provided with English goods, but there is not one handsome shop, and the prices are considerably higher than in London. Tea is an exception, admirable Souchong may be procured for four shillings a pound, and the opportunity of filling the tea-canister should not be neglected.

The pride of the city is the charming Alameda, laid out in the English style, with undulating twisting walks, which make it appear larger than it really is. The geraniums are numerous and beau-

tiful, and at this season of the year covered with flowers. It has also its bowers, monument to the Duke of Wellington, a bust and shield on a column, and a grotesque figure of General Eliot. At the entrance of the Alameda is a large flat piece of ground, where the regiments are drilled, and the music of the bands enlivens greatly the promenade. The views from there are very beautiful of the sea—the Straits and the coast of Africa. Beyond it, is what is called the South District, the most picturesque part of Gibraltar. The Alameda is the fashionable lounge, and in the cool of the evening, full of young officers of the garrison, pretty natives with fine figures and graceful mantillas, and English girls sustaining the reputation of their country, for the fairest complexions and the bluest eyes in the world. The town must be insufferably hot in the summer and autumn, for even now (20th of April) it is scarcely bearable. It is not the height of the thermometer, 27° in the shade, and 24° in the room, of Raumur, but the want of circulation of air, which makes Gibraltar intolerable. The rock rising immediately behind the town, reflects the heat and checks the currents of air, and causes, even at this season of the year, a stifling feeling extremely disagreeable. I prefer being on a mule exposed all day to an Andalusian sun, than lying on a luxurious English sofa in Griffiths' comfortable drawing-room. Fortunately

Gibraltar is soon seen, as one excursion up the mountain will satisfy the curiosity of most travellers. Permission is granted (on application) to see the Signal Towers, the O'Hara Tower, and the excavations. We first passed the Moorish castle, which is not shown. It is very picturesque, the entrance being ornamented with a fine circular arch, and it has evidently, from its battered appearance, done much service. We then went into the excavated galleries, which certainly are wonderful. Those towards the base of the rock, which were intended to be used for troops to retire into, and which are not shown now, existed before our conquest of Gibraltar.

The galleries the English have made, partly in imitation of these, contain thirty-seven guns. They say that the passages are not inconveniently filled with smoke when they are fired, except when there is a strong easterly wind. The holes for the mouths of the cannon are too small to be distinguishable until nearer the rock than any enemy could approach, and too small marks to hit, even if they saw them. A portion only of these guns (twenty four-pounders) are pointed towards the Spanish lines. Others are smaller, to defend the works, and prevent the lodgments of an enemy under the rock, where other guns could not reach them, and some are mounted on stocks, which rise and fall like a pair of scissors, so that the level can be instantly

changed. I forget what I was told was the length of the Spanish lines, I believe about fifteen hundred feet, and yet one hundred and sixty guns bear in this direction, not so much for the defence, as Gibraltar might well trust to its natural fortifications, but for the purpose of demolishing any works the Spaniards might erect. Besides the galleries, which are wonderful as tunnels, and the admirable way they are lighted, there are two rooms particularly deserving attention, the Cornwallis and the St. George's Hall. The latter is about fifty feet by thirty-five, and well proportioned in height. To an unscientific eye, these excavations seem the very perfection of fortifications, and not less wonderful are the different lines of works at the foot of the rock, which are best seen from the different openings in the galleries.

From the excavations we went to the Signal Tower, where the view is really splendid of the fine range of the Spanish mountains, St. Roque and Algeciras; of the two lines of hills forming the Straits, which from here appear to be rather low; and of the African coast, Ceuta very distinguishable, and Tangiers just perceptible. Gibraltar lies like a map beneath you. On one side, the lines, the cemeteries and kitchen gardens, and Catlin Bay, chiefly inhabited by fishermen; and on the other side a beautiful view of the South District, which is certainly the most picturesque part of the rock.

Houses, one large one belonging to a mess, barracks, and hospitals, are mingled beautifully with cliffs and trees. At a distance, Gibraltar seems quite barren, but all the crevices of the rocks are filled with aromatic shrubs, and wild flowers; and towards the South District, I observed a great quantity of the palmitas, with foliage like the doum palm-trees, the favourite food of the monkeys, the tenants of the rocks. From the Signal Tower we went to the Cave of St. Michael, which is worth seeing, even without light, and must be fine illuminated. Penetrating as far as the darkness would permit, the view is striking; looking towards the entrance, the stalactites hanging from the lofty roof are picturesque, and there are natural pillars standing in the centre, which in that dim light have the appearance of giants, with immense heads and broad shoulders, enveloped in mantles. From the Cavern we went to the O'Hara Tower, of which little but the ruin remains. The view from there of my favourite part of the island, the South District, is extremely beautiful. We then returned through avenues planted with geraniums, to our hotel. An abominably stupid *valet-de-place*, who pretends to speak and understand four languages, and really cannot speak or even understand one, and without a grain of information, or common sense, said we must have horses, which were only an incumbrance to us. We were an hour and a quarter reaching the

highest point, including the long time we were in the galleries, and the ascent is so easy, and road so good, any lady who is a tolerable walker, might dispense with a horse. We had to pay one and a half dollar each for them, one third of which was, I suspect, pocketed by the valet. I was sorry we did not see the inhabitants of the rock, the monkeys, who have the good sense to take refuge in the highest, coolest, and most inaccessible portions of the hill. Gibraltar bristles already with eight hundred guns, and other fortifications are in progress. It is impossible to view such an impregnable place, and to see and even feel the inconvenience of the rigid discipline, without acknowledging that it is an excellent nursery for our young soldiers, and without confessing that England has indeed reason to be proud of such an acquisition. It may be true, as Mr. Urquhart asserts, that the fortress has cost us fifty millions, but how many millions have English subjects gained by the commerce, illicit it is true, with this country. The quantity of our manufactures imported into the South of Spain was enormous, but at present the government has with a strong hand almost extinguished the unlawful trade, and the prosperity of Gibraltar is very much diminished. Several of the most extensive dealers have left, others are leaving, and the contrabandists as a class, have almost become extinct. Some have turned thieves and rob-

bers, but generally on a small scale, and travellers are safe from their attacks. On the way to St. Roque, I met a man who asked me if I had seen three contrabandistas, who had stripped his house of every article of value. A few still carry on the hazardous trade, and only yesterday the magistrate was employed in taking the deposition of an officer who had been stabbed by one of them. On the way from Granada, I asked my muleteers to be particular in pointing out to me every contrabandist we met; but so few of them are there now in the country, we only saw one, a fine-looking fellow, armed with a gun, and covered with a brown cloak, which reached to his Andalusian leggings. He was mounted on an excellent horse, and when we met him, turned out of the direct road into the hills. If, however, the commercial advantages of our possession of Gibraltar are for the present greatly diminished, a liberal tarif may probably soon establish a more legitimate trade; and the rock is of great political importance—it is a bridle on the ambition of France.

The Spaniards cannot like our retaining it, but when the Governor is as liberal as the present General, a good feeling always exists between the English and the Spanish population in the neighbourhood, who profit greatly from the advantages they derive in supplying the markets of Gibraltar. The Spaniards are apt to forget the services we

have rendered them, and this check on their pride, especially as it is possible they may some day have an Orleans Prince for a King, may in many ways be serviceable. The French wish to make the Mediterranean a French lake, but their dream is impossible, so long as we have Gibraltar at one end, and Malta and the Ionian Isles at the other.

The magnificent remains which still adorn the French colonies in Africa, and show us how Rome made every conquest an acquisition of power, appear to have no influence in suggesting to the French a better system of colonisation. England and Europe have no cause to envy the French possessions in Africa, which have hitherto only served as a safety valve to exhaust the treasure and over-warlike spirit of that country. Morocco is, however, our ally, and it is well we should be able, if requisite, to prevent their adding that kingdom to their other extensive conquests. Besides, what is Little Britain without its colonies? Should we not sink almost to the rank of a second-rate power without them, and shall we begin by abandoning the one that is most easily defended? Our colonies are splendid fields for the active spirits who create revolutions in other countries, and the sources of wealth to thousands. Long then may we possess "this bright pearl of the Ocean Queen's crown."*

Gibraltar has its English church, a spacious

* Handbook, p. 108.

temple, ornamented with horse-shoe arches, a wretched imitation of Moorish architecture, and the roof supported by columns in very bad taste. Every religion is of course tolerated, and there are many in this little place. The Jews are very numerous, and their costumes, and also those of the more picturesque and cleaner Moors, add greatly to the attractions of the streets, shops and walks. We had our passport arranged for Tangiers, but the wind being contrary, and no chance of a change, and nothing but small craft going, who never sail without a fair wind, we were obliged to abandon our excursion, which I cared less for, having spent eighteen months in Africa. The heat is already oppressive for an English lady, and our tour is only half completed.

CHAPTER XVI.

ALGECIRAS—TARIFA—MOUNTAIN PASS—WILD DISTRICT—CHICLANA—ARRIVAL AT CADIZ—MUSEUM—THE CAPUCHIN CONVENT—THE CATHEDRAL—PUERTA DE SANTA MARIA—SHERRY WINE—VOYAGE TO SEVILLE.

We had our passport arranged for Cadiz, and left disagreeable, hot Gibraltar without a single regret, except that we had not seen the monkeys. To speak to a native of these animals, is like talking to a Dutchman of tulips; they immediately become extraordinarily animated; magnify their numbers from less than two thousand to four thousand; talk of their being divided into three or four bodies, of their battles with each other, of their great size, large as men; and yet these enthusiastic admirers of the wonderful monkeys could not say how these vast hordes exist on the barren rock.

About an hour after leaving Gibraltar, we crossed the Guadarranque in a ferry-boat, and then passed the site of Carteia, a Phœnician city, of which

scarcely a vestige remains; and after crossing the river Palmones, we arrived at Algeciras, ten miles from Gibraltar. The town is pretty; the houses are low, but beautifully white, and the lattices of the windows and balconies, painted green, have a very pretty effect. We had a good dinner, and, as usual, plenty of fleas, at the Posada d'España.

We left Algeciras at seven o'clock, and after passing an aqueduct, soon began a steep ascent, and were three hours and a half in reaching the Venta de Ojen. I had arranged to go to Tarifa, an old Moorish town, called after Tarik, the Moslem chief, according to Mariana, but more probably after Tarif-Annajaì, who commanded half the forces of Tarik.* I should have liked to have seen the Moorish castle of Guzman el Bueno, who allowed his infant son to be murdered before the walls, rather than surrender to the Moors; and I should also have liked to have seen a city which was the last abode of the Moriscoes in Spain; such, at least, is the belief of the learned at Tetuan, as a very intelligent Moor informed me; but I did not find out, until far too late, that my guide had taken a shorter road by a league. I was annoyed, as I take such interest in every vestige of the Moors; otherwise, the views we enjoyed were splendid—of Gibraltar, the

* Mohammedan Dynasties, vol. i, p. 268.

Straits, Africa, Algeciras, and a foreground of wild crags, beautiful shrubs, and magnificent cork-trees. The path was the roughest I ever crossed, and four out of six horses fell; but every turn presented beautiful combinations of rocks and foliage. The ventorillo, the lowest kind of venta, furnished us a dozen eggs and some hot water, for which they charged five shillings. Mrs. H—— being fatigued with having been compelled to walk most of the way, I got the peasants to fasten a strong pole on each side of a chair, and carry her at a good pace to the next venta, a league further; but the road was good, compared to what we had passed.

The Handbook calls this a wild, dangerous road, and especially at the Trocha Pass, which is infested with smugglers and charcoal-burners, who occasionally become rateros and robbers; and certainly it is a place where any deed of darkness might easily be committed. Except at the two ventas, we neither met with habitations or men, and the few peasants that gathered round the venta were sad rough-looking fellows. The people of the neighbourhood are mostly charcoal-burners, and still have a bad reputation. Our friend, Monsieur L——, having the responsibility of carrying back to Toulouse his poor friend's will, thought it requisite to follow his Consul's advice, and hire an escopetero, or peasant, armed with a gun, as an additional protection through this wild district. He was con-

nected with the country, perhaps an old robber himself.

In the East, the guardianship of one Bedouin is a security against all his tribe, and the assistance of one escopetero was probably as good as a dozen, otherwise the addition of but an indifferent gun and another arm would not have protected us from attacks. He was a quiet, unassuming fellow, extremely taciturn, and walked on before the party at a rate we found it difficult to keep up with.

We were six hours afterwards in reaching La Barca, a posada, prettily situated at the foot of a range of hills, on the summit of which is the little town of Vejer. A bridge, leading over the river to the posada, increases the picturesque effect. Since we left the venta, our route has been over large plains, little cultivated, but the soil generally admirable. We observed here, as in many other places, La Era, or a piece of ground, near the houses, beat down hard, and often cemented, which is the thrashing-floor of the Bible. In Egypt, the sheaves are placed upon it, and the corn trod out of the ear by two oxen dragging a kind of harrow; here, they say, they use horses.

Many of these plains are inundated during the winter, for want of proper canals and drains, and burnt in summer; but nothing would be more easy than to make them as fertile as any country in the world. Wells and water-wheels would turn the

desert into a garden. Now they are covered with immense herds of cattle—horses, bulls, cows, sheep, pigs, donkeys, and mules. The peasants live in cottages thatched to the ground, resembling, at a distance, stacks of hay. The plains are generally surrounded with low hills, sometimes thickly planted with fine cork-trees and evergreen oaks, and having almost the appearance of a park in England. The Venta de Barca has a fair outside, but, as usual, nothing to be got but eggs.

The fatigue of the mountain ride seemed to have sent every one to bed sooner than is usual in the ventas, but the silence was soon disturbed by the screams of a lady, who had jumped into hers with too much agility, and the ricketty affair came down bodily, with a crash of rotten planks, enough to startle the strongest nerves. Being in the dark, and well read in the horrors, romances have depicted in solitary inns in Spain and other lands, her alarm was very great, not knowing what would happen.

We left Vejer at seven o'clock, and had an uninteresting ride of four hours and a half to Chiclana, over plains covered with flowers and shrubs despoplados, tenanted only by herds of cattle, where occasionally there was pasture. On our left lay the sandy lines of Trafalgar. "England expects every man to do his duty," was the last and great command of Nelson, and it seems to be written on every British sailor's heart. Afterwards we passed the Knoll

of Barossa, where Graham gained a more disputed victory.

It was extremely hot (at eleven o'clock, in the shade, 26° Raumur); before arriving at Chiclana, we passed a forest of pines, but they were too poor and too thinly planted to afford any shelter from the heat, and we were therefore glad to arrive at an excellent fonda, where we had an admirable breakfast of fish and cutlets, and very delicate good wine, and yet paid no more than for water and a little bread in the miserable ventas.

Chiclana has still open drains, exposed to an African sun, for the benefit of the children who are sent here to nurse, and invalids to feed on a soup chiefly made of long snakes, which are said to effect miraculous cures. The town seems tolerably pretty, but the country round has little beauty to boast of. We were glad to change our horses for the diligence to Cadiz, which however was nothing better than an omnibus. We passed St. Fernando, in the island of St. Leon, an extremely pretty, clean-looking town. The white houses, with their green lattices and balconies, have a very pleasing effect; and the Calle Reale, which we passed through, is one of the best streets for length and width I have seen in Spain. In the diligence were two good-looking Spanish officers, and two very pretty Cadiz girls: the latter appeared shy at first, but a flirtation was soon

established, and long before the journey was over they were the best of friends.

The view of the Bay of Cadiz seemed flat, after the scenery we have visited, but the fortifications, on entering, appeared strong. Our trunks were examined at the gate, and we walked from there along the port to the Hotel of the Alameda, which was full; and after trying several others, we were glad to find excellent rooms at the Orient, a French hotel.

Cadiz was founded by the Phœnicians three hundred and forty-seven years before Rome, says Mr. Ford. In 1596, the city was sacked by Lord Essex; and in 1628 and 1702, other ill-planned attempts were made by the English, and without success. The city strikes you, on entering, as perfectly beautiful—such a number of handsome houses and clean streets; but, like Malaga, it is a commercial town, and therefore has little fine art. In the museum are a few paintings, worth seeing. Several portraits of St. Bruno, by Zurbaran, remarkable only for the good colouring of the drapery; two angels with incense, the higher parts of these figures are very graceful, but the lower parts badly drawn. The best by Zurbaran, are two small paintings—St. Lorenzo and St. John the Baptist, Nos. 15 and 17. These are almost Raphaelesque in colouring; the embroidery of St. Lorenzo's gar-

ment elaborately painted. There is also in the museum a good Murillo—a Conception—from the convent of San Felipe Naris: it has the signature of the artist written in full, and looks like an original, but not one of his best; yet the expression of the Madonna is very beautiful, and the angels are well grouped. The painting has been badly restored in several places, especially the two little angels on each side of the Virgin. The museum contains a tolerable collection of casts for students.

The Capuchin convent contains several Murillos; one over the grand altar, consisting of a large centre painting, representing the Marriage of St. Catherine; above which is a small picture of the Father Eternal, with angels, very different from the same in our fine painting. There are also two more on each side of the large one; a St. Francis, above which is a Guardian Angel; and on the other side a St. Joseph and the Infant Jesus, and above the latter a St. Michael. All these, said to be by Murillo, are interesting as his last works; and there is no doubt that, when painting the St. Catherine, he fell from the scaffolding, and never recovered from the injuries he received, dying shortly afterwards at Seville. The paintings were finished by his scholars. I should not think he had painted any portion of the St. Michael and the Guardian Angel, very little of the St. Joseph, but perhaps more of the St. Francis, which is good;

only the large figures of the Marriage of St. Catherine; and these are unfinished, and want the warmth and life of his finishing touches.

The children are all by Osorio, with large heads quite out of proportion, and wanting entirely the exquisite grace with which his master painted cherubs. The composition of the painting is fine, and the attitudes of St. Catherine and the large angels full of grace.

In the same chapel, in the side aisle, is a dark picture of St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, by Murillo: the head of St. Francis is remarkably fine, full of expression and religion. On the opposite side of the chapel is a Conception, by Murillo, but the Virgin has not the beautiful expression of the one in the museum, though the cherubs supporting her are graceful, especially the one at her feet.

The *façade* of the new cathedral is in wretched taste, though the interior is rather a good specimen of churrigueresque. The aisles are formed by clusters of Corinthian columns, with heavy attics above the capitals. In the sacristy there is a good Magdalene, which they say is by Murillo; but it is not at all like his style—much more like Ribalta's.

There is in another chapel a Conception, by Murillo, but not in his best style; the lower part of the figure of the Virgin is too wide; but the expression is good, and the cherubs, especially one,

are very pretty. There is nothing else worth observing. The old cathedral is not worth visiting.

Cadiz is certainly the fairest city in Spain. The Torre de Tebiri should be ascended, whence the situation of the city, almost surrounded by water, may be seen, only a small narrow strip connecting the city with the continent; and the immense mass of sparkling houses, white as snow, contrasting vividly with the lapis-lazuli heaven above. The streets are so narrow, few are visible from this point; the long street of the Sacramente is the only one of importance that looks like a thoroughfare. The roofs of the houses are flat, and ornamented frequently with flowers; and many have small square towers, with sentry-boxes, for the inhabitants to enjoy the view and fresh air, sheltered from the oppressive heat of summer or the cold of winter. The yellow dome of the cathedral, and the churrigueresque church of the Carmen, are the most conspicuous buildings. The view of the fine bay is beautiful, but the country around is flat and uninteresting.

The views of Cadiz I admire most are from the fortifications near the Alameda, and more especially from the sea. The city seems to rise fairy-like from the deep blue waters, and the trees of the Alameda, which are of a good size, and the gay bright houses, with their green balconies and iron lattices, have a charming effect.

All seems new at Cadiz, so clean are the habitations and the streets; indeed so very fresh is the white colouring and also the green paint, it seems like a city which had sprung up by enchantment all at once, and not the work of ages. Turn which way you will into the very long straight streets or the short ones, or the Plaza de la Constitucion, or others smaller, the same freshness, the same bright colouring, the same remarkable cleanliness, are everywhere distinguishable.

The shops are good, but they make little show, most of the goods being inside. They appear to dread the evil eye, as none of their treasures are exposed to the jealousy of passers-by. The women seem justly celebrated for their easy, graceful, and natural walk, but I did not see much beauty.

We crossed over to Puerta de Santa Maria in a small steamer, which makes the voyage three times a-day. The town is pretty, and in the same style as Cadiz. We went into Messrs. Gaztelu Yriartes' bottega, an immense store, containing a prodigious collection of butts of sherry. We tasted the new wine, which was not drinkable, and afterwards, splendid Amontillado and brown sherries. We also tasted some delicious Muscatel, and very excellent Manzanilla, and made some purchases. About forty thousand butts are exported every year, three-fourths of the quantity to England, and almost all the rest to America. I have learnt that forty-two thousand five hundred and eighty-eight butts were

exported from the Bay of Cadiz, during the year 1850. The bottega was kept in excellent order, and it was really an imposing sight to see such an immense array of enormous butts of fine, generous wine.

On our return to Cadiz, I went to Mr. Wetherell's, and saw some few tolerable paintings, and, among many drawings, a very beautiful one by Alonso Cano, charmingly coloured. I saw also some impressions of Roman inscriptions, which he found at Italica, and which he has sent to England. I saw also this evening other galleries, but none containing paintings of any merit; and bad as they were they asked exorbitant prices for them.

We heard that a steam-boat was leaving for Seville, and that there would not be another for three days, an immense period to remain in a place, where yesterday the thermometer was 27½° Raumur in the shade, and mosquitoes and fleas intolerable; no works of art, and nothing in the world to see, all the streets being so much alike. Besides the anxiety of M. L—— to get on, and my own impatience to arrive at Seville, the prospect of seeing a bull-fight—the last, I was erroneously told, that would occur before June—made me determine to leave Cadiz this morning, and give up Xeres, which I regret, not for the sake of the wine bottegas, as I have seen a large one, which is all that is requisite; but there are there some Moorish remains, an old castle and a

gateway worth seeing, and I should have liked to have surveyed the scene of the eventful battle between the Moors and the Christians. As we passed by sea we could perceive the flatness of the land, uninteresting in the extreme, but admirably calculated for a great conflict. It was on the banks of the Guadalete that King Roderick lost his crown, and the Crescent was triumphant over the Cross. The pomp with which Don Roderick went forth to war, is characteristic of the times.* He was arrayed in robes of gold brocade, his sandals were embroidered with pearls and diamonds, he had a sceptre in his hand, and he wore a regal crown resplendent with inestimable jewels. Thus gorgeously apparelled, he ascended a lofty chariot of ivory, the axletrees of which were silver, and the wheels and poles covered with plates of burnished gold. Above his head was a canopy of cloth of gold, embossed with armorial devices, and studded with precious stone. This sumptuous chariot was drawn by milk-white horses, with caparisons of crimson velvet embroidered with pearls. A thousand youthful cavaliers surrounded the car, all of the best blood and noblest spirit; all knighted by the King's own hand, and sworn to defend him to the last. Roderick called upon his soldiers to summon up the ancient valour of their race, and avenge the blood of their brethren. "One

* Legend of Don Roderick, p. 49.

day of glorious fighting," said he, "and this infidel horde will be driven into the sea, or will perish beneath your swords. Forward bravely to the fight; your families are behind you, praying for your success; the invaders of your country are before you, God is above to bless his holy cause, and your King leads you to the field." The army shouted with one accord, "Forward to the foe, and death be his portion who shuns the encounter!"

When the two armies were advancing upon each other, and the eyes of Roderick fell upon the men in the front ranks, he was horror-struck, and was heard to exclaim, "By the faith of the Messiah! these are the very men I saw painted on the scroll found in the Mansion of Science of Toledo." The third day of the fight, El Tarik perceiving that the Moslems were losing courage, addressed them, and said: "O, Moslems! Conquerors of the West, where are you going? What will avail a base and inconsiderate flight? the sea is behind, the enemy in front, there is no safety but in your valour and in the assistance of God!"

The Christians struggled desperately, and for a while successfully, for they fought for their country and their faith; and the Moors were overcome by the multitude and fury of their foes, when Bishop Oppas and the two princes, sons of the late king, who had hitherto kept their forces out of the fight, went over to the enemy, and turned their weapons upon

their astonished countrymen. From that moment the fortune of the day was changed, and the field of battle became a scene of wild confusion and bloody massacre. The last that was seen of Don Roderick was in the midst of the enemy dealing death at every blow, but Al Makkari and Condé say he died in battle; and this seems the best opinion, otherwise, as Mr. Gayangos says, why did he not seek for refuge in the mountains of Asturias, where the relics of the Gothic nobility had assembled for the defence of the country.* The Christians were seized with a panic. They threw away their arms, and fled in every direction. The alarm spread throughout the land, but there was dissension and even traitors in the cities. Except in the mountains of the North, where a gallant band maintained their independence, Spain was conquered by the Moors in fewer months than the centuries required by the Spaniards to recover their dominions.

We left Cadiz at ten o'clock, and arrived at Seville at five in the evening. It blew fresh at starting, and a great scene of confusion existed, carrying the passengers in small boats to the steamer; the Cadiz sailors being as noisy as Neapolitans. We passed Rota and San Lucar, considerable towns, otherwise there was nothing of the least interest to observe, the country being fearfully flat; sometimes the mea-

* Mohammedan Dynasties, p. 272; Condé, vol. i, p. 31.

dows were covered with immense hordes of cattle. The river is as broad as the Tiber near Rome, and the colour is somewhat similar. As we approached Seville, hills planted with olives and orange-trees were a relief after the monotonous country we had passed.

The entrance to the capital of Andalusia is very striking, the elegant Giralda towering above every other building, was visible long before we arrived; and when we entered the city, the Plaza de la Constitucion with its picturesque houses, the Ayuntamiento, and the cathedral and several other buildings, convinced me that Seville would not disappoint my expectations. No wonder that the Arabs thought it one of the handsomest cities in the world, and that its inhabitants in such a luxurious climate, were famous for their indolent habits and love of pleasure.*

* Mohammedan Dynasties, vol. 1, p. 56.

CHAPTER XVII.

SURRENDER TO THE MOORS—ABDU-L-AZIZ AND EGILONA—SIEGES—FERDINAND III.—VIEW FROM THE GIRALDA—STREETS—HOUSES—ALCAZAR—CASA DE PILATOS—CASA CARASA—CASA O LEA—CASA DE LAS TIBERAS—DUKE D'ALVAS.

THE foundation of Seville has been attributed to Hercules, to Bacchus, to the Hebrews, the Chaldeans, and the Phœnicians. Mariana says Hispalo founded Seville, called in Latin Hispalis. Julius Cæsar made it his capital, and fortified the city with towers and walls, but Italica and Cordova were the favourite residences of the Romans. In 582, the Gothic Prince, Hermenigild, when he abandoned the Arian faith, was besieged here for a year by his father, Leovigild, the King of the Goths; and the brothers St. Laureano and St. Isidoro, the chiefs of the religious war, and successively Archbishops of Seville, are now the tutelar saints of the

city. St. Isidoro and St. Laureano induced their nephew, Hermenigild, to wage a rebellious war against his father, Leovigild, the just King of the Visigoths, who was guilty of no crime, except that of not believing that Jesus was God, quite equal with the Father. Hermenigild distributed a medal, importing that an heretic, though a king, was to be destroyed. Hermenigild did not, however, succeed in his parricidal attempt—Leovigild subdued and cast him into prison. There he finished his days, and the Spanish Church worship this breaker of the fifth commandment as a martyr, and annually keep the 12th of April, in commemoration of him. The saints Laureano, Isidoro, and John the Monk, were canonized for assisting him in a rebellion, which there was nothing in the government of Leovigild to justify. All parties enjoyed liberty. Even Jews held offices, and Laureano himself, who was a monk, and an enthusiast, and not of the religion of the King, was employed in the honourable character of Ambassador at the Court of Constantinople.*

The courage which the Sevillians exhibited in protecting a son from the resentment of a justly enraged father, was not shown in 711, when they surrendered, after only a month's siege, to the infidel Moors. Sectarian zeal is, however, always more

* Robinson's Researches, p. 208.

active than real religious faith. The defeat of Don Roderick had, moreover, created a panic which seemed to paralyse every heart in Spain. Seville was always a favourite residence of the Jews, the great allies of the Moors; and their wealth and influence probably increased the alarm, and prevented the citizens being more resolute in defence of their religion and their homes. When the Court sat the example, and Egilona, the wife of Don Roderick, became the bride of Abdu-l-Aziz, the son of the conqueror Musa-Ibn-Nosseir, it is not surprising that the people soon became reconciled to the Moslem yoke. The loves of Abdu-l-Aziz and Egilona, is a fearful tale. The Arab chief's union with a Christian, excited the suspicion of the Moslems; and the doating woman, in the recesses of their luxurious palace, would gird the brows of her husband with Don Roderick's crown. Palace walls have eyes and ears, and the news soon reached the Caliph, already incensed against his father, and their brief hour of bliss ended ignominiously on the scaffold. Condé, however, says this tale was only spread amongst the people by those who were charged with the Caliph's command to kill him, lest the soldiers, who loved Abdu-l-Aziz, should espouse his cause.

During the fortunate reigns of the Umeyyah Caliphs Seville enjoyed peace and prosperity, but when

that dynasty was overturned, and those dissensions commenced, which ended in the triumph of the Cross, the Sevillians were too powerful to keep aloof from the struggle for independence. In 1091, Seville supported the rebellion of Al-Mu'tamed, the Governor of the city, who was taken prisoner and sent to Africa, with his family. In 1145, the Almohades raised again the standard of revolt against the Almoravides, and elected a King, whose descendants united Cordova to their own dominions. In 1147, the Almohades took Seville, and for a century were sometimes masters, and sometimes driven out of the city; but great was the struggle for power in Andalusia in those days.* Ferdinand III., King of Castile and Leon, having seized upon Cordova and Jaen, Seville formed itself into a republic, under a chief called Axarafe (called a king by Mariana), and was governed by its own laws. Ferdinand, observing these dissensions, appeared before Seville, and one of the most memorable sieges recorded in the annals of Spain took place, yielding only in interest and importance to the siege of Granada. Ballads and poems illustrate the gallant deeds that were performed, and even the grave pages of Mariana† become animated in relating this great event. He

* Mohammedan Dynasties, vol. II

† Third book, chap. VII.

describes the importance of the capital of Andalusia—the strength of its walls, arms, and population, its public buildings like royal palaces, its commercial advantages, connected as it is by a river navigable for large vessels, with the ocean and the Mediterranean, and is eloquent in the description of the olive farms, for which the environs of Seville are still famous.

After alluding to Don Jaime's conquest of Valencia, a place with a much smaller population, and the great efforts Ferdinand made to ensure equal success, he says the siege began on the 20th of August, 1247. The Moors made valiant attempts to destroy the Spanish works, but without success. Every care was taken to prevent the entrance of provisions, and the country destroyed for miles round. Carmona, six leagues from Seville, yielded to the Spaniards, yet still the Moors were not discouraged, and made great but vain efforts to destroy the Spanish fleet. Amongst the Christian chiefs who distinguished themselves, Garci Perez de Vargas is mentioned with great honour. He was with a single companion, when suddenly seven Moors on horseback made their appearance. His friend advised that they should retire; but Perez preferring death to shame and the appearance of cowardice, advanced alone, his companion having fled. The enemy, notwithstanding their number, had no in-

clination to encounter such a hero, and to the astonishment of the King and the army, he passed them in safety. We cannot have a greater proof of the dissensions which were the ruin of the Moors, than the fact recorded by Mariana, that Ibun-l-Ahmar, the King of Granada joined Ferdinand with a large body of soldiers most opportunely, when the Christians were almost worn out with the length and difficulty of the siege. Several grandees also joined the King with their forces, but no progress had yet been made, and the Moors laughed at the efforts of the Spaniards. The General of the army, Bonifez, determined to attack the bridge which connected the faubourg of Triana with the city, and cut off that source of supplies. The enterprise was most difficult, but was at last effected with great skill and courage. The want of provisions soon began to be felt, and the citizens seeing that the Spaniards were as fortunate as they were brave, agreed to surrender the city. Honourable terms were granted to the besieged, and one hundred thousand Moors, comprising men, women and children, left Seville; some passing over to Africa, and others taking refuge in different Moorish cities in Spain. After a siege of fifteen months, Ferdinand entered Seville on the 22nd of December, 1248, and high mass was performed in the cathedral, which was consecrated for this great occasion. Ferdinand

died here on the 30th of May, 1252, and in 1668 was canonized by Clement IX.

Seville was always faithful to the Spanish Crown, and profited immensely by the discovery, and the monopoly she enjoyed, of the commerce of the New World; and doubtless it is to the gold of Mexico and Peru, lavished by the merchant princes who resided here, that the city is chiefly indebted for her splendid churches and public buildings, her streets of palaces, and wondrous works of art. The French invasion stripped her of her ill-gotten wealth. The city surrendered to the French without a blow, on the 22nd of February, 1810; but notwithstanding this submission, Toreno* estimates the French plunder at six millions sterling. After the battle of Salamanca, Soult fled from Seville, and the English were received with acclamations. The renowned bridge was also the scene of English valour. Sir John Dounie, as brave as the Spaniard Garci Perez, charged it three times, and when taken prisoner, threw back his sword that its honour might remain unsullied. Seville was besieged by Espartero for nine days, and bombarded for six, but the damage was said to have been only twenty killed, and a few wounded.

Our first wish was to ascend the beautiful tower of

* See Handbook, p. 246.

the Giralda, which is so easy an undertaking that, except for a small portion at the last, the ascent up the inclined plane might be made on a donkey or on horseback. We passed a clock, the machinery of which is worth observing by those curious in such matters. The view from the summit, that is, the highest point strangers are allowed to visit, is fine. The Guadalquiver, winding beautifully through the verdant plain, with plantations of olives on the banks, large groves of those trees covering the adjoining hills, and numerous villages and farms, formed a pleasing prospect, though not picturesque. The city is, however, the great attraction of this view, with its immense mass of houses, and many striking objects. The Plaza de Toros; the Infanta's newly purchased palace on the banks of the river; La Torre del Oro, the San Franciscan convent, with gardens and fountains; the Cartuja and its groves of oranges; the Plaza de San Francisco, and the Plaza del Duque, and their shady promenades; the church of San Salvador, with its gay dome; L'Hopital de la Sangre; San Jeronimo in the distance; San Pedro and its tower; the church of Los Menores, with its azulejo dome glittering in the sun; the barracks, cannon foundry, and San Domingo; and beyond this part a flat extensive plain, but not destitute of trees, were all interesting. The Alcazar is, architecturally, the most striking object with its Moorish arches and towers. The streets of

Seville seem to wind in every direction but a straight one, and are as pleasing as fresh white colouring, and green paint can make them.

Leaving the tower, we took a general view of the exterior and interior of the cathedral; the mixture of Gothic, Moorish and Italian architecture, spoils the exterior; but nothing can be finer and grander than the interior; the effect is most imposing of the magnificent lofty pointed arches, the splendid windows, all of the richest stained glass, and the multiplicity of paintings and sculpture, forming indeed a perfect museum of art. I was glad it was Sunday, and the cathedral too crowded to examine it in detail; it was quite sufficient enjoyment to ramble through the mighty aisles, to listen to the deep, rich tones of the organ, lost in admiration at the splendour and magnificence of this noble temple. After breakfast we went to the Earl of W——'s where, in a simple unadorned room, an English clergyman, passing through Seville, read our unpretending service, and preached a sermon suitable to sojourners in this foreign land: the contrast to the gorgeous functions at the cathedral was striking.

Before commencing sight-seeing regularly, we had a ramble through some of the principal streets of Seville; the houses are unusually low for Spain, often consisting of only two stories. In summer, the upper floor is very hot, and they abandon it

for their courts, which are extremely beautiful, generally surrounded with arches supported by elegant marble pillars, and paved with a mosaic of dark grey or black and white marble, and decorated with beautiful flowers, and shrubs in ornamental vases, and sometimes with fountains. Small porches paved with tapia-work, or marble, lead through open-worked iron gates into these courts. More charming, more luxurious dwellings for a hot climate, cannot be imagined. Pompeii, Damascus, or Grand Cairo have none more enjoyable, and the time was when they were decorated with the finest sculptures of Montañes, and the walls covered with the *chefs-d'œuvres* of Murillo and other great artists: they all seemed exquisitely clean, a perfect Dutch cleanliness; no dirt or dust ever to be seen.

After a glance at the Cathedral, the other Moorish remains will interest every one; almost all Seville is built in the fashion of the Moors, and there is much architecturally interesting. The Alcazar, rebuilt by Don Pedro in 1364, is extremely beautiful; and though it would have been better to have seen it before the Alhambra, yet even those who, like ourselves, are fresh from Granada, must admire it. The gate of the Montaria and the *façade* have been restored, and now glitter with gilding. The colouring is undoubtedly less harmonious than it was originally, but still the effect is tolerable, and the beautiful forms of the arches and the

slender columns retain their chief beauty, and are indeed exquisite.

On entering, we observed pretty little rooms to our right and left, with charming azulejos. We then passed into a gallery, with a large alcove at each end, and an ancient roof, and turning to the right, observed a beautiful doorway, with three little windows over it, with lattices. This leads into the little Patio de las Muñecas, ornamented with ten columns of different coloured marbles, and supporting exquisite arches. Amongst the ornaments of this room are numerous inscriptions; but I believe the name of the Prophet does not exist in the Alcazar, showing clearly that it was decorated for Christians. We then went into a gallery, which they are now restoring, and with the exception of a few heads, not Moorish, they are doing them in more tolerable taste than formerly. The best restorations in the Alcazar are effected by simply picking out the whitewash with which the beautiful Moorish work was covered in 1813, and thus discovering many of the old ornaments, though much of the delicate painting and gilding was then entirely obliterated.

We afterwards went into the Hall of the Ambassadors, which is certainly magnificent. It is about thirty-six feet square. There is a large pointed arch on each side, which is partly filled up with a circular arch on one side, and on the other three sides

these large arches contain within them small horse-shoe arches, supported by two slender marble columns. Over the latter on each side, and filling up the pointed arch, are three little beautiful windows, with open lattice-work, rich as point-lace. Above the large arches is a row of little windows, now filled up, and over these are some full-length portraits of kings of Spain, much injured; and still higher around the dome, are heads of queens. These portraits were introduced with wretched taste by Philip II.

The lofty domed roof is magnificent, and the rich stalactite angles are still more than half covered with gilding. The azulejos on the walls around this hall are also charming. Curious ancient doors lead into the Patio de las Doncellas, which is about ninety feet by seventy-five. A corridor runs round it, ornamented with arches, supported by white marble columns. At the angles there are clusters of three columns each; and besides these at the ends of the court, four clusters of two columns; and at each side, six similar clusters. The capitals of the columns in the Alcazar are not Moorish, or, at all events, a Moorish adoption of the Corinthian and composite, often adorned with open work; they destroy the effect, and tell the tale that Christians built the Alcazar, though Moors might be their architects and workmen. Above this corridor is another, ornamented with plain circular arches, supported by slender marble columns; sometimes clusters of three

and two, and sometimes one only. This fine court is paved with marble, and in the centre is a fountain. Beautiful azulejos cover the walls to the height of about six feet.

We afterwards saw several small rooms, where we observed Moorish work, covered with whitewash. We then went up stairs, and passed through many chambers with ancient inlaid roofs, and enjoyed charming views of the gardens, filled with orange-trees; shrubs quaintly cut, probably in the time of the Moors, into the shape of passages from the Koran, which the Christians would soon destroy; and there are fountains, and flowers of every tint, a beautiful Moorish gallery, and towers fronting the garden. We made various efforts to see them better, but it is toilsome work to open doors in Spain, unless the silver key will fit them.

Some of the rooms contain still all their Moorish decorations, especially Don Pedro's, which is very perfect, except in one part, where the statues of himself and his mistress, Padilla, stood, but were removed by some tight-laced descendant, and the room spoiled. The decoration representing fish is very beautiful. In many places, where the whitewash had been picked out, I observed the ancient colouring quite fresh. The arches, columns, and azulejos are charming. The miniature chapel, erected by Isabella, is ornamented with slender marble columns, supporting pretty arches; and the

little altar, filling up the end of the small room, is formed entirely of fine azulejos, behind which are others, with a painting on them, representing the Visitation. The name of the Italian artist is written beneath.

The Alcazar cannot fail to delight all who have not been to the Alhambra; but the superior lightness and elegance of the latter, the better preservation, and the greater variety and richness of the ornaments, must raise the Alhambra far above the Alcazar in the estimation of those who have carefully examined both. The Alcazar appears more substantially built, the columns are thicker; but this additional solidity prevents its having the graceful, elegant appearance, which is the great charm of the Alhambra.

The Casa de Pilatos is so called because it is said that the architect, in 1519, went to Jerusalem to see the house of Pilate, and on his return, built this in imitation of it. They pretend, however, that it is more ancient; but as the inscription gives the date, we may conclude, notwithstanding its Saracenic character, that it was erected about 1530. A patio, decorated with marble columns, leads into another court, with circular Moorish arches, sustained by similar columns. In the centre is a fountain; and in the angles of the court colossal statues of Pallas and Ceres. Above the corridor, around the court, is another, formed

of slighter pillars. The lower arches are decorated with rich Moorish ornaments, and the walls covered with mosaic azulejos, above which are oval recesses, containing busts of Roman emperors. The walls of the gallery leading from this patio are also charmingly decorated with mosaic azulejos, and over them rich Moorish ornaments, resembling lace. This is called the Hall of the Tribunal, and supposed to be a model of the one in which judgment was passed on our Saviour.

Another gallery, less decorated, leads into a small chapel, covered with pretty azulejos and Moorish lace-work, in which is a column in imitation of the one Christ was bound to. The roof of the chapel is beautiful, and also adorned with lace-work. The room with its fountain in the centre, which they call "Le salon principal," is charming for its azulejos.

In the neglected gardens are some columns and pieces of sculpture; a portion of the marbles given to Ribera by Pius V.; but a collection of antiques such as these was not sufficient to form the taste of a nation: the bust of Antinous is however good. There is a gallery of sculpture also, but it contains literally nothing of any merit. The staircase leading up to the first floor is exquisite, the walls entirely covered with beautiful azulejos, and the upper part of the staircase ornamented with a magnificent gilt dome; but the little copy of the Servilleta of Murillo is out of place on the landing.

This palace of the Duke of Medina Celi may or may not be like the house of Pilate, but the Moorish style of building seems to have been so admirably preserved by the Christians, that it may be considered a good example of a Saracenic palace.

There are many other curious remains in Seville. The Casa Carasa, No. 9, Calle de los Abades, has a very beautiful patio. The arches, almost horse-shoe in their form, supported as usual by marble columns, are covered with plateresque ornaments, and the effect is very good. No. 31, formerly 27, is not now open to strangers; but they say the *salon* is fine.

The Casa O'Lea, No. 14, Calle Botica del Agua, is interesting. There is one large room, with three entrances into it through beautiful Moorish arches, over which are little elegant windows, with open-work lattices: indeed, all the Moorish open-work here is beautiful, and one cannot but regret that much has evidently been destroyed. The azulejos are charming at the doorways, but there are now none in the rooms, the space they occupied being, as usual, whitewashed. The ceiling is flat and modern, substituted by its then owner, a Frenchman, for a beautiful artesonado roof. Underneath it, the Moorish work still remains, and is very elegant. In one of the two rooms leading out of the large hall I saw some very pretty little horse-shoe arches, supported by marble columns, and among the ornaments I observed the pomegranate.

La Casa de Taberas and the garden-door by which Sancho el Bravo intended to carry off Estrella de Sevilla, is worth visiting. The patio is very pretty, and there is a beautiful azulejos staircase, decorated with a good copy of Moses striking the rock.

The Moorish palace of the Duke of Alva is in the Calle de las Duenas. The marble pillar, and Moorish arms of the patio, are very beautiful; and some of the rooms have interesting roofs and decorations, but they are in a sad neglected state, and whitewash has almost obliterated every delicate ornament. The gardens are full of immense orange-trees, myrtles, and roses, which even in their wild state are pretty. There is a little chapel, rich in azulejos, with a beautiful roof.

Before attempting to describe the wonderful cathedral and its treasures, I should say a few words of the distinguished artist whose works are the great charm of Seville. Bartolomé Esteban Murillo, was born here in 1618, and studied under Castillo, a master very inferior to his pupil, and whose style cannot even be traced in the earliest of his paintings. Genius is too often accompanied with poverty, and poor Murillo to earn an existence, was obliged to paint fruit, flowers and rough subjects, in a necessarily hasty manner, as he could only sell them at a very low price to dealers in the market-place in Seville; and it is said, that many of these were

exported to Mexico and Peru, where, if search were made, they might still be found.

The rapid execution of such subjects, drawn generally from nature, for customers not often competent to detect errors, probably gave Murillo that freedom and boldness of touch for which he was so distinguished; and as the demand was great, made him a purse which enabled him to visit Madrid in 1643. Velasquez, little dreaming that the young artist of twenty-four, would one day dispute with him the palm of superiority, or prompted by that liberality, and absence of all mean feelings of jealousy which should distinguish true genius, patronized Murillo, and obtained for him permission to copy the splendid paintings in the royal galleries in Madrid and in the Escurial. The two years Murillo spent there, copying the finest Italian paintings, were the only opportunities he ever had of studying a school superior to the Spanish. It is useless to conjecture what might have been the effect on his style if, like many of the best Spanish painters, he had enjoyed the advantage of visiting Italy. It might have become more elevated, and perhaps less natural and less delightful than it did, following the bent of his own genius, and copying Nature—the characteristic, the beautiful, and the picturesque, wherever he turned—the beggars, the maimed and the sick at the convent gates; the beauties of Andalusia kneeling before the altars with true devotion, would

be models for his Madonnas, and his friends the friars would make Josephs and Saints without end. His rich browns are the tints of the burnt-up sierras and despoplados of his native land; and the glorious climate of the sunny South would teach him lights and shades warmer and more vivid than could be learnt in colder climes. When he returned to Seville in 1645, he became the chosen artist of the Franciscans, as Zurbaran was before the favourite of the Carthusians; and painted for the Franciscan convent some of his finest works, now the gems of the museum. Soon after he came back from Madrid he married, and shortly afterwards abandoned the cold and often hard style of colouring which is scarcely known in England, but which detracts greatly from the fine drawing and expression of his earliest works. His colouring naturally soon partook of the sunny warmth of the subjects he copied from, and gradually his style became distinguished for a softness of outline and a roundness of form, and at the same time correctness of drawing, which form its greatest charms. His paintings were often vapoury, and became still more so when the numerous demands for them required greater rapidity of execution. Murillo may be studied everywhere, as his works are scattered over Europe, but it is only in Seville than he can be duly appreciated. Here we see with what truth he copied Nature, and how entirely Spanish he was in all his ideas, his compo-

sitions and his colouring, and can only regret war and gold have carried away so many of his best paintings, which can never be half so valuable elsewhere.

"Quien no ha visto a Sevilla
No ha visto a maravilla."

The cathedral is truly one of the marvels of the world. The north-east angle is Moorish, and is all that remains of the ancient mosque; the Puerta del Perdon is decorated with a splendid Moorish arch in the centre, and two others within it. These lead through bronze doors into the Moorish Patio de los Naranjos (four hundred and fifty feet by three hundred and fifty), full of those beautiful trees, and still containing the ancient fountain where the Moslems performed their ablutions before entering their mosque. The Moorish angle extends to the Girandola, so called from the vane at the top, "che gira," which veers with the wind.

This beautiful tower, two hundred and fifty feet high, the pride of Seville, was built in 1196, by Abú Yúsuf Yacúb, a great architect in those days, and used no doubt like the minarets of Cairo, to call the faithful to prayers; above this Moorish tower is an exquisite filigree belfry, built in 1568 by Fernan Ruiz, one hundred feet high, but so light and elegant that it seems no weight upon the other. The female figure of Faith on the summit, fourteen

feet high, and weighing two thousand eight hundred lbs., was cast by Bartolomé Morel,* and is so admirably poised, that it veers with the slightest breeze, and as a work of art it is much to say that it is worthy of the architecture.

The Moorish tower is fifty feet square, and as wide at the top as the bottom, and seems truly to rely for its support on its motto from the Proverbs (xviii, 10), "Nomen domini fortissima turris," with which it is girdled, and the two saints, Santa Justina and Santa Rufina, who in 1504, propped it up with their shoulders, when the devil raised a storm to destroy it. It is covered with ornaments from above eighty feet from the ground, and the intersecting arches are beautiful; the almost obliterated frescoes below are now no ornament to the tower. It had formerly, instead of the belfry, four large gilt bronze globes, one upon another, the splendour of which, says Bermudez, was visible eight leagues distant. The cathedral approached on the side of the Sagrario would never be supposed to be Gothic; the principal doorway through which the reigning Sovereign, or a Bishop at his installation, or at his decease, only enter, is not finished. It is a large, bold, but not fine pointed arch, wanting all the ornaments. Some of the other doors are completed and decorated with terra-cotta figures, and representations of sacred

* See Handbook, p. 248.

subjects, of which the best perhaps, is Christ's entrance into Jerusalem.

Vulgarmente, says Mariano,* se dize de las Iglesas de Castilla. La de Toledo la rica, la de Salamanca la fuerta, la de Leon la bella, la de Sevilla la grande: and certainly it is the size and solemn, often gloomy grandeur of the interior of this splendid cathedral which is so overwhelming. The original mosque was pulled down, and this gorgeous temple, from its extreme width, more the form of a Moslem than a Christian edifice, being four hundred and thirty-one feet long, and three hundred and fifteen feet wide, was opened for divine service in 1519. There are five aisles, besides the two side ones formed into chapels. The effect of these is most imposing, especially the centre one, a hundred and forty-eight feet high, though there is not, as usual, a lofty centre dome. I rambled over the black and white chequered marble pavement, along the aisles and the beautiful transept, lost in admiration at the immense yet elegant columns, and weary with trying to make out the subjects of the innumerable rich stained glass windows, many of them admirable works of art, the *chefs-d'œuvres* of distinguished Flemish artists. A great part of the history of the Bible is depicted upon them, and even Venetian colouring would pale before

* Liv. 13, chap. cvii.

their gorgeous tints, which cast a rich, warm, but solemn light on the architectural beauties of the temple. Never did I feel more reluctant to attempt a description of any place, for I felt the impossibility of giving a correct idea of such a museum of art. It was also a sacrifice of my own enjoyment to attempt to detail what was so delightful in those general views which are not describable. The effect of grand masses of architecture, of towering columns, of splendid arches, of treasures of sculpture and paintings lavished all around, of lights and shadows, an Andalusian sun bursting through the richest painted glass, and the religious feelings such scenes inspire, when combined with the deep swelling solemn tones of the finest organs, all may enjoy here in delightful listlessness, without the bore of the *valet-de-place,* or consulting guide-books, sending for custodi, getting doors unlocked, searching for pictures, often to find that "le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle," sad matters of fact, which destroy the *religio loci* of such a temple as this. There are, however, treasures of art in Seville Cathedral that must be seen and mentioned—but let those who do not care for pictures pass on to another chapter.

In the chapel of San Pedro, entering at the east door, we examined as well as the gloom would admit, some Zurbarans, which fill the retablo: five large paintings representing the life of St. Peter. The Apostle healing the sick is exquisite, and the one

representing him receiving the keys from our Saviour is excellent, as is also the portrait of the Apostle in the Papal robes. In the chapel of the Virgin del Pilar, are two good statues. In the chapel of the Evangelists, on the north side, are six large and two small paintings of female saints; the latter very beautiful, by Hernando de Sturmio or Esturme, a German, who painted them in 1558. In the chapel of the Annunciation is an Annunciation, but not very good, by Carlo Maratta. In a small chapel there is a charming painting of a Madonna and Child, by Alonso Cano; the Child exquisitely beautiful.

In the chapel of San Francisco, is a fine painting of the Saint in glory, by Herrera el Mozo; the Saint is magnificent, the figure looking up very fine, and the composition and colouring admirable. There is an air of dignity in the expression of the Saint, which is quite sublime. This is considered the best painting of the artist, whose works are generally inferior to his father's, Francisco.

In the chapel of Santiago, St. James conquering the Moors, by Juan de las Roelas; the colouring rich, and the Moor in red in the foreground boldly drawn. This artist was born here in 1560; and died at Olivares in 1625. His paintings, most of them very superior to this, are only to be seen in Seville, where travellers are generally too much engaged in examining the works of Murillo to give them that attention which they richly deserve, for

their admirable composition and almost Venetian colouring.

St. Anthony, in the chapel of the Baptism, by Murillo, is a magnificent painting; the play of light on the drapery, the beautiful foot, the exquisite expression of the face, and the fine attitude of the kneeling Saint, his arms extended in ecstacy as the Infant Jesus appears descending from the clouds, combined with the fine effect of light and shadow, and the beautiful little perspective view of the convent, and the group of cherubs, justly entitle this painting to be ranked as one of the best in Seville. It seems to have been injured and retouched, which may account for one of the legs of the Child Jesus appearing rather stiff. Above it is a good painting of the Baptism, also by Murillo.

The St. Jerome, in his chapel, is carved in wood by Montañes, and exhibits wonderful anatomy. Juan Martinez Montañes, was born at Alcala la Real, about 1600, and resided in Seville. He is, certainly, one of the best of Spanish sculptors, and possessed great knowledge of anatomy; but generally his sculptures, which were all painted, are more remarkable for their exquisite grace and deep feeling, than for force or genius. He is called the Phidias of Seville, and when at a loss for a name, every good painted figure is attributed to him. The paintings around it are by Alonso Miguel de Tobar, who was born at Higuera in 1678, and died at Madrid in

1758, and was one of the best copiers of Murillo. The Visitation is very fine, colouring excellent and drawing good. There is also a Holy Family, apparently in Cano's early style.

We then went to the little chapel adorned with the celebrated Guardian Angel by Murillo, which is extremely beautiful, especially the Child.

In the chapel of San Leandro, is a painting representing the Council of Toledo, which I did not admire much, by Don Juan de Valdes Leal, an artist of considerable merit, born at Cordova in 1630, and died in 1691; whose drawing is often powerful, and colouring good.

In the Capilla del Nascimento, the Nativity, and the four Evangelists, are by Luis de Vargas, who was born at Seville in 1500, and was nearly thirty years in Italy, where he was a pupil of Pierino del Vago. His compositions are admirable, and drawing and colouring excellent. This painting is beautifully drawn and well coloured, almost like Parmigiano's colouring, the Madonna very beautiful. A Virgin and Child, and St. Ann, said to be by Morales, but it is not like that fine painter's usual style, though the painting is a very good one.

St. Joseph and Child, in the chapel of San Josef, is excellent; also a Nativity, by Antolinez, and a Massacre of the Innocents, by a pupil of Murillo's.

In the chapel of San Hermenegildo, there is a fine tomb of Bishop Cervantes, ob. 1453. The cloth on

which he lies, is beautifully carved in marble. In the Sacristia de la Antigua, is a small silver statue, given by Isabella the Catholic, a painting said to be by Morales, and a St. John and the Lamb by Zurbaran, and a still finer painting by that artist, the Martyrdom of a Saint. We then passed into the chapel of the Antigua, where the retablo is good; and there are also some fine old monuments, one to Cardinal Mendoza. We afterwards went to a chapel adjoining, and saw the painting of the Generacion, by Luis de Vargas, but often called La Gamba, because Alesio, a painter, who was born at Italica about 1550, said the leg of Adam, which is very prominent and finely formed, was worth all his St. Christopher, a colossal figure, thirty-two feet high, with the child on his shoulder, at the door close by, and really well executed. Such representations are common at the doors of Spanish cathedrals. They are always carrying the Infant Saviour, who holds the globe in his hand, over a river; and it is said that those who gaze on them escape death that day; barring accidents, a safe superstition, as not many go to church in the morning, and die in the evening, and if they did it would be easy to suggest, that they had not seen the Saint.

Some notice should, however, be given, of this "Cœlifer Atlas." St. Christopher was of the lineage of the Canaanites, great of stature, and

terrible of countenance, being twelve cubits long. Now it followed on a time, as he slept in his lodge, he heard the voyce of a childe, which called him and said, Christopher, come out and bear me over the water. Then he arose and went out, but found nobody. Now when he was come again into his lodge, he heard the same voyce crying unto him as before, at the which he runs out, but finds nobody. Againe the third time being called, he comes forth and there found a childe by the river side, which prayed him to beare him over the water. Then Christopher lifted the childe on his shoulders, and took his staffe and entered the water, and the water arose and swelled up more and more, and the childe grew heavier and heavier, and ever, as he went further, the water swelled up higher, insomuch that Christopher was in danger of drowning; but when he came over, quoth he, thou, childe, thou hast put me in great perill, and weighed almost as heavy as if I had carried all the world upon my backe. Quoth the childe, thou hast borne all the world upon thy backe, and him that created it. I am he in this world whom thou hast seeked to serve, and, for thy better assurance thereof, set thy staffe on the ground, and by to-morrow it shall bear, bud, and bring forth fruit; and he did so, and found it accordingly, his staffe bearing flowers and dates; and being thus converted and believing himself, he converted thousands; and, amongst many other

passages of his life, was at last beheaded, and his blood there spilt cured those that were blind."*

In the chapel of Los Dolores, Christ at the Column is one of the earliest paintings by Murillo, and very fine.

In the Sacristia de los Calices they say there are some good paintings; one a Nun by Murillo, but though often in the cathedral, I never found it open, and the keys were miles distant. The difficulty of getting into these chapels and sacristias is very great.

The Sala Capitular is a beautiful oval room, fifty feet by thirty-four, decorated with Ionic pilasters; between each, some tolerable *bas-reliefs*. A beautiful painting of the Conception, by Murillo, riveted our attention; the expression of the Virgin is truly exquisite. There are also eight portraits of saints and angels, by the same artist. Two female saints with vases, exquisitely beautiful. Passing a magnificent iron reja or railing, we entered the choir, which is elaborately carved, especially the sacred subjects over each stall, and the west front, or trascoro, is rich in marbles. There are two paintings, one Christ Bound, and a Madonna and Child, said to be by Murillo, but certainly not in his best style. The facistol, which supports the large books, is very beautiful. In one of the chapels of the Choir St.

* A Help to Discourse, 1648. See Southey's Letters.

Augustin, is a beautiful St. John and the Lamb, admirably sculptured by Montañes, and also a Saint and the Virgin. Between the great altar and the choir is the tomb of the son of Columbus, distinguished for his literary tastes and magnificent bequest of ten thousand volumes and manuscripts to the Columbina library. The retablo of the grand altar is magnificent, the general effect rich beyond description. It appears one great mass of sculptured figures, representing scenes from the New and the Old Testaments. There are four rows of subjects, and nine in each, divided by projecting half-circular columns, decorated also with carving. At the back and exterior of the sides of the high altar are imposing rows of statues of saints, the effect of which is very rich and good.

We then went to the Capella Real, which contains the body of St. Ferdinand and the tombs of Doña Beatrix and Don Alonzo el Sabio, also the sepulchre of Maria Padilla, the celebrated mistress of Peter the Cruel, and medallions of Garci Perez and Diego Perez de Vargas. The Sacristia Major contains the celebrated Deposition from the Cross, by Pedro Campaña, who was born at Brussels, in 1503; the colouring is rather livid of the four female figures at the foot of the Cross; but the two figures taking down the Saviour are so full of life, that Murillo might well expect them to reach the earth; the draperies are good, and the composition admirable.

Among the treasures there is a splendid Custodia, by Juan d'Arfe, the Cellini of Spain, weighing forty-three arobes: it is extremely beautiful, as well as valuable, consisting of five circular temples of the Ionic order above each other, each temple less in size than the one beneath, and the shafts of the columns exquisitely worked with fruit and flowers. The sacristy contains also (in the large cupboard behind the Campaña, which is quite full of treasures) the crown of St. Ferdinand, a crucifix of the first gold brought from America, decorated with precious stones; a splendid viril, with one thousand two hundred diamonds; also the keys delivered to St. Ferdinand, when he took Seville, remarkable for their construction, as well as interesting as historical relics. The wards represent, Mr. Ford says, in Hebrew, "the King of Kings will open, the King of all the Earth will enter;" and the other, of silver gilt, has the words, "Dios abrira, Rey entrara." There is also a cross, presented by Clement XIV., with exquisite angels. In the other large cupboards adjoining are images and saints in silver, magnificent rays for the virils, a splendid half crown, and the full robes, for state occasions, of crimson and purple, beautifully brocaded with gold and silver and precious stones. In this room there is also a curious and fine tenebrario, a bronze candlestick, twenty-five feet high, used in the Holy Week.

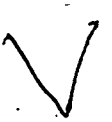
There are likewise two paintings of Bishops,

by Murillo, in his cold and earliest style; the heads are good, but the colouring, especially of the draperies, wants warmth. The sacristy is a good specimen of the plateresque, though it does not harmonize with the Gothic of the naves; but the incongruity of styles, which would mar the effect of a smaller church, embraced at one glance, is less striking in this immense edifice, where we have something of every kind of architecture—Grecian, Italian, Gothic, Moorish, plateresque, churrigueresque, and the crude abortions of the nineteenth century. There are, however, so many views, without any defects and inconsistencies to detract from their enjoyment, that we were too much delighted and in too good humour to criticize even what was faulty; and not satisfied with this round of sight-seeing, returned again and again to this wonderful temple. Every hour changed the lights and shadows; so that whether at the time of the solemn functions, or in the more gloomy solitude of the evening, when the gay world was on the Alameda, we always felt that Seville Cathedral possessed a charm which can never be forgotten.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON
Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.


00038130



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 March, 2016